ORINDA

ORINDA

POEMS

By the most deservedly Admired

Mrs *KATHERINE PHILIPS*

The Matchless

ORINDA.

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE'S

POMPEY & HORACE, } TRAGEDIES.

With several other Translations out of

FRENCH.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1669.

THE

PREFACE.

WHen the falſe Edition of theſe Poems ſtole into the light, a Friend of that incomparable Ladys that made them, knowing how averſe ſhe was to be in Print, and therefore being ſure that it was abſolutely againſt her conſent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (ſhe being then in *Wales*, above 150 miles from this Town) went preſently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the Stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the Stationer himſelf for whom it was Printed, and took the beſt courſe he could with both to get it ſuppreſs'd, as it preſently was (though afterward many of the Books were privately ſold) and gave her an account by the next Poſt of what he had done. A while after he received this Anſwer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that diſguiſed Name ſhe had given him, it being her cuſtom to uſe ſuch with moſt of her particular friends.

Worthy Poliarchus,

IT is very well that you chid me ſo much for endeavouring to expreſs a part of the ſenſe I have of your obligations; for while you go on in conferring them beyond all poſſibility of acknowledgment, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your laſt generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy uſage I have received at London *from the Preſs, doth as much tranſcend all your former favours, as the injury done me by that Publiſher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can ſay to you for it, is, that though you aſſert an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent perſon, and that it is impoſſible for ma-*

lice it ſelf to have printed thoſe Rimes (you tell me are gotten abroad ſo impudently) with ſo much abuſe to the things, as the very publication of them at all, though they had been never ſo correct, had been to me; to me (Sir) who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's *mind, that ſaid,*

He danger fear'd than cenſure leſs,
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Preſs.

And who (I think you know) am ſufficiently diſtruſtful of all that my own want of company and better employment, or others commands have ſeduc'd me to write, to endeavor rather that they ſhould never be ſeen at all, than that they ſhould be expos'd to the world with ſuch effrontery *as now they moſt unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a Rock and a Mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to ſpend their Solitude in what* Reſveries *they pleaſe, and that our Rivers (though they are babling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their Banks; but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate perſon that cannot ſo much as think in private, that muſt have my imaginations rifled and expoſed to play the Mountebanks, and dance upon the Ropes to entertain all the rabble; to undergo all the* raillery *of the Wits, and all the ſeverity of the Wiſe; and to be the ſport of ſome that can, and ſome that cannot read a Verſe. This is a moſt cruel accident, and hath made ſo proportionate an impreſſion upon me, that really it hath coſt me a ſharp fit of ſickneſs ſince I heard it and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am ſure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am ſo innocent of that wretched Artifice of a ſecret conſent (of which I am, I fear, ſuſpected) that whoever would have brought me thoſe*

Copies

Copies corrected and amended, and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed, should not have obtained it. But though there are many things, I believe, in this wicked impression of those fancies, which the ignorance of what occasion'd them, and the falseness of the Copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant, yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato, *and I am sure they must be more abus'd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book, nor can imagine what's in't) before they can be render'd otherwise than Sir* Edward Deering *says in his Epilogue to* Pompey,

——No bolder thought can tax
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex,
As chaste the lines, as harmless is the sense,
As the first smiles of infant innocence.

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Vertue and Honour; and I am so little concern'd for the reputation of writing Sense, that provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge, much less connivance at this Publication, I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true Copies, as you advise me to do: which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune, and to general satisfaction; and that, as you tell me, all the rest of my friends will press me to it, I should yield to it with the same reluctancy as I would cut off a Limb to save my Life. However I hope you will satisfie all your acquaintance of my aversion to it, and did they know me as well as you do, that Apology were very needless, for I am so far from expecting applause for any thing I scribble, that I can hardly expect pardon; and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach, and unfit for my Sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever; and could I have recovered those fugitive Papers that have escap'd my hands, I had long since

made a ſacrifice of them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming, and intending the effects of that humour, only for my own amuſement in a retir'd life; I did not ſo much reſiſt it as a wiſer woman would have done; but ſome of my deareſt friends having found my Ballads, (for they deſerve no better name) they made me ſo much believe they did not diſlike them, that I was betray'd to permit ſome Copies for their divertiſement; but this, with ſo little concern for them, that I have loſt moſt of the originals, and that I ſuppoſe to be the cauſe of my preſent misfortune; for ſome infernal Spirits or other have catch'd thoſe rags of Paper, and what the careleſs blotted writing kept them from underſtanding, they have ſupplied by conjecture, till they put them into the ſhape wherein you ſaw them, or elſe I know not which way it is poſſible for them to be collected, or ſo abominably tranſcrib'd as I hear they are. I believe alſo there are ſome among them that are not mine, but every way I have ſo much injury, and the worthy perſons that had the ill luck of my converſe, and ſo their Names expos'd in this Impreſſion without their leave, that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me ſo great a torment as this moſt afflictive accident. I know you Sir, ſo much my friend, that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint; but methinks it is a great injuſtice to revenge my ſelf upon you by this Harangue for the wrongs I have received from others; therefore I will only tell you that the ſole advantage I have by this cruel news, is that it has given me an experiment, That no adverſity can ſhake the conſtancy of your friendſhip, and that in the worſt humour that ever I was in, I am ſtill,

Worthy Poliarchus,

Cardigan, Jan. 29. 166$\frac{3}{4}$.

Your moſt faithful, moſt obliged Friend, and moſt humble Servant ORINDA.

She writ divers Letters to many of her other friends, full of the like reſentments; but this is enough to ſhew how little ſhe deſired the fame of being in Print, and how much ſhe was troubled to be ſo expoſed. It may ſerve likewiſe to give a taſte of her Proſe to thoſe that have ſeen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar Letters, which ſhe did with ſtrange readineſs and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect Orthography; and if they were collected with thoſe excellent Diſcourſes ſhe writ on ſeveral ſubjects, they would make a Volume much larger than this, and no leſs worth the reading.

About three months after this Letter ſhe came to *London*, where her Friends did much ſollicite her to redeem her ſelf by a correct impreſſion; yet ſhe continued ſtill averſe, though perhaps in time ſhe might have been over-rul'd by their perſwaſions if ſhe had lived.

But the ſmall Pox, that malicious diſeaſe (as knowing how little ſhe would have been concern'd for her handſomneſs, when at the beſt) was not ſatisfied to be as injurious a Printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the Stationer had them; for though he to her moſt ſenſible affliction ſurreptitiouſly poſſeſs'd himſelf of a falſe Copy, and ſent thoſe children of her Fancy into the World, ſo martyred, that they were more unlike themſelves than ſhe could have been made, had ſhe eſcaped; that murtherous Tyrant, with greater barbarity ſeiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true Original, and to the much juſter affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her Grave, upon the 22. of *June* 1664. ſhe being then but 31 years of age.

But he could not bury her in Oblivion, for this Monument which ſhe erected for her ſelf, will for ever make her to be honoured as the honour of her Sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both. That unfortunate ſurpriſe hath robb'd it of much

much of that perfection it might elſe have had, having broke off the Tranſlation of *Horace* before it was finiſh'd, much leſs review'd, and hindred the reſt from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as ſhe poſſibly her ſelf would have done, had ſhe conſented to a ſecond Edition. 'Tis probable ſhe would alſo have left out ſome of thoſe pieces that were written with leſs care and upon occaſions leſs fit to be made publick, and ſhe might alſo have added more: but all induſtry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impreſſion, and by divers Tranſlations, whereof the firſt has the Original in the oppoſite Page, that they who have a mind to compare them, may by that pattern find how juſt ſhe has been in all the reſt to both the Languages, exactly rendring the full ſence of the one, without tying her ſelf ſtrictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciouſneſs of the other, by comprifing it fully in the ſame number of lines, though in the Plays half the Verſes of the French are of thirteen ſyllables, and the reſt of twelve, whereas the Engliſh have no more but ten. In ſhort, though ſome of her Pieces may perhaps be loſt, and others in hands that have not produc'd them; yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out; for many of the leſs conſiderable ones were publiſh'd in the other; but thoſe, or others that ſhall be judged ſo, may be excuſed by the politeneſs of the reſt which have more of her true ſpirit, and of her diligence. Some of them would be no diſgrace to the name of any Man that amongſt us is moſt eſteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not paſs with favour, when it is remembred that they fell haſtily from the pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the Engliſh *Sappho*, ſhe of all the female Poets of former Ages, being for her Verſes and her

Vertues

Vertues both, the moſt highly to be valued; but ſhe has call'd her ſelf *ORINDA*, a name that deſerves to be added to the number of the Muſes, and to live with honour as long as they. Were our language as generally known to the world as the Greek and Latine were anciently, or as the French is now, her Verſes could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our Iſlands, but would ſpread themſelves as far as the Continent has Inhabitants, or as the Seas have any ſhore. And for her Vertues, they as much ſurpaſs'd thoſe of *Sappho* as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet *Orinda* was not her inferiour) or as the fading immortality of an earthly Lawrel, which the juſtice of men cannot deny to her excellent Poetry, is tranſcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, wherewith the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent Piety. Her merit ſhould have had a Statue of Porphiry wrought by ſome great Artiſt, equal in skill to *Michael Angelo*, that might have transferr'd to poſterity the laſting image of ſo rare a Perſon: but here is only a poor paper-ſhadow of a Statue made after a Picture not very like her, to accompany that ſhe has drawn of her ſelf in theſe Poems, and which repreſents the beauties of her mind with a far truer reſemblance, than that does the lineaments of her Face. They had ſooner performed this Right to her memory, if that raging Peſtilence which, not long after her, ſwept away ſo many thouſands here and in other places of this Kingdom; that devouring Fire, which ſince deſtroy'd this famous City; and the harſh ſounds of War, which with the thunderings of Cannon, deafn'd all ears to the gentle and tender ſtrains of Friendſhip, had not made the Publication of them hitherto unſeaſonable. But they have out-liv'd all theſe diſmal things to ſee the bleſſing of Peace, a conjuncture more ſuitable to their Nature, all compos'd of kindneſs; ſo that I

hope

hope Time it ſelf ſhall have as little power againſt them, as theſe other ſtorms have had, and then * *Ovid*'s concluſion of his *Metamorphoſis* may with little alteration, more truth, and leſs vanity than by him to himſelf, be applyed to theſe once transformed, or rather deformed Poems, which, are here in ſome meaſure reſtor'd to their native Shape and Beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now, ſince they wanted it not before, when they appeared in that ſtrange diſguiſe.

* *Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas, &c.*

THE

The Earl of *Orrery* to Mrs. *Philips*.

Madam,

WHen I but knew you by report,
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring Court
Were but their Compliments, but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just:
For they imperfect Trophies to you raise,
You deserve wonder, and they pay but praise;
A praise, which is as short of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come short of you.
You, to whom wonder's paid by double right,
Both for your Verses smoothness and their height.
In me it does not the least trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours in Verse exceed,
Since every Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love;
Thence has your Sex the best poetick fires,
For what's inspir'd must yield to what inspires.
And as Our Sex reigns to Ours the due,
So all of your bright Sex must yield to You.
Experience shews, that never Fountain fed
A stream which could ascend above its Head;
For those whose wit from Helicon does prove,
To rise above its height durst never strive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and storms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shar'd in those Elements infus'd in it;
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much higher,
She sharing in no Element but fire.
Past ages could not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their Basis and height too:
So that 'tis Truth, not Complement, to tell,
Your lowest height their highest did excell;
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heav'nly fire,
To their bright Centre constantly aspire;

And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.
Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,
And when in that we have drain'd all our store,
All grant from this nought can be distant more.
Though you have sung of friendships power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excell,
Yet my own interest obliges me
To praise your practice more than Theory;
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing you.
In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white;
The Pencil to your Pen must yield the place,
This draws the Soul, where that draws but the Face.
Of blest retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wish as much as your delight;
Our gratitude to praise it does think fit,
Since all you writ are but effects of it.
You English Corneil's Pompey *with such flame,*
That you both raise our wonder and his fame;
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' Original;
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'l finish what you have begun:
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's *Work, and but his Play.*
The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak;
Rome *too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,*
Cæsar *speaks better in't than in his own.*
And all those Wreaths once circl'd Pompey's *brow,*
Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.
From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, *in* Wales *it is.*
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda *lives!*

The Earl of *Roſcomon* to *Orinda*: an imitation of HORACE.

Integer vitæ, &c.
Carm. lib. 1. od. 22.

1.

VErtue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2.

An honeſt mind, ſafely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepeſt Scythian *ſnows,*
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes *flows.*

3.

While (rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire)
Our great ORINDA *I admire,*
The hungry Wolves that ſee me ſtray
Unarm'd, and ſingle, run away.

4.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune *did embrace,*
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon *is not half ſo bleſt.*

5.

Leave me upon ſome Lybian *plain,*
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty Monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

6.

The Magick of ORINDA*'s Name,*
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

Upon Mrs. K. *Philips* her Poems.

WE *allow'd you beauty, and we did ſubmit*
To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah cruel Sex! will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda *does in that too reign,*
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's *Salick Law.*
We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore:
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many arms beſide that Conquerour bore.
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
T' aſſault a ſtubborn Town.
Orinda *firſt did a bold ſally make,*
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

2.

Women, as if the Body were the whole,
Did that, and not the Soul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity;
If in it ſometimes they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd,
'Twere ſhame and pity, Orinda, *if in thee*
A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtrionſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field;
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feaſt,
A ſecret joy unſpeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybeles *contented breaſt:*

With

With no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhouldſt ſee
This thy no leſs immortal Progeny,
And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of th' ancient Curſe to Woman-kind;
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labour of thy Brain.
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In the unexhauſted and unfathom'd womb;
That, like the Holland *Counteſs, thou might'ſt bear*
A Child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou doſt my Wonder, wouldſt my Envy raiſe,
If to be prais'd I low'd more than to praiſe.
Where e're I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit Sence,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy Forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine Eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather, 'tis Angelical:
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female Chimæras, *that o're Poets reign;*
I ne're could find that Fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain.
They talk of Sappho, *but, alas the ſhame!*
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her fame.
Orinda's *inward Vertue is ſo bright,*
That, like a Lantern's fair encloſed light,
It through the Paper ſhines where ſhe doth write.

Honour

Honour and Friendſhip, and the generous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond diſeaſe,
Like that of Girls our vicious ſtomacks pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive ſubjects of her Pen.
And as the Roman *Victory*
Taught our rude Land arts, and civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlawes, and betters men.

5.

But Rome *with all her arts could ne're inſpire*
A Female Breaſt with ſuch a fire.
The warlike Amazonian *Train,*
Which in Elyſium *now do peaceful reign,*
And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſetled in their Sex by her.
Merlin *the Seer (and ſure he would not lie*
In ſuch a ſacred Company)
Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda *ſhow,*
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago.
Even Boadicia's *angry Ghoſt*
Forgets her own misfortune and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boaſt,
That Rome's *o'recome at laſt by a Woman of her race.*

Abraham Cowley.

To

To the Excellent *Orinda*.

Let the male Poets their male Phœbus *chuſe,*
Thee I invoke, Orinda, *for my Muſe;*
He could but force a Branch, Daphne *her Tree*
Moſt freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And ſays to Verſe, ſo unconſtrain'd as yours,
Her Laurel freely comes, your fame ſecures:
And men no longer ſhall with raviſh'd Bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a praiſe.

Thou glory of our Sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright Pen:
Its luſtre doth intice their eyes to gaze,
But mens ſore eyes cannot endure its rayes;
It dazles and ſurprizes ſo with light,
To find a noon where they expected night:
A Woman Tranſlate Pompey! *which the fam'd*
Corneille *with ſuch art and labour fram'd!*
To whoſe cloſe verſion the Wits club their ſence,
And a new Lay-Poetick SMEC *ſprings thence!*
Yes, that bold work a Woman dares Tranſlate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate.
Nature doth find that ſhe hath err'd too long,
And now reſolves to recompenſe that wrong:
Phœbus *to* Cynthia *muſt his beams reſigne,*
The rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine.

That Sex, which heretofore was not allow'd
To underſtand more than a beaſt, or crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Souls; but to be damn'd, if ſo;
Whoſe higheſt Contemplation could not paſs,
In mens eſteem, no higher than the Glaſs;
And all the painful labours of their Brain,
Was only how to Dreſs and Entertain:
Or, if they ventur'd to ſpeak ſenſe, the wiſe
Made that, and ſpeaking Oxe, like Prodigies.

From

From these thy more than masculine Pen hath rear'd
Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be fear'd.
And by the same Pen forc'd, men now confess,
To keep their greatness, was to make us less.

Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold;
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.
Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be.
By which the Soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for action, as they are.

When in an Organ various sounds do streak,
Or grate the ear, as Birds sing, or Toads Creak,
The Breath, that varies every Pipe, is the same,
But the bad mettal doth the sound defame.
So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh false notes the air do break,
The Soul's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her instruments that we excell.
Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.

Shall it be our reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the School-men speak?
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise.

Train'd up to Arms, the Amazons have been,
And Spartan Virgins strong as Spartan Men.
Breed Women but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst Sybarite Men are Women by their ease.
Why should not brave Semiramis break a Lance,
And why should not fat Ninyas tilt and dance?
Ovid *in vain Bodies with change did vex,*
Changing her form of life, Iphis chang'd Sex.
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Males usurp, a stout, bold heart.

Thus-

Thus Hunters female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Hawks more mettal'd than the male:
Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingross,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, *shine.*
That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank Lucasia, *and thy Courage boast.*
Death in each Wave could not Orinda *fright,*
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write:
Which manly Virtue to their Sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer mind;
For there's required (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love.
Ingage us unto Books, Sappho *comes forth,*
Though not of Hesiod's *age, of* Hesiod's *worth.*
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis confest,
'Tis not the He or She makes Poems best:
Nor can men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the sence vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, Apollo *sits as Judge of Wit,*
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws, for which Numa *did wise appear,*
Wiser Ægeria *whisper'd in his ear.*
The Gracchi's *Mother taught them Eloquence;*
From her Breasts courage flow'd, from her Brain sense;
And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in vain
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'recome.
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, Rhetorical:
Something of grandeur in your Verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Orrery's *regard,*
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's *Widow been* Arsamnes *Queen.*

Pompey, *who greater than himself's become,*
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud Towers of Men.
He thanks false Egypt *for its Treacherie,*
Since that his Ruine is so sung by thee;
And so again would perish, if withall,
Orinda *would but celebrate his Fall.*
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, be in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all Egypt, *for to purge its Crime,*
Were built into one Pyramid o're him,
Pompey *would lie less stately in that Herse,*
Than he doth now, Orinda, *in thy Verse:*
This makes Cornelia *for her* Pompey *vow,*
Her hand shall plant his Laurel on thy brow:
So equal in their merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd:
And what on that great Captains Brow was dead,
She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy head.
In the French Rock Cornelia *first did shine,*
But shin'd not like her self till she was thine:
Poems, like Gems, translated from the place
Where they first grew, receive another grace.
Dress't by thy hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,
She glitters now a Star, but Jewel then:
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright.
Corneille, *now made English, so doth thrive,*
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.
Thus Ore digg'd forth, and by such hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,
Must lose some Spirits, which are scarce restor'd:
But the French Wines, in their own Vessel rare,
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are;
So high in taste, and so delicious,
Before his own Corneille *thine would chuse.*

He

He finds himſelf inlightned here, where ſhade
Of dark expreſſion his own words had made:
There what he would have ſaid, he ſees ſo writ,
As generouſly, to juſt decorum fit.
When in more words than his you pleaſe to flow,
Like a ſpread Floud, inriching all below,
To the advantage of his well-meant ſence,
He gains by you another excellence.
To render word for word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Conſtrue, not Tranſlate:
In your own fancy free, to his ſence true,
We read Corneille, *and* Orinda *too:*
And yet ye both are ſo the very ſame,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.
And ſure the Copier's honour is not ſmall,
When Artiſts doubt which is Original.
But if your fetter'd Muſe thus praiſed be,
What great things do you write when it is free?
When it is free to chuſe both ſence and words,
Or any ſubject the vaſt World affords?
A gliding Sea of Chryſtal doth beſt ſhow
How ſmooth, clear, full, and rich your Verſe doth flow:
Your words are choſen, cull'd, not by chance writ,
To make the ſence, as Anagrams do hit.
Your rich becoming words on the ſence wait,
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verſe more white,
Or ſoft; Iron is both, write you on it.
Your Poems come forth caſt, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both ſhap'd and poliſhed.
But why all theſe Encomiums of you,
Who either doubts, or will not take as due?
Renown how little you regard, or need,
Who like the Bee, on your own ſweets do feed?
There are, who like weak Fowl with ſhouts fall down,
Dozed with an Army's Acclamation:

Not able to endure applauſe, they fall,
Giddy with praiſe, their praiſes Funeral.
But you, Orinda, *are ſo unconcern'd,*
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you in your Courſe ſhine on,
Unmov'd with all our admiration:
Flying above the praiſe you ſhun, we ſee
Wit is ſtill higher by humility.

Philo-Philippa.

To

To the memory of the Excellent *Orinda*.

1.

FOrgive bright Saint a Vot'ry, who
No miſſive Orders has to ſhow,
Nor does a call to inſpiration owe:
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This ſacred, and inſpir'd throng;
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I ſee,
Is a ſworn Prieſt of Phœbus, *or of thee.*
Forgive this forward zeal for things divine,
If I ſtrange fire do offer at thy Shrine:
Since the pure Incenſe, and the Gum
We ſend up to the Pow'rs above,
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)
Smells ſweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden Cenſors it did come;
Though we the pious tribute pay
In ſome rude veſſel made of common clay.

2.

What by Pindaricks can be done,
Since the great Pindar's *greater* Son* *Mr. A. Cowley.
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muſe inſpir'd)
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heaven's retir'd:
He, and Orinda *from us gone,*
What Name like theirs ſhall we now call upon?
Whether her Vertue, or her Wit
We chuſe for our eternal Theme,
What hand can draw the perfect Scheme?
None but her ſelf could ſuch high ſubjects fit:
We yield, with ſhame we yield
To Death and Her the field:
For were not Nature partial to us Men,
The World's great Order had inverted been;
Had ſhe ſuch Souls plac'd in all Woman-kind,
Giv'n 'um like wit, not with like goodneſs join'd,
Our vaſſal Sex to hers had homage paid;
Woman had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd.

3. To

To thee O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous wit:
I charge thee, deeply to enroll
This glorious Name in thy immortal Scroll;
Write ev'ry letter in large Text,
And then to make the lustre hold,
Let it be done with purest Gold,
To dazle this Age, and outshine the next:
Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large Book appears.
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems save)
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other mixture pure:
Unless some dying Monarch shall to try
Whether Orinda, *though her self could dye,*
Can still give others immortality;
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophets touch, new life from hers may come.

James Tyrrell.

To

To the Memory of the incomparable *Orinda*. A Pindarick Ode.

1.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Aſhes left behind;
E're ſince th' amazing ſound was ſpred,
ORINDA's Dead,
Every ſoft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to ſet the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthleſs World would ſtay:
Thus when the Death of the great PAN was told,
Along the ſhore the diſmal tidings roll'd,
The leſſer Gods their Fanes forſook;
Confounded with the mighty ſtroke,
They could not over-live that Fatal day,
But ſigh'd, and groan'd their gaſping Oracles away.

2.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how ſevere that black Decree?
No ſublunary thing is free,
But all muſt enter th' Adamantine Gate:
Sooner, or later ſhall we come
To Natures dark Retiring room;
And yet 'tis pity, is it not?
The learned as the fool ſhould dye,

One

One full as low as t'other lye;
Together Blended in the general lot;
Diſtinguiſht only from the common croud,
By an hing'd Coffin, or an Holland ſhroud,
Though Fame and Honour ſpeak them ne're ſo loud;
Alas ORINDA, *even thou!*
Whoſe happy Verſe made others live,
And certain Immortality could give;
Blaſted are all thy blooming glories now,
The Laurel withers o're thy brow:
Methinks it ſhould diſturbe thee to conceive
That when poor I this artleſs breath reſign,
My Duſt ſhould have as much of Poetry as Thine.

3.

Too ſoon we languiſh with deſire
Of what we never could enough admire;
On th' Billows of this world ſometimes we riſe
So dangerouſly high,
We are to Heaven too nigh;
When (all in rage
Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very ſelf ſame fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Proſpect gave,
Swoll'n to a Mountain, ſinks into a grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Pow'rs above
As merciful would be,
And eaſie to preſerve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradiſe;
A weeping Evening crowns a ſmiling Day,
Yet why ſhould Heads of Gold, have Feet of Clay?
Why ſhould the Man that wav'd th' Almighty Wand,
That led the Murmuring Croud,
By Pillar and by Cloud,

Shiver-

Shivering a top of aery Pisgah stand,
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis'd Land?

4.

Throw your Swords, and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e're you dy
One honourable Scar,
Since that fair hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in heroick Numbers wrot your praise,
While you securely slept in Honour's Bed;
It self, alas! is withered, cold, and Dead;
Cold and Dead are all those Charms,
Which burnish't your Victorious Arms:
Inglorious Arms hereafter must
Blush first in blood, and then in rust:
No Oil, but that of Her smooth words will serve
Weapon, and Warriour to preserve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But folly, or Poetique Rage,
Short-liv'd Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry'd to morrow down,
With HER the soul of Poesie is gone;
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E're th' drowzy World perceiv'd that Manna *was come*
(down.

5.

You of the Sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by ORINDA's Tomb,
And leave your flatt'ring Glass at home;
Within this Marble Mirrour see

How one day such as She
You must, and yet alas! I can never be.
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.
Think on the wonders of Her Pen,
'Twas that made Pompey truely Great,
Neither th'expence of blood nor sweat,
Nor yet Cornelia's *Kindness made him live agen.*
With envy think, when to the Grave you goe,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was her due.

Thomas Flatman.
M. A.

On the Death of Mrs *Katherine Philips.*

CRuel Diſeaſe! Ah could it not ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt ſex,
Which ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy malice moſt of all
(Thy malice or thy luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought) either thy Luſt or Rage:
Waſt not enough, when thou, Profane Diſeaſe,
Didſt on this glorious Temple ſeize,
Waſt not enough, like a wild zealot there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Waſt not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On the inward Holyeſt Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! there thou miſtook'ſt thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that Devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An Everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heaven the Top, as Earth the Baſis wide.

2.

All Ages paſt, Record; all Countrys now
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhow,
That even Judge Paris *would not know*
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow.
Though Goddeſſes to his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race
This is the ſovereign Face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much leſs frequent then the Fair)
So equally renown'd for vertue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt Woman for her guide ſhe choſe.

But if Apollo *should design*
A Woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda *take,*
Though Sappho *and the famous Nine*
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen;
The World did never but two Women know
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old,
Nothing is shewn, but only told,
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male Flattery onely, and Male Poetry;
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's *Wit*
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The trade of Glory managed by the pen
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd,
Orinda *in the female Coasts of fame*
Engrosses all the Goods of a Poetique name,
She does no Partner with her see;
Does all the Business there Alone which we
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtues prop it join,
Firm and erect towards Heaven bound, (crown'd,
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all
Who our own Sex ſuperiour call;
Orinda *does our boaſting Sex out-do,*
Not in wit only, but in vertue too:
She does above our beſt examples riſe,
In hate of vice, and ſcorn of vanities.
Never did ſpirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings ſacred Lake,
A temper more invulnerable take;
No violent paſſion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodneſs of her mind:
Through walls of ſtone thoſe furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her ſoft breaſt they hit, damped and dead they lay.

5.

The fame of friendſhip, which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary of the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoyces now to have got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing ſtory
Of fair Lucaſia *and* Orinda's *glory.*
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign Country he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no ſtranger there;
So well Orinda *did her ſelf prepare,*
In this much different Clime for her remove,
To the glad world of Poetry and Love;
There all the bleſt do but one body grow,
And are made one too with their glorious Head,
Whom there triumphantly they wed,
After the ſecret Contract paſt below;
There Love into Identity does go,
'Tis the firſt unities Monarchique Throne,
The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's but One.

Abraham Cowley.

The

The Table.

Poem. Page:

1 *Upon the double Murther of* K. Charls *I. in answer to a libellous Copy of Rymes made by* Vavasor Powell. 1

2 *On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the King in* Flanders. 2

3 Arion *on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage into* England. 3

4 *On the fair weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after.* 5

5 *To the Queen's Majesty on her arrival at* Portsmouth, May 14. 1662. ib.

6 *To the Queen Mother's Majesty,* Jan. 1. 166$\frac{1}{2}$. 7

7 *Upon the Princess Royal her Return into* England. 8

8 *On the Death of the illustrious Duke of* Gloucester. 9

9 *To her Royal Highness the Dutchess of* York, *on her commanding me to send her some things that I had written.* 11

10 *On the Death of the Queen of* Bohemia. 12

11 *On the third of* September, 1651. 13

12 *To the noble* Palæmon, *on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship.* 14

13 *To the Right honourable* Alice *Countess of* Carbury, *at her coming into* Wales. 16

14 *To Sir* Edward Deering (*the noble* Silvander) *on his Dream and Navy, personating* Orinda's *preferring* Rosania *before* Solomon's *Traffick to* Ophir. 17

15 *To Mr.* Henry Lawes. 18

16 *A Sea-voyage from* Tenby *to* Bristol, *begun* Sept. 5. 1652. *sent from* Bristol *to* Lucasia Sept. 8. 1652. 19

17 *Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest* Lucasia. 21

18 *Content, to my dearest* Lucasia. 22

19 *A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt* Lucasia *and* Orinda. *Set by Mr.* Henry Lawes. 25

20 *To my dearest Sister, Mrs* C. P. *on her marriage.* 26

21 *To Mr.* Henry Vaughan, Silurist, *on his Poems.* 27

22 *A retired friendship, to* Ardelia. 28

23 *To Mrs* Mary Carne, *when* Philaster *courted her.* 30

24 *To Mr.* J. B. *the noble* Cratander, *upon a Composition of his which he was not willing to own publickly.* 31

25 *To the Excellent Mrs.* Anne Owen *upon her receiving the name of* Lucasia, *and adoption into our Society,* December 28. 1651. 32

26 *To the truly noble Mrs.* Anne Owen, *On my first Approaches.* 33

27 Lucasia. 34

28 *Wilton Vault.* 36

29 *Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal to my dearest* Lucasia. ib.

30 *In memory of* F. P. *who dyed at* Acton May 24. 1660, *at* 12, *and*$\frac{1}{2}$ *of age.* 39

31 *In memory of that excellent person Mrs.* Mary Lloyd *of* Bodidrist *in* Denbigh-shire, *who dyed* Nov. 13. 1656. *after she came thither from* Pembroke-shire. 42

32 *To the truly competent judge of Honour,* Lucasia, *upon a scandalous Libel made by* J. J. 45

33 To Antenor, *on a Paper of mine which* J. J. *threatens to publish to prejudice him.* 47

34 Rosania *shadowed whilst Mrs.* Mary Awbrey. 48

35 *To the Queen of inconstancy,* Regina Collier *in* Antwerp. 50

36 *To my excellent* Lucasia, *on our friendship.* 51

37 Rosania's *private Marriage.* 52

38 In-

38 Injuria Amicitiæ. 53
39 *To* Regina Collier, *on her cruelty to* Philaster. 55
40 *To* Philaster, *on his Melancholy for* Regina. ib.
41 Philoclea's *parting.* 56
42 *To* Rosania *now Mrs.* Mountague, *being with her.* ib.
43 *To my* Lucasia. 58
44 *On Controversies in Religion.* 59
45 *To the honoured Lady* E. C. 61
46 *Parting with* Lucasia, *a Song.* 63
47 *Against Pleasure, Set by Dr.* Coleman. 066
48 *A Prayer.* 168
49 *To Mrs.* M. A. *upon absence.* 69
50 *To Mrs.* Mary Aubrey. 70
51 *In memory of Mrs.* Cartwright. 71
52 *Mr* Francis Finch, *the witellian* Palamon. 72
53 *To Mrs.* M. A. *at parting.* 074
54 *To my dearest* Antenor, *on his parting.* 76
55 *Engraven on Mr.* John Collier's *Tombstone at* Bedlington. 77
56 *On the little* Regina Collier, *on the same Tombstone.* 78
57 *Friendship.* 080
58 *The Enquiry.* 180
59 *To my* Lucasia, *in defence of declared friendship.* 182
60 *A Resvery.* 086
61 *A Country-life.* 088
62 *To Mrs.* Wogan, *my honoured friend, on the death of her Husband.* 191
63 *To my worthy friend* Mr. Owen of Orielton. 092
64 *A Friend.* 94
65 *To* 098
66 *Invitation to the Country.* 103
67 *In memory of Mrs.* Elis. 104
68 *On* Rosania's *Apostacy, and* Lucasia's *friendship.* 106
69 *To my Lady* Eliz. Boyle, *singing.* 107
70 *To* 108
71 2 Cor. 5. 19. *God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.* 110
72 *To* 112
73 *The Soul.* 114
74 *Happiness.* 118
75 *Death.* 119
76 *To the Queen's Majesty, on her late sickness and Recovery.* 121
77 *Ode upon Retirement.* 122
78 *The Irish Grey-hound.* 125
79 *Song to the tune of* Sommes nous pas trop heureux. 126
80 *A Dialogue between* Lucasia *&* Rosania, *imitating that of gentle* Thestylis. ib.
81 *Song to the Tune of* Adieu Phillis. 127
82 *An Epitaph on my honoured Mother Mrs.* Philips of Portheynon *in* Cardigan-shire, *who dyed* Jan. 1. 1664. 128
83 Lucasia, Rosania, *and* Orinda *parting at a Fountain* July 1663. 129
84 *A Farewel to* Rosania. 131
85 *To my Lady* Anne Boyle *saying I looked angrily upon her.* ib.
86 *On the Welsh Language.* 131
87 *To the Countess of* Thanet, *upon her marriage.* 132
88 *Epitaph on her Son* H. P. *at St.* Syth's *Church, where her body also lies interred.* 134
89 *Epitaph on the Death of my Lord* Rich, *only Son to the Earl of* Warwick, *who dyed of the small Pox,* 1664. 135
90 *The Virgin.* 136

91 *Upon the graving of her name upon a Tree in* Barn-Elms *Walks.* 137
92 *To my dearest friend, Mrs.* A. Owen *upon her greatest loss.* ib.
93 Orinda *to* Lucasia *parting* October 1661. *at* London. 139
94 *On the first of* January, 1657. 141
95 *To my Lady* M. Cavendish, *chusing the name of* Policrite. 142
96 *Against Love.* 143
97 *A Dialogue of friendship multiplied.* ib.
98 Rosania *to* Lucasia *on her Letters.* 144
99 *To my* Antenor, March 16. 166½. 145
100 *A* Triton *to* Lucasia *going to* Sea. 146
101 Orinda *upon little* Hector Philips. 148
102 *To the Lady* E. Boyle. 149
103 *To my Lord Duke of* Ormond *upon the late Plot.* 150
104 *To the Countess of* Roscomon *with a Copy of* Pompey. 151
105 *On the death of the truly honourable Sir* Walter Lloyd *Knight.* 152
106 Orinda *to* Lucasia. 153
107 *To* Celimena. 154
108 *An Answer to another perswading a Lady to Marriage.* 155
109 Lucasia *and* Orinda *parting with* Pastora *and* Phillis *at* Ipswich. 156
110 *Epitaph on my truly honoured* P. Scipio. ib.
111 *To Mr.* Sam. Cooper *having taken* Lucasia's *Picture given* December 14. 1660. 158
112 *Parting with a Friend.* 159
113 *To my dearest friend upon her shuning Grandeur.* 161
114 *To* Pastora *being with her Friends.* 163
115 *To my Lord and Lady* Dungannon *on their marriage,* May 11. 1662. 165
116 *To his Grace* Gilbert *Lord Arch-Bishop of* Canterbury, July 10. 1664. 166
117 La Solitude de St. Amant, *in French and English.* 170
118 Tendres desers, *out of French Prose.* 184
119 Amanti ch' in pianti, &c. ib.
120 *A Pastoral of* Mons. de Scudery's *in the first Volume of* Almahide, *Englished.* ibid.
121 *Translation of* Thomas a Kempis *into verse, out of* Mons. Corneille. 196
122 Pompey *a Tragedy.*
123 Horace *a Tragedy, Translated from Monsieur* Corneille.

IMPRIMATUR.

Aug. 20. 1667. *Roger L'Estrange.*

POEMS

POEMS.

Upon the double Murther of K. CHARLES I. *in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes by* Vavasor Powell.

I Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd:
But as that son whose father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs; so this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now
Wise men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass?
Has *Charles* so *broke God's Laws*, he must not have
A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.
Great *Charles* his double misery was *this*,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die;
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.

Christ will be King, but I ne're understood
His Subjects built his Kingdom up with blood,
Except their own; or that he would dispose
With his commands, though for his own defence.
Oh! to what height of horrour are they come
Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb?

On the numerous Access of the English *to wait upon the King in* Flanders.

HAsten, Great Prince, unto thy British Isles,
Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.
To thee they flock, thy Presence is their home,
As *Pompey*'s Camp, where e're it mov'd, was *Rome*.
They that asserted thy Just Cause go hence
To testifie their joy and reverence;
And those that did not, now, by wonder taught,
Go to confess and expiate their fault.
So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping Land
It self will empty on the *Belgick* sand:
Where the affrighted Dutchman does profess
He thinks it an Invasion, not Address.
As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
So till thou come we shall unpeopled be.
None but the close Fanatick will remain,
Who by our Loyalty his ends will gain;
And he th' exhausted Land will quickly find
As desolate a place as he design'd.
For *England* (though grown old with woes) will see
Her long deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
So when old *Jacob* could but credit give
That his prodigious *Joseph* still did live,
(*Joseph* that was preserved to restore
Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough (said he) *to Egypt I*
Will go, and see him once before I die.

Arion

Arion *on a Dolphin, To his Majeſty at his paſſage into* England.

WHom does this ſtately Navy bring?
O! 'tis *Great Britain's* Glorious King.
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Deſire and calm as Peace.
In your Reſpect let him ſurvey
What all his other Subjects pay;
And propheſie to them again
The ſplendid ſmoothneſs of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
A greater now than *Cæſar's* here;
Whoſe Veins a richer Purple boaſt
Than ever Hero's yet engroſt;
Sprung from a Father ſo auguſt,
He triumphs in his very duſt.
In him two Miracles we view,
His Vertue and his Safety too:
For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
To breathe and bow in forreign Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd Greatneſs wait.
Plots againſt Life and Conſcience laid,
By Foes purſu'd, by Friends betray'd;
Then Heaven, his ſecret potent friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
And, what's more yet, kept him upright
'Midſt flattering Hope and bloudy Fight.
Cromwell his own Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his Predeceſſors fought
And writ, but none ſo dearly bought.
Never was Prince ſo much beſieged,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged;

Nor ever Man reſiſted thus,
No not great *Athanaſius*.
No help of Friends could, or Foes ſpight,
To fierce Invaſion him invite.
Revenge to him no pleaſure is,
He ſpar'd their bloud who gap'd for his;
Bluſh'd any hands the Engliſh Crown
Should faſten on him but their own.
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Baniſhment.
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himſelf did firſt begin:
And, that beſt victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' illuſtrious ſuff'rings of this Prince
Did all reduce, and all convince.
He only liv'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
That the whole world would fight with leſs.
Aſſiſtant Kings could but ſubdue
Thoſe Foes which he can pardon too.
He thinks no Slaughter-trophees good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a ſweet reſiſtleſs art
Diſarms the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth reſcue thoſe
Who did themſelves and him oppoſe.

Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
Which Birth and Merit make your own;
And in your Mercy brighter ſhine
Than in the Glories of your Line:
Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
And Veneration every where.
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief, to whom the *Engliſh* bow:
And Monarchs ſhall to yours reſort,
As *Sheba*'s Queen to *Judah*'s Court;
Returning thence conſtrained more

To

To wonder, envy, and adore.
Diſcovered *Rome* will hate your Crown,
But ſhe ſhall tremble at your Frown.
For *England* ſhall (rul'd and reſtor'd by You)
The ſuppliant world protect, or elſe ſubdue.

On the Fair Weather juſt at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after.

SO clear a ſeaſon, and ſo ſnatch'd from ſtorms,
Shews Heav'n delights to ſee what Man performs.
Well knew the Sun, if ſuch a day were dim,
It would have been an injury to him:
For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
The nobleſt ſight that ever he beheld.
He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we fear'd,
And in a bright *Parentheſis* appear'd.
So that we knew not which look'd moſt content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.
But the Solemnity once fully paſt,
The ſtorm return'd with an impetuous haſt.
And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So *Iſrael* paſt through the divided floud,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean ſtood:
But the ſame Sea (the *Hebrews* once on ſhore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before.

To the Queen's Majeſty on her Arrival at Portſmouth, May 14. 1662.

NOw that the Seas & Winds ſo kind are grown,
For our advantage to reſign their own;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And ſuffered Engliſh ground to kiſs your Feet,
Whilſt your glad Subjects with impatience throng

To

To ſee a Bleſſing they have begg'd ſo long;
Whilſt Nature (who in complement to you
Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)
Hath, to attend the luſtre your eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Ambaſſadour the Spring;
Whilſt in your praiſe Fame's echo doth conſpire
With the ſoft touches of the ſacred Lyre;
Let an obſcurer Muſe upon her knees
Preſent you with ſuch Offerings as theſe,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That ſo your mercy may appear the more;
Who, though of thoſe you ſhould the beſt receive,
Can ſuch imperfect ones as theſe forgive.

Hail Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our hopes ſecure, our joys compleat.
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make Him happy who makes us be ſo.
But Heav'n for us the deſp'rate debt hath paid,
Who ſuch a Monarch hath your Trophee made.
A Prince whoſe Vertue did alone ſubdue
Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our bleſſings flow,
Yet is a greater than he can beſtow.
So great, that he diſpenſes life and death,
And *Europe*'s fate depends upon his breath.
(For Fortune in amends now courts him more
Than ever ſhe affronted him before:
As Lovers that of Jealouſie repent
Grow troubleſome in kind acknowledgment.)
Who greater courage ſhew'd in wooing you,
Than other Princes in their battels do.
Never was *Spain* ſo generouſly defi'd;
Where they deſign'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.
Hence they may gueſs what will his Anger prove,
When he appear'd ſo brave in making Love;
And be more wiſe than to provoke his Arms,
Who can ſubmit to nothing but your Charms.

And till they give him leisure to subdue,
His Enemies must owe their peace to you.
Whilst he and you mixing illustrious Rays,
As much above our wishes as our praise,
Such Hero's shall produce, as even they
Without regret or blusher shall obey.

To the Queen-mother's Majesty, Jan. 1. 166⅔.

YOU justly may forsake a Land which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.
Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
Shot all her poison'd arrows here, or hence.
'Twas here bold Rebels once your Life pursu'd
(To whom 'twas Treason only to be rude,)
Till you were forc'd by their unwearied spight
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Humane fled;
For here, oh! here the Royal Martyr bled,
Whose cause and heart must be divine and high,
That having you could be content to die.
Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe,
And paid you in variety of woe.

Yet all those billows in your breast did meet
A heart so firm, so loyal, and so sweet,
That over them you greater conquest made
Than your immortal Father ever had.
For we may read in story of some few
That fought like him, none that endur'd like you.
Till Sorrow blush'd to act what Traitors meant,
And Providence it self did first repent.
But as our Active, so our Passive, ill
Hath made your share to be the sufferer's still.
As from our Mischiefs all your troubles grew,
'Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
Else our Great *Charles* had not been hence so long,

Not

Nor the Illuſtrious *Elizabeth* dy'd ſo young:
Nor had we loſt a Princeſs all confeſt
To be the greateſt, wiſeſt, and the beſt;
Who leaving colder parts, but leſs unkind,
(For it was here ſhe ſet, and there ſhe ſhin'd,)
Did to a moſt ungrateful Climate come
To make a Viſit, and to find a Tomb.

YOU ſo that we ſhould as much your ſmile deſpair,
As of your ſtay in this unpurged air;
But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes
As much as your Example former times;
And will forgive our Offrings, though the flame
Does tremble ſtill betwixt regret and ſhame.
For we have juſtly ſuffered more than you
By the ſad guilt of all your ſufferings too.
As you the great Idea have been ſeen
Of either fortune, and in both a Queen,
Live ſtill triumphant by the nobleſt wars,
And juſtifie your reconciled ſtars.
See your Offenders for your mercy bow,
And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow;
While you to ſuch a Race have given birth,
As are contended for by Heaven and Earth.

Upon the Princeſs Royal her Return into ENGLAND.

WElcome ſure Pledge of reconciled Powers;
If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you are ours:
For th'ill ones check'd by your bright influence,
Could never ſtrike till you were hurried hence.
But then, as Streams withſtood more rapid grow,
War and Confuſion ſoon did overflow:
Such and ſo many ſorrows did ſucceed,
As it would be a new one now to read.
But whilſt your Luſtre was to us deny'd,
You ſcatter'd bleſſings every where beſide.

Nature

Nature and Fortune have ſo curious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to ſhew it in:
But we do moſt admire that gen'rous Care
Which did your glorious Brother's ſufferings ſhare;
So that he thought them in your Preſence none,
And yet your ſuff'rings did increaſe his own.
O wondrous Prodigy! O Race Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
Your Lives exalt your Father's deathleſs Name,
The bluſh of *England*, and the boaſt of Fame.

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Addreſs,
Which does profane the Glory 'twould confeſs.
Our Crimes have baniſh'd us from you, and we
Were more remov'd by them than by the Sea.
Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
When we rebell'd, or now we do adore.
But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miſs;
And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this.
Your bleſt Return tells us our ſtorms are ceas'd,
Our faults forgiven, and our ſtars appeas'd.
Your Mercy, which no Malice could deſtroy,
Shall firſt beſtow, and then inſtruct, our Joy.
For bounteous Heav'n hath in your Highneſs ſent
Our great Example, Bliſs, and Ornament.

On the Death of the Illuſtrious DUKE *of* GLOUCESTER.

GReat *Glouſter's* dead, and yet in this we muſt
Confeſs that angry Heaven is wiſe and juſt.
We have ſo long and yet ſo ill endur'd
The woes which our offences had procur'd,
That this new ſtroke would all our ſtrength deſtroy,
Had we not known an interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this ſtroke had been excus'd,
If we this interval had not abus'd.

But our Ingratitude and Diſcontent
Deſerv'd to know our mercies were but lent:
And thoſe complaints Heaven in this rigid fate
Does firſt chaſtiſe, and then legitimate.
By this it our Diviſions does reprove,
And makes us join in grief, if not in love.
For (Glorious Youth) all Parties do agree,
As in admiring, ſo lamenting thee;
The Sovereign's, Subject's, Forcíner's delight;
Thou wert the univerſal Favourite.
Not *Rome*'s belov'd and brave *Marcellus* fell
So much a Darling or a Miracle.
Though built of richeſt blood and fineſt earth,
Thou hadſt a heart more noble than thy birth:
Which by th' afflictive changes thou didſt know,
Thou hadſt but too much cauſe and time to ſhow.
For when Fate did thy Infancy expoſe
To the moſt barbarous and ſtupid Foes;
Yet thou didſt then ſo much expreſs the Prince,
As did even them amaze, if not convince.
Nay, that looſe Tyrant whom no bound confin'd,
Whom neither laws, nor oaths, nor ſhame could bind,
Although his Soul was than his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half ſoften'd him.
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was dreſt
By his ill-favour'd clemency confeſt;
Leſſening the ill which he could not repent,
He call'd that Travel which was Baniſhment.
Eſcap'd from him, thy Trials were encreas'd;
The ſcene was chang'd, but not the danger ceas'd.
Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Thoſe made thy Temper, theſe thy Judgment known;
Whilſt thou the nobleſt Champion were for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater reward than to encounter Flames,
All that ſhall know the ſtory muſt allow
A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy brow.

But yet thou wert ſuſpended from thy Throne,
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own:
Who though the braveſt Suff'rer, yet even He
Could not at once have miſt his Crown and Thee.
But as Commiſſion'd Angels make no ſtay,
But having done their errand go their way:
So thy part done, not thy reſtored State,
The future ſplendour which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Country muſt mourn for
Such a Support, and ſuch a Counſellor,
Could longer keep thee from that bliſs, whence thou
Look'ſt down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now;
Where thy capacious Soul may quench her thirſt,
And younger Brothers may inherit firſt.
While on our King Heav'n does this care expreſs,
To make his Comforts ſafe he makes them leſs.
For this ſucceſsful Heathens uſe to ſay,
It is too much, (great Gods) ſend ſome allay.

To Her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of York, *on her commanding me to ſend her ſome things that I had written.*

TO you whoſe Dignity ſtrikes us with aw,
And whoſe far greater Judgment gives us law,
(Your Mind b'ing more tranſcendent than your State,
For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that,)
Theſe humble Papers never durſt come near,
Had not your pow'rful Word bid them appear;
In which ſuch majeſty, ſuch ſweetneſs dwells,
As in one act obliges, and compels.
None can diſpute commands vouchſaf'd by you.
What ſhall my fears then and confuſion do?
They muſt reſign, and by their juſt pretence
Some value ſet on my obedience.
For in religious Duties, 'tis confeſt,
The moſt Implicite are accepted beſt.

If on that ſcore your Highneſs will excuſe
This bluſhing tribute of an artleſs Muſe,
She may (encourag'd by your leaſt regard,
Which firſt can worth create, and then reward)
At modeſt diſtance with improved ſtrains
That Mercy celebrate which now ſhe gains.
But ſhould you that ſeverer juſtice uſe,
Which theſe too prompt Approches may produce,
As the ſwift Hinde which hath eſcaped long,
Believes a Vulgar ſhot would be a wrong;
But wounded by a Prince falls without ſhame,
And what in life ſhe loſes, gains in fame:
So if a Ray from you chance to be ſent,
Which to conſume, and not to warm, is meant;
My trembling Muſe at leaſt more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer ſacrifice.

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.

ALthough the moſt do with officious heat
Only adore the Living and the Great;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame ſo far hath ſpread,
That ſhe rules ſtill, though diſpoſſeſt and dead.
For loſing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
Over all hearts and her own griefs ſhe reign'd.
Two Thrones ſo ſplendid, as to none are leſs
But to that third which ſhe does now poſſeſs.
Her Heart and Birth Fortune ſo well did know,
That ſeeking her own fame in ſuch a Foe,
She dreſt the ſpacious Theatre for the fight,
And the admiring World call'd to the ſight:
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all againſt this ſingle Vertue fought;
And ſometimes ſtratagems, and ſometimes blows
To her Heroick Soul they did oppoſe;
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And ſhe diſcover'd and ſubdu'd them all.

Till

Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
Became her Captive and her Trophee too:
And by too late a Tribute begg'd t' have been
Admitted ſubject to ſo brave a Queen.
But as ſome Hero who a field hath wone,
Viewing the things he had ſo greatly done;
When by his ſpirit's flight he finds that he
With his own Life muſt buy his Victory,
He makes the ſlaughter'd heap that next him lies
His Funeral Pile, and then in triumph dies:
So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering ſpent,
And left in every breaſt her monument;
Wherein ſo high an Epitaph is writ,
As I muſt never dare to copy it.
But that bright Angel which did on her wait,
In fifty years contention with her fate,
And in that office did with wonder ſee
How great her troubles, how much greater ſhe;
How ſhe maintain'd her beſt Prerogative,
In keeping ſtill the power to Forgive:
How high ſhe did in her Devotion go,
And how her Condeſcenſion ſtoop'd as low;
With how much Glory ſhe had ever been
A Daughter, Siſter, Mother, Wife, and Queen;
Will ſure employ ſome deathleſs Muſe to tell
Our children this inſtructive Miracle,
Who may her ſad Illuſtrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may do her right.

On the 3. *of* September, 1651.

AS when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new ſplendour clothes his dying Rays,
And double brightneſs to his Beams conveys;
And (as to brave and check his ending fate)
Puts on his higheſt looks in's loweſt ſtate,

Dreſt

Dreſt in ſuch terrour as to make us all
Be *Anti-Perſians*, and adore his Fall;
Then quits the world depriving it of Day,
While every Herb and Plant does droop away:
So when our gaſping *Engliſh* Royalty
Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,
She ſummons her whole ſtrength to give one blow,
To raiſe her ſelf, or pull down others too.
Big with revenge and hope ſhe now ſpake more
Of terror than in many months before;
And muſters her Attendants, or to ſave
Her from, or elſe attend her to, the Grave:
Yet but enjoy'd the miſerable fate
Of ſetting Majeſty, to die in State.
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
Nor be ſo fortunate to fall alone!
Their weight ſinks others: *Pompey* could not fly,
But half the World muſt bear him company;
And captiv'd *Samſon* could not life conclude,
Unleſs attended with a multitude.
Who'd truſt to Greatneſs now, whoſe food is air,
Whoſe ruine ſudden, and whoſe end deſpair?
Who would preſume upon his Glorious Birth,
Or quarrel for a ſpacious ſhare of Earth,
That ſees ſuch Diadems become ſo cheap,
And Heros tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Vertue then, which ſums up all,
And firmly ſtands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

To the noble Palæmon, *on his incomparable Diſcourſe of Friendſhip.*

WE had been ſtill undone, wrapt in diſguiſe,
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wiſe;
War had been our deſign, Intereſt our trade;
We had not dwelt in ſafety, but in ſhade,

Hadſt

Hadſt thou not hung out Light more welcome far
Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern-ſtar;
To ſhew, leſt we our happineſs ſhould miſs,
'Tis plac'd in Friendſhip, Mens and Angels bliſs.
Friendſhip, which had a ſcorn or maſk been made,
And ſtill had been derided or betray'd;
At which the great Phyſician ſtill had laugh'd,
The Souldier ſtormed, and the Gallant ſcoff'd;
Or worn not as a Paſſion, but a Plot,
At firſt pretended, and at laſt forgot;
Hadſt thou not been her great Deliverer,
At firſt diſcover'd, and then reſcu'd her,
And raiſing what rude Malice had flung down,
Unveil'd her Face, and then reſtor'd her Crown:
By ſo auguſt an action to convince,
'Tis greater to ſupport than be a Prince.
Oh for a Voice which loud as Thunder were,
That all Mankind thy conqu'ring truths might hear!
Sure the Litigious as amaz'd would ſtand,
As Fairy Knights touch'd with *Cambina*'s Wand,
Drawn by thy ſofter, and yet ſtronger Charms,
Nations and Armies would lay down their Arms.
And what more honour can on thee be hurl'd,
Than to protect a Vertue, ſave a world?
But while great Friendſhip thou haſt copied out,
Thou'ſt drawn thy ſelf ſo well, that we may doubt
Which moſt appears, thy Candour or thy Art,
Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart.
But this we know without thine own conſent,
Thou'ſt raiſ'd thy ſelf a glorious Monument;
Temples and Statues Time will eat away,
And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;
But there *Palæmon* lives, and ſo he muſt
When Marbles crumble to forgotten duſt.

To

To the Right Honourable Alice *Counteſs of* Carbury, *at her coming into* Wales.

AS when the firſt day dawn'd, Man's greedy Eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,
Till he might careleſs of his Organ grow,
And let his wonder prove his danger too:
So when our Country (which was deem'd to be
Cloſe-mourner in its own obſcurity,
And in neglected Chaos ſo long lay)
Was reſcu'd by your beams into a Day,
Like men into a ſudden luſtre brought,
We juſtly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

2.

From hence it is you loſe moſt of your right,
Since none can pay't, nor durſt do't if they might.
Perfection's miſery 'tis that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity ſlights our Expence,
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence:
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at diſtance thus approch your Shrine.
And thus ſecur'd, to you who need no art,
I that ſpeak leaſt my wit may ſpeak my heart.

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our ſhades from me,
While your great Splendours, like eternal Spring,
To theſe ſad Groves ſuch a refreſhment bring,
That the deſpiſed Country may be grown,
And juſtly too, the Envy of the Town.
That ſo when all Mankind at length have loſt

The

The Vertuous Grandeur which they once did boaſt,
Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

To Sir Edward Deering *(the noble* Silvander*) on his Dream and Navy, perſonating* Orinda*'s preferring* Roſania. *before* Solomon*'s Traffick to* Ophir.

THen am I happier than is the King;
My Merchandiſe does no ſuch danger bring:
The Fleet I traffick with fears no ſuch harms,
Sails in my ſight, and anchors in my arms.
Each new and unperceived grace
Diſcovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, ſmile and look from thee
Brings pearls and Ophir-*gold to me.*

Thus far Sir Edw. Deering.

SIR, To be noble, when 'twas voted down,
To dare be good, though a whole Age ſhould frown;
To live within, and from that even ſtate
See all the under-world ſtoop to its fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and diſpence
All that is handſome, great and worthy thence;
Are things at once your practice and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend.
But ſince t'oblige the world is your delight,
You muſt deſcend within our reach and ſight:
For ſo Divinity muſt take diſguiſe,
Leſt Mortals periſh with the bright ſurpriſe.
And thus your Muſe (which can enough reward
All actions ſhe vouchſafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament)
May ſuffer an acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My thoughts with ſuch advantage you expreſs,

I hardly know them in this charming dreſs.
And had I more unkindneſs from my friend
Than my demerits e're could apprehend,
Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be ſure a rich return to find.
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his ſhape his Miſtreſs gain'd:
She might have ſcorn'd the Swain, and found excuſe;
But could not his great Oratour refuſe.
But for *Roſania*'s Intereſt I ſhould fear
It would be hard t'obtain your pardon here.
But your firſt Goodneſs will, I know, allow
That what was Bounty then, is Mercy now.
Forgiveneſs is the nobleſt Charity,
And nothing can worthy your favour be.
For you (God-like) are ſo much your own fate,
That what you will accept you muſt create.

To Mr. Henry Lawes.

NAture, which is the vaſt Creation's Soul,
That ſteddy curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Number in another name.
For as ſome King conquering what was his own,
Hath choice of ſeveral Titles to his Crown;
So harmony on this ſcore now, that then,
Yet ſtill is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty is but Compoſure, and we find
Content is but the Concord of the Mind,
Friendſhip the Uniſon of well-tun'd Hearts,
Honour the *Chorus* of the nobleſt parts,
And all the World on which we can reflect
Muſick to th' Ear, or to the Intellect.
If then each man a Little World muſt be,
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art ſo richly formed, ſo compleat

T'epitomize all that is Good and Great;
Whoſe Stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's as harmonious as thy Art?
Thou doſt above the Poets praiſes live,
Who fetch from thee th' Eternity they give.
And as true Reaſon triumphs over ſenſe,
Yet is ſubjected to intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But *Lawes* on them; his Height is all his own.
For, like Divinity it ſelf, his Lyre
Rewards the Wit it did at firſt inſpire.
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their Laurel ſhould adorn his brow.
Live then, great Soul of Nature to aſſwage
The ſavage dulneſs of this ſullen Age.
Charm us to Senſe; for though Experience fail
And reaſon too, thy numbers may prevail.
Then, like thoſe Ancients, ſtrike, and ſo command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand.
None will reſiſt but ſuch who needs will be
More ſtupid then a Stone, a Fiſh, a Tree.
Be it thy care our Age to new-create:
What built a World may ſure repair a State.

A Sea-voyage from Tenby *to* Briſtol, *begun* Sept. 5. 1652. *ſent from* Briſtol *to* Lucaſia. *Sept.* 8. 1652.

HOiſe up the Sail, cry'd they who underſtand
No word that carries kindneſs for the *Land*:
Such ſons of clamour, that I wonder not
They love the Sea, whom ſure ſome Storm begot.
Had he who doubted Motion theſe men ſeen,
Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been.
For had our Barque mov'd half as faſt as they,
We had not need caſt Anchor by the way.
One of the reſt pretending to more wit,
Some ſmall *Italian* ſpoke, but murther'd it;

For I (thanks to *Sabierra*'s courtesie) knew
How to diſtinguiſh twixt the falſe and true.
But t' oppoſe theſe as mad a thing would be
As 'tis to contradict a Presbyter.
'Tis *Spaniſh* though, (quoth I) e'en what you pleaſe:
For him that ſpoke it 'might be Bread and Cheeſe.
So ſoftly moves the Barque which none controuls,
As are the meetings of harmonious ſouls:
And the Moon-beams did in the water play,
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
The amorous Wave that ſtrand in ſuch diſpence
Expreſt at once delight and reverence.
Such trepidation we in Lovers ſpye
Under th'oppreſſion of a Miſtreſs eye.
But then the Wind ſo high did riſe and roar,
Some vow'd they'd never truſt the traitor more.
Behold the fate that all our Glories ſweep,
Writ in the dangerous wonders of the Deep:
And yet behold Man's eaſie folly more,
How ſoon we curſe what erſt we did adore.
Sure he that firſt himſelf did thus convey,
Had ſome ſtrong paſſion that he would obey.
The Barque wrought hard, but found it was in vain
To make its party good againſt the Main,
Toſs'd and retreated, till at laſt we ſee
She muſt be faſt if ere ſhe ſhould be free.
We gravely Anchor caſt, and patiently
Lie priſoners to the weather's cruelty.
We had nor Wind nor Tyde, nor ought but Grief,
Till a kind Spring-tide, was our firſt relief.
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
The ſad confinement of the ſtormy night.
E're we had loſt theſe thoughts, we ran aground,
And then how vain to be ſecure we found.
Now they were all ſurpriz'd. Well, if we muſt,
Yet none ſhall ſay that duſt is gone to duſt.
But we are off now, and the civil Tyde
Aſſiſted us the Tempeſts to out-ride.

But what moſt pleas'd my mind upon the way,
Was the Ships poſture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove ſo cloſe were fix'd,
That the Trees branches with the Tackling mixt.
One would have thought it was, as then it ſtood,
A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
But I have done at laſt, and do confeſs
My Voyage taught me ſo much rediculneſs.
In ſhort, the Heav'ns muſt needs propitious be,
Becauſe *Lucaſia* was concern'd in me.

Friendſhip's Myſtery, To my deareſt Lucaſia.

COme, my *Lucaſia*, ſince we ſee
That Miracles Mens faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let's prove
There's a Religion in our Love.

For though we were deſign'd t' agree,
That Fate no liberty deſtroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

3.

Our hearts are doubled by the loſs,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuſe, and both ingroſs:
And we whoſe minds are ſo much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

We

4.

We court our own Captivity
Than Thrones more great and innocent:
'Twere baniſhment to be ſet free,
Since we wear fetters whoſe intent
Not Bondage is but Ornament.

5.

Divided joyes are tedious found,
And griefs united eaſier grow:
We are our ſelves but by rebound,
And all our Titles ſhuffled ſo,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (ſuch power in Friendſhip lies)
Are Altars, Prieſts, and Off'rings made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathleſs by the Sacrifice.

Content, To my deareſt Lucaſia.

COntent, the falſe World's beſt diſguiſe,
The ſearch and faction of the Wiſe,
Is ſo abſtruſe and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-croſs Knight,
Who treacherous Falſhood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

2.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But ſhe ne'er dwelt about a Throne:

And

And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do Mens ſenſes cheat.
But grave Experience long ſince this did ſee,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

3.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Out-ſides reflect:
But ſure Content is more Divine
Than to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her beauties will confeſs,
She needs no luſtre from a glittering dreſs.

4.

In Mirth ſome place her, but ſhe ſcorns
Th' aſſiſtance of ſuch crackling thorns,
Nor owes her ſelf to ſuch thin ſport,
That is ſo ſharp and yet ſo ſhort:
And Painters tell us they the ſame ſtrokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

5.

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government:
But whomſoe're Paſſions deprave,
Though free from ſhackles, he's a ſlave.
Content and Bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

6.

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that ſhe fits o'th' Victor's brow:
But in his Laurel there is ſeen
Often a Cypreſs bow between.

Nor

Nor will Content her ſelf in that place give,
Where Noiſe and Tumult and Deſtruction live.

7.

But yet the moſt Diſcreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without diſpute,
Knowledge is ſtill the ſweeteſt fruit.
But whilſt men ſeek for Truth they loſe their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increaſe.

8.

But now ſome ſullen Hermite ſmiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Diſh contain
What all mankind wiſh for in vain.
But yet his pleaſure's follow'd with a Grone,
For man was never born to be alone.

9.

Content her ſelf beſt comprehends
Betwixt two ſouls, and they two friends,
Whoſe either joyes in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd:
Whoſe minds and intereſts are ſo the ſame;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, loſe that name.

10.

Theſe far remov'd from all bold noiſe,
And (what is worſe) all hollow joyes,
Who never had a mean deſign,
Whoſe flame is ſerious and divine,
And calm, and even, muſt contented be,
For they've both Union and Society.

Then

Then, my *Lucaſia*, we who have
Whatever Love can give or crave;
Who can with pitying ſcorn ſurvey
The Trifles which the moſt betray,
With innocence and perfect friendſhip fir'd,
By Vertue joyn'd, and by our Choice retir'd.

Whoſe Mirrours are the cryſtal Brooks,
Or elſe each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wiſh for other things
Than Privacy and Friendſhip brings;
Whoſe thoughts and perſons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or elſe the World hath none.

A Dialogue of Abſence twixt Lucaſia *and* Orinda.

Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Luc. SAy, my *Orinda*, why ſo ſad?
Orin. Abſence from thee doth tear my heart;
Which, ſince with thine it union had,
Each parting ſplits. *Luc.* And can we part?
Orin. Our Bodies muſt. *Luc.* But never we:
Our Souls, without the help of Senſe,
By wayes more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold intelligence.
Orin. And yet thoſe Souls, when firſt they met,
Lookt out at windows through the Eyes.
Luc. But ſoon did ſuch acquaintance get,
Not Fate nor Time can them ſurprize.
Orin. Abſence will rob us of that bliſs.
To which this Friendſhip title brings:
Love's fruits and joys are made by this
Uſeleſs as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.
Luc. Friendſhip's a Science, and we know
There Contemplation's moſt employ'd,

Orin. Religion's so, but practick too,
And both by niceties destroy'd.
Luc. But who ne're parts can never meet,
And so that happiness were lost.
Orin. Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,
Since Health and Heav'n such price must cost.

Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
And there wee'l meet and part no more for ever.

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage.

WE will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown the day.
We make no garlands, nor an Altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded, these wild toyes
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise.

2.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for *Cassandra*'s bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that strong Happiness may she still find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

3.

May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most Affection or most Peace engrost;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

May

4.

May nothing accidental e're appear
But what ſhall with new bonds their Souls endear;
And may they count the hours as they paſs,
By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glaſs:
While every day like this may ſacred prove
To Friendſhip, Gratitude, and ſtricteſt Love.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Siluriſt, *on his* Poems.

HAd I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sence,
And hugg'd that fate in hope the World would grant,
'Twas good affection to be ignorant;
Yet the leaſt Ray of thy bright fancy ſeen,
I had converted, or excuſeleſs been;
For each Birth of thy Muſe to after-times
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes.
Firſt ſhines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry:
Where thou the beſt of Unions doſt diſpence,
Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
So that the muddieſt Lovers may learn here,
No Fountains can be ſweet that are not clear.
There *Juvenal* reviv'd by thee declares
How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares;
And generouſly upbraids the World that they
Should ſuch a value for their Ruine pay.
But when thy ſacred Muſe diverts her Quill,
The Landskip to deſign of *Leon*'s hill;
As nothing elſe was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almoſt t' Idolatry.
What Savage breaſt would not be rap'd to find
Such Jewels in ſuch Cabinets enſhrin'd?
Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to ſee or count)

Deſcend'ſt from thence like *Moſes* from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unqueſtion'd aw,
Reſtor'ſt the Golden Age when Verſe was Law.
Inſtructing us thou ſo ſecur'ſt thy fame,
That nothing can diſturb it but my name;
Nay I have hopes that ſtanding ſo near thine
'Twill loſe its droſs, and by degrees refine.
Live till the diſabuſed World conſent,
All Truths of Uſe, or Strength, or Ornament,
Are with ſuch Harmony by thee diſplay'd
As the whole World was firſt by Number made;
And from the charming rigour thy Muſe brings,
Learn, there's no pleaſure but in ſerious things.

A retir'd Friendſhip. To Ardelia.

COme, my *Ardelia*, to this Bower,
Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
Let's innocently ſpend an hour,
And at all ſerious follies ſmile.

2.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our Fate;
No trembling at the great ones frowns,
Nor any ſlavery of State.

3.

Here's no diſguiſe nor treachery,
Nor any deep conceal'd deſign;
From Blood and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are thoſe looks of thine.

4.

Here let us ſit and bleſs our Stars,
Who did ſuch happy quiet give,

As that remov'd from noiſe of Wars
In one anothers hearts we live.

5.

Why ſhould we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn'd:
If crouds of dangers ſhould appear,
Yet Friendſhip can be unconcern'd.

6.

We wear about us ſuch a charm,
No horrour can be our offence;
For miſchief's ſelf can do no harm
To Friendſhip or to Innocence.

7.

Let's mark how ſoon *Apollo*'s beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring ſtreams
To quench their thirſt, but cool their heat.

8.

In ſuch a ſcorching Age as this
Who would not ever ſeek a ſhade,
Deſerve their Happineſs to miſs,
As having their own peace betray'd.

9.

But we (of one anothers mind
Aſſur'd) the boiſterous World diſdain;
With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wiſh in vain.

To Mrs. Mary Carne, *when* Philaſter *courted her.*

As ſome great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
But hunting Honour in a thouſand wounds,
Purſues his rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
That's but attended with the common heap,
Till his more happy fortune doth afford
Some Royal Captive that deſerv'd his ſword,
And only now is of his Laurel proud,
Thinking his dang'rous valour well beſtow'd;
But then retreats, and ſpending hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:
As Cowardiſe in fight, ſo equally
He doth abhor a bloudy Victory;
So, Madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
To be ſevere unto the yielding Crowd,
That were ſubdu'd e're you an Object knew
Worthy your Conqueſt and your Mercy too;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat,
Only your Clemency ſhould be as great.
None will diſpute the power of your Eyes,
That underſtands *Philaſter* is their prize.
Hope not your Glory can have new acceſs,
For all your future Trophees will grow leſs:
And with that Homage be you ſatisfi'd
From him that conquers all the World beſide.
Nor let your Rigour now the Triumph blot,
And loſe the honour which your Beauty got.
Be juſt and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
In being ſo to him, for they're the ſame:
And live and die at once, if you would be
Nobly tranſmitted to Poſterity.
Take heed leſt in the ſtory they peruſe
A murther which no language can excuſe:
But wiſely ſpare the trouble of one frown;
Give him his happineſs, and know your own.

Thus

Thus ſhall you be as Honour's ſelf eſteem'd,
Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd.
Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine
Shall be as Univerſal, as Divine:
And that Devotion ſhall this bleſſing gain,
Which Law and Reaſon do attempt in vain.
The World ſhall join, maintaining but one ſtrife,
Who ſhall moſt thank you for *Philaſters* life.

To Mr. J. B. *the noble* Cratander, *upon a Compoſition of his which he was not willing to own publickly.*

AS when ſome injur'd Prince aſſumes Diſguiſe,
And ſtrives to make his Carriage ſympathize,
Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
Which ſpeaks him Royal ſpight of all his care:
So th' Iſſues of thy Soul can ne're be hid,
And the Sun's force may be as ſoon forbid
As thine obſcur'd; there is no ſhade ſo great
Through which it will not dart forth light and heat.
Thus we diſcover thee by thy own Day,
Againſt thy will ſnatching the Cloud away.
Now the Piece ſhines, and though we will not ſay,
Parents can Souls, as Taper lights, convey;
Yet we muſt grant thy Soul tranſmitted here
In beams almoſt as laſting and as clear.
And that's our higheſt praiſe, for but thy Mind,
Thy Works could never a reſemblance find.
That mind whoſe ſearch can Nature's ſecret hand
At one great ſtroke diſcover and command,
Which cleareth times and things, before whoſe eyes
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on diſguiſe.
And were all Authors now as much forgot
As proſperous Ignorance her ſelf would plot,
Had we the rich ſupplies of thy own breaſt,
The knowing World would never miſs the reſt.
Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,

But

But Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou ſtudieſt not belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for ſhew than uſe;
But think'ſt it nobler Charity t'uphold
The credit and the Beauty of the old:
And with one hand canſt eaſily ſupport
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court.
And this ſecures me: for as we below
Valleys from Hills, Houſes from Churches know,
But to their ſight who ſtand extreamly high,
Theſe forms will have one flat Equality:
So from a lower Soul I well might fear
A critick cenſure when ſurvey'd too near;
But not from him who plac'd above the beſt
Lives in a height which levels all the reſt.

A Y

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, *upon her receiving the name of* Lucaſia, *and Adoption into our Society,* December 28. 1651.

WE are compleat, and Fate hath now
No greater bleſſing to beſtow:
Nay the dull World muſt now confeſs
We have all worth, all happineſs.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made ſacred by *Lucaſia*'s name.

But as though through a Burning-glaſs
The Sun more vigorous doth paſs,
Yet ſtill with general freedom ſhines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet ſhe diffuſes glory every where.

Her Mind is ſo entirely bright,
The ſplendour would but wound our ſight,
And muſt to ſome diſguiſe ſubmit,

Or

Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Luſtre enough to be *Lucaſia's* Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims ſhall ten Ages hence
Approch our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did ſuch bliſs convey
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my firſt Approches.

Madam,

AS in a Triumph Conquerors admit
Their meaneſt Captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confeſt,
And juſtifi'd the yielding of the reſt:
So when the buſie World (in hope t' excuſe
Their own ſurprize) your Conqueſts do peruſe,
And find my name, they will be apt to ſay,
Your charms were blinded, or elſe thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
Who am a prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The worſt applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have plots in't: for the way, to be
Secure of fame to all poſterity,
Is to obtain the honour I purſue,
To tell the World I was ſubdu'd by you.
And ſince in you all wonders common are,
Your Votaries may in your Vertues ſhare,
While you by noble Magick worth impart;
She that can Conquer, can reclaim a heart.
Of this Creation I ſhall not deſpair,
Since for your own ſake it concerns your care.

For 'tis more honour that the World ſhould know,
You made a noble Soul, than found it ſo.

Lucaſia.

NOt to oblige *Lucaſia* by my voice,
To boaſt my fate, or juſtifie my choice,
Is this deſign'd; but pity does engage
My Pen to reſcue the declining Age.
For ſince 'tis grown in faſhion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices only Men agree)
Is thought the only modern Gallantry;
How would ſome brave Examples check the crimes,
And both reproch, and yet reform, the Times?
Nor can Morality it ſelf reclaim
Th' apoſtate World like my *Lucaſia*'s name:
Lucaſia, whoſe rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Ancients call'd the *Golden* one,
When Innocence and Greatneſs were the ſame,
And Men no battels knew but in a game,
Chuſing what Nature, not what Art, prefers;
Poets were Judges, Kings Philoſophers;
Even then from her the Wiſe would copies draw,
And ſhe to th' infant World had giv'n a Law.
That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Obſervation, but a Prophecy.
It meant *Lucaſia*, whoſe harmonious ſtate
The Spheres and Muſes only imitate.
But as then Muſick is beſt underſtood,
When every Chord's examin'd and found good:
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the ſame even Reaſon ſtill.
And as ſome Colour various ſeems, but yet
'Tis but our diff'rence in conſidering it:
So ſhe now light, and then does light diſpence,
But is one ſhining Orb of Excellence:

And that ſo piercing when ſhe Judgment takes,
She doth not ſearch, but Intuition makes:
And her Diſcoveries more caſe are
Than *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt in his *Pontick* War.
As bright and vigorous her beams are pure,
And in their own rich candour ſo ſecure,
That had ſhe liv'd where Legends were deviſed,
Rome had been juſt, and ſhe been canonized.
Nay Innocence her ſelf leſs clear muſt be,
If Innocence be any thing but ſhe.
For Vertue's ſo congenial to her mind,
That Liquid things, or Friends, are leſs combin'd.
So that in her that Sage his wiſh had ſeen,
And Vertue's ſelf had perſonated been.
Now as diſtilled Simples do agree,
And in th' Alembick loſe variety;
So Vertue, though in pieces ſcatter'd 'twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich uſeful maſs.
Nor doth Diſcretion put Religion down,
Nor haſty Zeal uſurp the Judgment's crown.
Wiſdom and Friendſhip have one ſingle Throne,
And make another Friendſhip of their own.
Each ſev'ral piece darts ſuch fierce pleaſing rayes,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in praiſe.
All hath proportion, all hath comlineſs,
And her Humility alone exceſs.
Her Modeſty doth wrong a Worth ſo great,
Which Calumny her ſelf would nobler treat:
While true to Friendſhip and to Nature's truſt,
To her own Merits only ſhe's unjuſt.
But as Divinity we beſt declare
By ſounds as broken as our Notions are;
So to acknowledge ſuch vaſt Eminence,
Imperfect Wonder is our Eloquence.

No Pen *Lucaſia's* glories can relate,
But they admire beſt who dare imitate.

Wilton Vault.

And why this Vault and Tomb? alike we muſt
Put off Diſtinction, and put on our Duſt.
Nor can the ſtateliest fabrick help to ſave
From the corruptions of a common Grave;
Nor for the Reſurrection more prepare,
Than if the Duſt were ſcatter'd into air.
What then? Th' ambition's juſt, ſay ſome, that we
May thus perpetuate our Memory.
Ah falſe vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
Whoſe Monument does more than's Merit can:
Who by his Friends beſt care and love's abus'd,
And in his very Epitaph accus'd:
For did they not ſuſpect his Name would fall,
There would not need an Epitaph at all.
But after death too I would be alive,
And ſhall, if my *Lucaſia* do, ſurvive.
I quit theſe pomps of Death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my Monument:
Though ne're Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love.
There I'le Inſcription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, *Here Orinda lies*, but, *Here ſhe lives.*

Friendſhip in Embleme, or the Seal. To my deareſt Lucaſia.

I.

The Hearts thus intermixed ſpeak
A Love that no bold ſhock can break;
For joyn'd and growing both in one,
None can be diſturb'd alone.

That

2.

That means a mutual Knowledge take;
For what is't either hearer can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

3.

That Friendſhip Hearts ſo much refines,
It nothing but it ſelf deſigns:
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

4.

They flame, 'tis true, and ſeveral ways,
But ſtill thoſe Flames do ſo much raiſe,
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble and divine.

5.

From ſmoke or hurt thoſe Flames are free,
From groſſneſs or mortality:
The Heart (like *Moſes* Buſh preſumed)
Warm'd and enlightned, not conſumed.

6.

The Compaſſes that ſtand above
Expreſs this great immortal Love;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

And

7.

And in their posture is expreſt
Friendſhip's exalted Interest;
Each follows where his other leans,
And what each does, this other means.

8.

And as when one foot does ſtand faſt,
And t' other circles ſeeks to caſt,
The ſteddy part does regulate
And make the wandrer's motion ſtraight:

9.

So Friends are only two in this,
T' reclaim each other when they miſs:
For whoſoe're will groſly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

10.

And as that uſeful Inſtrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendſhip from good Angels ſprings,
To teach the world Heroick things.

11.

As theſe are found out in deſign
To rule and meaſure every Line;
So Friendſhip governs actions beſt,
Preſcribing unto all the reſt.

12.

And as in Nature nothing's ſet
So juſt as Lines in number met;
So Compaſſes for theſe b'ing made,
Do Friendſhip's harmony perſwade.

And

13.

And like to them, ſo Friends may own
Extenſion, not Diviſion:
Their Points, like Bodies, ſeparate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no ſuch fate.

14.

And as each part ſo well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are ſuch by deſtiny,
And no third can the place ſupply.

15.

There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That *Friendſhip* only ſhould be writ.

16.

But as there are Degrees of bliſs,
So there's no Friendſhip meant by this,
But ſuch as will tranſmit to Fame
Lucaſia and *Orinda*'s name.

In Memory of F. P. *who died at* Acton *the* 24. May 1660. *at* 12. *and* ½ *of Age.*

IF I could ever write a laſting Verſe,
It ſhould be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Herſe.
But Sorrow is no Muſe, and does confeſs
That it leaſt can what it would moſt expreſs.
Yet that I may ſome bounds to grief allow,
I'le try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah beauteous Bloſſom too untimely dead!
Whither? ah whither is thy ſweetneſs fled?

Where

Where are the charms that always did ariſe
From the prevailing language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely mein,
And all the wonders that in thee were ſeen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
There is no pity in the ſtupid Grave.
But ſo the Bankrupt ſitting on the brim
Of thoſe fierce billows which had ruin'd him,
Begs for his loſt Eſtate, and does complain
To the inexorable Flouds in vain.
As well we may enquire when Roſes die,
To what retirement their ſweet Odours flie;
Whither their Virtues and their Bluſhes haſte,
When the ſhort triumph of their life is paſt;
Or call their periſhing Beauties back with tears,
As adde one moment to thy finiſh'd years.
No, thou art gone, and thy preſaging Mind
So thriftily thy early hours deſign'd,
That haſty Death was baffled in his Pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy Body dy'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and ſo concern'd
To graſp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirſting here,
To the Spring-head ſhe went to quench it there;
And ſo prepar'd, that being freed from ſin
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it ſhin'd:
Aſham'd and angry to be ſo confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
In theſe vaſt hopes we might thy change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
For Parts ſo ſoon at ſo ſublime a pitch,
A Judgment ſo mature, Fancy ſo rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Viſion to be had again.
So glorious Scenes in Maſques, Spectators view
With the ſhort pleaſure of an hour or two;

But

But that once paſt, the Ornaments are gone,
The Lights extinguiſh'd, and the Curtains drawn.
Yet all theſe Gifts were thy leſs noble part,
Nor was thy Head ſo worthy as thy Heart;
Where the Divine Impreſſion ſhin'd ſo clear,
As ſnatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here:
For what in thee did moſt command our love
Was both the cauſe and ſign of thy remove.
Such fools are we, ſo fatally we chooſe:
That what we moſt would keep we ſooneſt looſe.
The humble greatneſs of thy Pious thought,
Sweetneſs unforc'd, and Bafhfulneſs untaught,
The native Candour of thine open breſt,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was dreſt,
Thy Wit ſo bright, ſo piercing and immenſe,
Adorn'd with wiſe and lovely Innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not ſo compleat,
But that our joy might be as ſhort as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripened Corn
By ſome rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let ſad Parents gueſs
At one remove of future happineſs:
But reckon Children 'mong thoſe paſſing joys
Which one hour gives, and the next hour deſtroys.
Alas! we were ſecure of our content;
But find too late that it was onely lent,
To be a Mirrour wherein we may ſee
How frail we are, how ſpotleſs we ſhould be:
But if to thy bleſt Soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity theſe injurious tears:
Impute them to Affections ſad exceſs,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderneſs,
Since 'twas through deareſt ties and higheſt truſt
Continued from thy Cradle to thy Duſt;
And ſo rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'le reſign, and follow thee as faſt
As my unhappy Minutes will make haſt.

Till when the freſh remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
For ſuch a loſs as this (bright Soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot.

In memory of that excellent perſon Mrs. Mary Lloyd *of* Bodidriſt *in* Denbigh-ſhire, *who died Nov.* 13. 1656. *after ſhe came thither from* Pembroke-ſhire.

I Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be ſilent were Ingratitude,
And Folly too; for if Poſterity
Should never hear of ſuch a one as thee,
And onely know this Age's brutiſh fame,
They would think Vertue nothing but a Name.
And though far abler Pens muſt her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
And I muſt own where Merit ſhines ſo clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her luſtre, and ſhe paid it them;
Who ſtill in great and noble things appeared,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they feared.
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and ſway.
Behold herſelf, who had without diſpute,
More then both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Off-ſpring ſpoke.
She was by nature and her Parents care
A Woman long before moſt others are.
But yet that antedated ſeaſon ſhe
Improv'd to Vertue, not to Liberty.
For ſhe was ſtill in either ſtate of life
Meek as a Virgin; Prudent as a Wife.
And ſhe well knew, although ſo young and fair,
Juſtly to mix Obedience, Love, and Care;

VVhil'ſt

Whil'ſt to her Children ſhe did ſtill appear
So wiſely kind, ſo tenderly ſevere,
That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which ſhe ſtampt and taught.
Nor can a ſingle Pen enough commend
So kind a Siſter and ſo clear a Friend.
A Wiſdom from above did her ſecure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths muſt be
Patterns for every private Family,
Her Houſe, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wiſeſt Woman leſs could do;
She built her houſe, but this preſerv'd hers too.
She was ſo pious that when ſhe did die,
She ſcarce chang'd Place, I'm ſure not Company.
Her Zeal was primitive and practick too;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul ſhe had engroſt,
Juſt ev'n to thoſe that diſoblig'd her moſt.
She grew to love thoſe wrongs ſhe did receive
For giving her the power to Forgive.
Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
But her own *works ſhall praiſe her in the gate.*
Her Life was checquer'd with afflictive years,
And even her Comfort ſeaſon'd in her Tears.
Scarce for a Husband's loſs her eyes were dried,
And that loſs by her Children half ſupplied,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not theſe dear Props t' af-
But tore moſt off by ſickneſs or by ſword. (ford,
She, who in them could ſtill their Father boaſt,
Was a freſh Widow every Son ſhe loſt.
Litigious hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to ſurvive.
She ſtill theſe Griefs had nobly undergone,
Which few ſupport at all, but better none.
Such a ſubmiſſive Greatneſs who can find?
A tender Heart with ſo reſolv'd a Mind?

But ſhe, though ſenſible, was ſtill the ſame,
Of a reſigned Soul, untainted Fame;
Nor were her Vertues coarſly ſet, for ſhe
Out-did Example in Civility.
To beſtow bleſſings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which ſhe could endure to live.
She had a joy higher in doing good,
Than they to whom the benefit accru'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker ſenſe,
Never had Woman more of complacence;
Yet loſt it not in empty forms, but ſtill
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
And as in Youth ſhe did attract, (for ſhe
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So ſhe in Age was mild and grave to all,
Was not moroſe, but was majeſtical.
Thus from all other Women ſhe had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
And ſince ſhe knew the mad tumultuous World,
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruine hurl'd;
She in Retirement choſe to ſhine and burn,
As a bright Lamp ſhut in ſome Roman Urn.
At laſt, when ſpent with ſickneſs, grief and age,
Her Guardian Angel did her death preſage:
(So that by ſtrong impulſe ſhe chearfully
Diſpenced bleſſings, and went home to die;
That ſo ſhe might, when to that place removed,
Marry his Aſhes whom ſhe ever loved)
She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
The Sun himſelf did never brighter ſet.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her deſcend:
A double bleſſing they may hope to have,
One ſhe convey'd to them, and one ſhe gave.
All that are hers are therefore ſure to be
Bleſt by Inheritance and Legacy.
A Royal Birth had leſs advantage been.
'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucaſia, *upon a ſcandalous Libel made by* J. J.

HOnour, which differs Man from Man much more
Than Reaſon differ'd him from Beaſts before,
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be miſunderſtood.
For as ſome Heathens did their Gods confine,
While in a Bird or Beaſt they made their ſhrine;
Depos'd their Deities to Earth, and then
Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
So thoſe who moſt to Honour ſacrifice,
Preſcribe to her a mean and weak diſguiſe;
Impriſon her to others falſe Applauſe,
And from Opinion do receive their Laws.
While that inconſtant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murther and adore.
From hence it is that thoſe who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do proſtitute themſelves to ſordid Fate,
And from their Being oft degenerate.
And thus their Tenents too are low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad:
Or that their Honour had concerned been
But to conceal, not to forbear, a ſin.
But Honour is more great and more ſublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time.
We ſee in Beauty certain airs are found,
Which not one Grace can make, but all compound.
Honour's to th'Mind as Beauty to the Senſe,
The fair reſult of mixed Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one luſtre to amaze the Eye:
So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
Which many Stars doth in one light diſplay.
But as that Beauty were as truly ſweet,

Were

Were there no Tongue to praiſe, no Eye to ſee't;
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To ſhed a conſtant Splendour in the dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And ſatisfied within, cannot deſcend
To beg the ſuffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which by commending Vertue doth it wrong.
It is the Charter of a noble Action,
That the performance giveth ſatisfaction.
Other things are below't; for from a Clown
Would any Conquerour receive his Crown?
'Tis reſtleſs Cowardice to be a drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy Judge.
So the *Cameleon*, who lives on air,
Is of all Creatures moſt inclin'd to fear.
But peaceable reflections on the Mind
Will in a ſilent ſhade Contentment find.
Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there.
While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noiſe
Of ſlander, though believ'd, can wrong my Joyes.
There is advantage in't: for Gold uncoin'd
Had been unuſeful, nor with glory ſhin'd:
This ſtamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
Which was as much, but not ſo bright, before.
Till an *Alembick* wakes and outward draws,
The ſtrength of Sweets lies ſleeping in their Cauſe:
So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity.
And though their Judgment I muſt ſtill diſclaim,
Who can nor give nor take away a fame:
Yet I'le appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be juſt, and rip my heart to you.

To Antenor, *on a Paper of mine which* J. J. *threatens to publiſh to prejudice him.*

MUſt then my Crimes become thy ſcandal too?
Why, ſure the Devil hath not much to do.
The weakneſs of the other Charge is clear,
When ſuch a trifle muſt bring up the Rear.
But this is mad deſign, for who before
Loſt his repute upon anothers ſcore?
My Love and Life I muſt confeſs are thine,
But not my Errours, theyare only mine.
And if my Faults muſt be for thine allow'd,
It will be hard to diſſipate the Cloud:
For *Eve*'s Rebellion did not *Adam* blaſt,
Untill himſelf forbidden Fruit did taſte.
'Tis poſſible this Magazine of Hell
(Whoſe name would turn a verſe into a ſpell,
Whoſe miſchief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife.
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blaſt *Antenor's* name.
But if thoſe lines a Puniſhment could call
Laſting and great as this dark Lanthorn's gall;
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To teſtifie that thou art innocent.
So if my Ink through malice prov'd a ſtain,
My Bloud ſhould juſtly waſh it off again.
But ſince that Mint of ſlander could invent
To make ſo dull a Ryme his Inſtrument,
Let Verſe revenge the quarrel. But he's worſe
Than wiſhes, and below a Poet's curſe;
And more than this Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be ſtill himſelf, and let him live.

Roſania

Roſania *ſhadowed whileſt Mrs.* Mary Awbrey.

IF any could my dear *Roſania* hate,
They only ſhould her Character relate.
Truth ſhines ſo bright there, that an Enemy
Would be a better Oratour than I.
Love ſtifles Language, and I muſt confeſs,
I had ſaid more if I had loved leſs.
Yet the moſt critical who that Face ſee
Will ne're ſuſpect a partiality.
Others by time and by degrees perſwade,
But her firſt look doth every heart invade.
She hath a Face ſo eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:
A Face where conqueſt mixt with modeſty
Are both compleated in Divinity.
Not her leaſt glance but ſets a heart on fire,
And checks it if it ſhould too much aſpire.
Such is the Magick of her looks, the ſame
Beam doth both kindle and refine our flame.
If ſhe doth ſmile, no Painter e're would take
Another Rule when he would Mercy make.
And Heav'n to her ſuch ſplendour hath allow'd,
That no one poſture can her Beauty cloud:
For if ſhe frown, none but would phanſie then
Juſtice deſcended here to puniſh Men.
Her common looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all.
And if we Mortals could the doctrine reach,
Her Eyes have language, and her Looks do teach.
And as in Palaces the outmoſt, worſt
Rooms, entertain our wonder at the firſt;
But once within the Preſence-Chamber door,
We do deſpiſe what e're we ſaw before:
So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
You'l hardly think upon the Cabinet.

Her

Her Soul, that Ray shot from the Deity,
Doth still preserve its native purity;
Which Earth can neither threaten nor allure,
Nor by false joys defile it, or obscure.
The Innocence which in her heart doth dwell,
Angels themselves can only parallel.
More gently soft than is an Evening shower:
And in that sweetness there is couch't a Power,
Which scorning Pride, doth think it very hard
That Modesty should need so mean a Guard.
Her Honour is protected by her Eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise.
Such Constancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
From her one Soul the noblest Precedent
Of the most safe, wise, vertuous Government.
And as the highest Element is clear
From all the Tempests which disturb the Air:
So she above the World and its rude noise,
Above our storms a quiet Calm enjoys.
Transcendent things her noble thoughts sublime,
Above the faults and trifles of the Time.
Unlike those Gallants which take far less care
To have their Souls, than make their Bodies fair;
Who (sick with too much leisure) time do pass
With these two Books, Pride, and a Looking-glass:
Plot to surprize Mens hearts, their pow'r to try,
And call that Love, which is meer Vanity.
But she, although the greatest Murtherer,
(For ev'ry glance commits a Massacre)
Yet glories not that slaves her power confess,
But wishes that her Monarchy were less.
And if she love, it is not thrown away,
As many do, onely to spend the day;
But her's is serious, and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion.
And to her Friendship she so faithful is,
That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice:

For Envy's ſelf could never errour ſee
Within that Soul, 'bating her love to me.
Now as I muſt confeſs the name of Friend
To her that all the World doth comprehend,
Is a moſt wild Ambition; ſo for me
To draw her picture is flat Lunacy.
Oh! I muſt think the reſt; for who can write
Or into words confine what's Infinite?

To the Queen of Inconſtancy, Regina Collier, *in* Antwerp.

1.

UNworthy, ſince thou haſt decreed
Thy Love and Honour both ſhall bleed,
My Friendſhip could not chuſe to die
In better time or company.

2.

What thou haſt got by this Exchange
Thou wilt perceive, when the Revenge
Shall by thoſe treacheries be made,
For which our Faith thou haſt betray'd.

3.

When thy Idolaters ſhall be
True to themſelves, and falſe to thee,
Thou'lt ſee that in Heart-merchandiſe,
Value, not Number, makes the price.

4.

Live to that day, my Innocence
Shall be my Friendſhip's juſt defence:

For

For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

5.

The desp'rate game that thou dost play
At private Ruines cannot stay;
The horrid treachery of that Face
Will sure undo its native place.

6.

Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there:
For if Sins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasia, *on our Friendship.*

I Did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had *Orinda* found
A Soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkned Breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flames ſtill light and ſhine,
And no falſe fear controul,
As innocent as our Deſign,
Immortal as our Soul.

Roſania's *private Marriage.*

IT was a wiſe and kind deſign of Fate,
That none ſhould this day's glory celebrate:
For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
Above the reach of all Solemnities.
The greateſt Actions paſs without a noiſe,
And Tumults but prophane diviner Joys.
Silence with things tranſcendent neareſt ſuits,
The greateſt Emperours are ſerv'd by Mutes.
And as in ancient time the Deities
To their own Prieſts reveal'd no Myſteries
Until they were from all the World retir'd,
And in ſome Cave made fit to be inſpir'd.
So when *Roſania* (who hath them out-vied,
And with more Juſtice might be Deified;
Who if ſhe had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a breaſt that did deſerve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity;
It was not fit the gazing World ſhould know
When ſhe convey'd her ſelf to him, or how.
An Eagle ſafely may behold the Sun,
When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
Now as in Oracles were underſtood,
Not the Prieſt's only, but the common good:

So

So her great Soul would not imparted be,
But in design of general Charity
She now is more diffusive than before;
And what men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her Power less,
But only fitter for the World's Address.
May then that Mind (which, if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)
Inform this All, (which, till she shin'd out, lay
As drowsie men do in a cloudy day)
And Honour, Vertue, Reason so dispence,
That all may owe them to her influence:
And while this Age is thus employ'd, may she
Scatter new Blessings for Posterity.
I dare not any other wish prefer,
For only her bestowing adds to her.
And to a Soul so in her self complete
As would be wrong'd by any Epithete,
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her chosen Sphere,
And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increase the Triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History?

Injuria Amicitiæ.

LOvely Apostate! what was my offence?
Or am I punish'd for Obedience?
Must thy strange Rigour find as strange a time?
The Act and Season are an equal Crime.
Of what thy most ingenious scorns could do
Must I be Subject and Spectator too?
Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you?
Unless (with *Nero*) your untam'd desire
Be to survey the *Rome* you set on fire,
While wounded for and by your Power, I
At once your Martyr and your Prospect die.

This is my doom, and such a ridling Fate
As all impossibles doth complicate.
For Obligation here is Injury,
Constancy Crime, Friendship a Heresie.
And you appear so much on Ruine bent,
Your own destruction gives you now Content:
For our twin-Spirits did so long agree,
You must undo your self to ruine me.
And, like some Frantick Goddess, you're inclin'd,
To raze the Temple where you are enshrin'd.
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality.
While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour springs,
Lies gasping in the Crowd of common things;
And I'm so odious, that for being kind
Doubled and studied Murthers are design'd.
Thy sin's all Paradox, for shouldst thou be
Thy self again, th' wouldst be severe to me.
For thy Repentance coming now so late,
Would only change, and not relieve my Fate.
So dangerous is the consequence of ill,
Thy least of Crimes is to be cruel still.
For of thy Smiles I should yet more complain,
If I should live to be betray'd again.
Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
From both my Kindness and Revenge be free;
While I, who to the Swains had sung thy Fame,
And taught each Echo to repeat thy Name,
Will now my private Sorrow entertain,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
And though before our Union cherish'd me,
'Tis now my pleasure that we disagree.
For from my Passion your last Rigour grew,
And you kill'd me because I worshipp'd you.
But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
And not to be disturb'd by my distress.
And though it would my sacred flames pollute,
To make my heart a scorned prostitute,

Yet

Yet I'le adore the Author of my Death,
And kiſs the Hand that robs me of my breath.

To Regina Collier, *on her cruelty to* Philaſter.

TRiumphant Queen of ſcorn! how ill doth ſit
In all that Sweetneſs, ſuch injurious Wit?
Unjuſt and Cruel! what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double Sacrifice?
Where ſuch ingenious Rigour you do ſhew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too;
And by a Tyranny that's ſtrange and new,
You murther him becauſe he worſhips you.
No pride can raiſe you, or can make him ſtart,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be Wiſe and Good, leſt when Fate will be juſt,
She ſhould o'rethrow thoſe glories in the duſt,
Rifle your Beauties, and you thus forlorn
Make a cheap Victim to another's ſcorn;
And in thoſe Fetters which you do upbraid,
Your ſelf a wretched Captive may be made.
Redeem the poyſon'd Age, let it be ſeen
There's no ſuch freedom as to ſerve a Queen.
But you I ſee are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquiſh you inſult upon.

To Philaſter, *on his Melancholy for* Regina.

GIve over now thy tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer;
For every minute of thy pain
Wounds both thy ſelf and her.
Then leave this dulneſs; for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen muſt cure, or not deſerve, thy Grief.

Phi-

Philoclea's *parting.*

KInder than a condemned Man's reprieve
Was your dear Company that bad me live.
When by *Roſania*'s ſilence I had been
The wretcheſt Martyr any Age hath ſeen.
But as when Traytors faint upon the rack,
Tormenters ſtrive to call their Spirits back;
Not out of kindneſs to preſerve their breath,
But to increaſe the Torments of their Death:
So was I raiſed to this glorious ſtate,
To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a ſadder or a nobler ſcore.

To Roſania, *now Mrs.* Mountague, *being with her.*

1.

AS men that are with Viſions grac'd
Muſt have all other thoughts diſplac'd,
And buy thoſe ſhort deſcents of Light
With loſs of Senſe; or Spirit's flight:

2.

So ſince thou wert my happineſs,
I could not hope the rate was leſs;
And thus the Viſion which I gain
Is ſhort t' enjoy, and hard t' attain.

3.

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleaſure call,

Since

Since what our very Souls hath coſt
Is hardly got and quickly loſt?

4.

Yet is there Juſtice in the fate;
For ſhould we dwell in bleſt eſtate,
Our Joys thereby would ſo inflame,
We ſhould forget from whence we came.

5.

If this ſo ſad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit;
Let no eſtrangement on thy part
Adde a new ruine to my heart.

6.

When on my ſelf I do reflect,
I can no ſmile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindneſs hath no plea,
Some freedom grant for Charity.

7.

Elſe the juſt World muſt needs deny
Our Friendſhip an Eternity:
This Love will ne're that title hold;
For mine's too hot, and thine too cold.

8.

Divided Rivers loſe their name;
And ſo our too unequal flame
Parted, will Paſſion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

9.

Thy abſence I could eaſier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than ſuch a Preſence as is this,
Made up of ſnatches of my bliſs.

10.

So when the Earth long gaſps for rain,
If ſhe at laſt ſome few drops gain,
She is more parched than at firſt;
That ſmall recruit increas'd the thirſt.

To my Lucaſia.

LEt dull Philoſophers enquire no more
In Nature's womb, or Cauſes ſtrive t' explore,
By what ſtrange harmony and courſe of things
Each body to the whole a tribute brings;
What ſecret unions ſecret Neighbourings make,
And of each other how they do partake.
Theſe are but low Experiments: but he
That Nature's harmony intire would ſee,
Muſt ſearch agreeing Souls, ſit down and view
How ſweet the mixture is, how full, how true;
By what ſoft touches Spirits greet and kiſs,
And in each other can complete their bliſs.
A wonder ſo ſublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendſhip revere, muſt be a noble man.
How much above the common rate of things
Muſt they then be, from whom this Union ſprings?
But what's all this to me, who live to be
Diſprover of my own Morality?

And

And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would ſay I meant all Friendſhip to controul.
But Bodies move in time, and ſo muſt Minds;
And though th' attempt no eaſie progreſs finds,
Yet quit me not, leſt I ſhould deſp'rate grow,
And to ſuch Friendſhip adde ſome Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but ſo much Vertue lend,
To make me fit to be *Lucaſia*'s Friend!
But I'le forſake my ſelf, and ſeek a new
Self in her breaſt that's far more rich and true.
Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and flye,
And dron'd with age would unregarded dye,
Unleſs ſome lucky drop of precious Gum
Do bleſs the Inſect with an Amber-tomb.
Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

On Controverſies in Religion.

REligion, which true Policy befriends,
Deſign'd by God to ſerve Man's nobleſt ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's ſubtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that Eagles deſtiny, whoſe breaſt
Felt the ſame ſhaft which his own feathers dreſt.
For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So cloſely in Man's Soul; to ruine that,
He muſt at once the World depopulate.
But as thoſe Tyrants who their Wills purſue,
If they expound old Laws, need make no new:
So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
And raiſes that to a bare uſeleſs height;
Or while we ſeek for Truth, he in the Queſt
Mixes a Paſſion, or an Intereſt,
To make us loſe it; that I know not how,
'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.

As in the Moon's Eclipſe ſome Pagans thought
Their barbarous Clamours her deliverance wrought:
So we ſuppoſe that Truth oppreſſed lies,
And needs a Reſcue by our Enmities.
But 'tis Injuſtice, and the Mind's Diſeaſe,
To think of gaining Truth by loſing Peace.
Knowledge and Love, if true, do ſtill unite;
God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.
And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
At ſome Remoteneſs from a Common Eye;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noiſe,
But in ſoft whiſpers and the ſtiller Voice.
Why ſhould we then Knowledge ſo rudely treat,
Making our weapon what was meant our meat?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel ſo;
The Soul that's dark will be contracted too.
Chimæra's make a noiſe, ſwelling and vain,
And ſoon reſolve to their own ſmoak again.
But a true Light the ſpirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and ſullen ſtate;
Makes Love admir'd becauſe 'tis underſtood,
And makes us Wiſe becauſe it makes us Good.
'Tis to a right Proſpect of things that we
Owe our Uprightneſs and our Charity.
For who reſiſts a beam when ſhining bright,
Is not a Sinner of a common height.
That ſtate's a forfeiture, and helps are ſpent,
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a Puniſhment.
The Soul which ſees things in their Native frame,
Without Opinion's Maſk or Cuſtom's name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Senſe, or count that high
Which hath its Eſtimation from a Lie.
(Mean ſordid things, which by miſtake we prize,
And abſent covet, but enjoy'd deſpiſe.)
But ſcorning theſe hath robb'd them of their art,
Either to ſwell or to ſubdue the Heart;
And learn'd that generous frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love.

Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not resting till it hath its Centre won;
Moves steadily until it safe doth lie
I'th' Root of all its Immortality;
And resting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity;
Good, Universal, Wise, and Just as he,
(The same in kind, though diff'ring in degree)
Till at the last 'tis swallow'd up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one;
It self, so small a part, i'th' Whole is lost,
And Generals have Particulars engrost.
That dark contracted Personality,
Like Mists before the Sun, will from it flie.
And then the Soul, one shining sphere, at length
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and purged strength,
Beholds her highest good with open face;
And like him all the World she can embrace.

To the Honoured Lady E. C.

Madam,

I Do not write to you that men may know
How much I'm honour'd that I may do so:
Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
To write with more success than I can live,
To cure the Age; nor think I can be just,
Who only dare to write, because I must.
I'm full of you, and something must express,
To vent my wonder and your pow'r confess.
Had I ne're heard of your Illustrious Name,
Nor known the *Scotch* or *English* ancient Fame;
Yet if your glorious Flame did but appear,
I could have soon read all your Grandeur there.
I could have seen in each majestick ray
What greatness Ancestors could e're convey;

And

And in the luſtre of your Eyes alone,
How near you were allied to the Throne:
Which yet doth leſſen you, who cannot need
Thoſe bright advantages which you exceed.
For you are ſuch, that your Deſcent from Kings
Receives more Honour from you than it brings:
As much above their Glories as our Toil.
A Court to you were but a handſom ſoil.
And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
'Tis rather to do right to it than you:
For thoſe that would your greateſt ſplendour ſee,
Muſt read your Soul more than your Pedigree.
For as the ſacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed thoſe eyes that gaz'd about,
And yet had riches, ſtate, and wonder more,
For thoſe that ſtood within the ſhining door;
But in the Holy place the admitted few,
Luſtre receiv'd and Inſpiration too:
So though your Glories in your Face be ſeen,
And ſo much bright Inſtruction in your Meen;
You are not known but where you will impart
The treaſures of your more illuſtrious Heart.
Religion all her odours ſheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too:
For that rich Beam of Heaven was almoſt
In nice Diſputes and falſe Pretences loſt;
So doubly injur'd, ſhe could ſcarce ſubſiſt
Betwixt the Hypocrite and Caſuiſt;
Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her nature and her reſidence,
And choſe to ſhew her face, and eaſe her grief,
Leſs by your Arguments than by your Life;
Which if it ſhould be copied out, would be
A ſolid Body of Divinity.
Your Principle and Practice light would give
What we ſhould do, and what we ſhould believe:
For the extenſive Knowledge you profeſs,
You do acquire with more eaſe than confeſs.

And

And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd:
So in return ſhe uſeful is to you,
In Practice and in Contemplation too.
For by the various ſuccours ſhe hath lent,
You act with Judgement, and think with Content.
Yet thoſe vaſt Parts with ſuch a Temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's feet.
Nor is it half ſo bold as it is true,
That Vertue is herſelf oblig'd to you:
For being dreſt in your ſubduing Charms,
She conquers more then did the *Roman* Arms.
We ſee in you how much that Malice ly'd
That ſtuck on Goodneſs any ſullen Pride;
And that the harſhneſs ſome Profeſſors wear
Falls to their own, and not Religion's ſhare.
But your bright ſweetneſs if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and ſoftens the auſtere.
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
What was the ſecret of that active ſpell.
That beauteous Mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty nothing meant.
Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
And ſome to Royal Parents gave her Name.
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a world could pay,
Have a more living Honour in your breſt,
Which juſtifies, and yet obſcures the reſt;
A Principle from Fame and Pomp unty'd,
So truly high that it deſpiſes Pride;
Buying good actions at the deareſt rate,
Looks down on ill with as much ſcorn as hate;
Acts things ſo generous and bravely hard,
And in obliging finds ſo much Reward;
So ſelf-denying great, ſo firmly juſt,
Apt to confer, ſtrict to preſerve a Truſt;
That all whoſe Honour would be juſtified,
Muſt by your ſtandards have it ſtamp'd and tried.

But

But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
And you reproch while you inform the Times.
Which ſad advantage you will ſcarce believe;
Or if you muſt, you do conceal and grieve.
You ſcorn ſo poor a foil as others ill,
And are Protectour to th' unhappy ſtill;
Yet are ſo tender when you ſee a ſpot,
You bluſh for thoſe who for themſelves could not.
You are ſo much above your Sex, that we
Believe your Life your greateſt courteſie:
For Women boaſt, they have you while you live
A Pattern and a Repreſentative.
And future Mothers who in Child-birth grone,
Shall wiſh for Daughters, knowing you are one.
The world hath Kings whoſe Crowns are cemented
Or by the bloud they boaſt, or that they ſhed:
Yet theſe great Idols of the ſtooping crew
Have neither Pleaſure ſound, nor Honour true.
They either fight, or play; and Power court,
In trivial anger, or in cruel ſport.
You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
(For you can ſave whom they can but deſtroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kiſs;
You're grave, not ſour, and kind, but not remiſs.
Such ſweetned Majeſtie, ſuch humble State,
Do love and reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) theſe untaught Eſſayes,
I can admire more fitly than I praiſe.
Things ſo ſublime are dimly underſtood,
And you are born ſo great, and are ſo good,
So much above the Honour of your Name,
And by neglect do ſo ſecure your Fame;
Whoſe Beauty's ſuch as captivates the Wiſe,
Yet only you of all the World deſpiſe;
That have ſo vaſt a Knowledge ſo ſubdued,
Religion ſo adorn'd, and ſo purſued;
A Wit ſo ſtrong, that who would it define,
Will need one ten times more acute than mine;

Yet

Yet rul'd so that its Vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous;
Whose Honour has so delicate a Sense,
Who always pardon, never give offence;
Who needing nothing, yet to all are kind,
Who have so large a Heart, so rich a Mind;
Whose Friendship full of the obliging side,
And yet so free from Tyranny and Pride;
Who do in love like *Jonathan* descend,
And strip your self to cloath your happy friend;
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,
T'expect so little and deserve so much;
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,
Where we so much may love, and so much learn;
Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,
It never to an ill excess declines;
But all are found so sweetly opposite,
As are in *Titians* Pieces Shade and Light:
That he that would your great Description try,
Though he write well, would be as lost as I;
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,
To draw you with so bold and bad a hand;
But that, like other Glories, I presume
You will enlighten, where you might consume.

Parting with Lucasia, *A Song.*

1.

WEll, we will do that rigid thing
Which makes Spectators think we part;
Though Absence hath for none a sting
But those who keep each others heart.

2.

And when our Sense is dispossest,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,

And gaſp for one anothers breath,
Since their Conveyances they want.

3

Nay, we have felt the tedious ſmart
Of abſent Friendſhip, and do know
That when we die we can but part;
And who knows what we ſhall do now?

4

Yet I muſt go: we will ſubmit,
And ſo our own Diſpoſers be;
For while we nobly ſuffer it,
We triumph o're Neceſſity.

5

By this we ſhall be truly great,
If having other things o'recome,
To make our victory compleat
We can be Conquerors at home.

6

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obſtructions overthrow,
Since we our Paſſion have ſubdu'd,
Which is the ſtrongeſt thing I know.

Againſt Pleaſure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

1.

THere's no ſuch thing as Pleaſure here,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,

Which

Which does but ſhine and diſappear,
Whoſe Charm is but Deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding Souls,
Which firſt betrays, and then controuls.

2.

'Tis true, it looks at diſtance fair;
But if we do approch,
The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
And periſh at a touch:
In Being than in Fancy leſs,
And we expect more than poſſeſs.

3.

For by our Pleaſures we are cloy'd,
And ſo Deſire is done;
Or elſe, like Rivers, they make wide
The Channel where they run:
And either way true bliſs deſtroys,
Making Us narrow, or our Joys.

4.

We covet Pleaſure eaſily,
But it not ſo poſſeſs;
For many things muſt make it be,
But one may make it leſs.
Nay, were our ſtate as we could chuſe it,
'Twould be conſum'd by fear to loſe it.

5.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,
More weak and ſwift than Fame?
Whoſe next ſucceſſor is Deſpair,
And its attendant Shame.

Th' Experience-Prince then reaſon had,
Who ſaid of pleaſure, *It is mad.*

A Prayer.

ETernal Reaſon, Glorious Majeſty,
Compar'd to whom what can be ſaid to be?
Whoſe Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cauſe of all various things, and yet but One;
Whoſe Eſſence can no more be ſearch'd by Man,
Then Heav'n thy Throne be graſped with a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was deſign'd
To ſeveral ends fitted for every kind;
Sure Man (the World's Epitome) muſt be
Form'd to the beſt, that is to ſtudy thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is ſumm'd up in this, to know and do.
Theſe comely rows of Creatures ſpell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Chain of Cauſes brought to think
There muſt be one, then find that higheſt Link.
Thus all created Excellence we ſee
Is a reſemblance faint and dark of thee.
Such ſhadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houſes in the running ſtreams.
Yet by Impreſſions born with us we find
How good, great, juſt thou art, how unconfin'd.
Here we are ſwallowed up and gladly dwell,
Safely adoring what we cannot tell.
All we know is, thou art ſupremely good,
And doſt delight to be ſo underſtood.
A ſpicy Mountain on the Uniuerſe,
On which thy richeſt Odours do diſperſe.
But as the Sea to fill a Veſſel heaves,
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Beſieging round to find ſome gap in it,
Which will a new Infuſion admit:

So

So doſt thou covet that thou mayſt diſpence
Upon the empty World thy Influence;
Lov'ſt to diſburſe thy ſelf in kindneſs: Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious.
On this account, O God, enlarge my heart
To entertain what thou wouldſt fain impart.
Nor let that Soul, by ſeveral titles thine,
And moſt capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it moſt doth miſs,
'Tis in miſtaken pantings after Bliſs)
Degrade it ſelf in ſordid things delight,
Or by prophaner mixtures loſe its right.
Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts it may
Admire the light which does obſcure the day.
And ſince 'tis Angels work it hath to do,
May its compoſure be like Angels too.
When ſhall theſe clogs of Senſe and Fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me ſpeak?
When with a ſilent and retired art
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the Still Voice above, my Soul advance;
My light and joy plac'd in his Countenance?
By whoſe diſpence my Soul to ſuch frame brought,
May tame each trech'rous, fix each ſcatt'ring thought;
With ſuch diſtinctions all things here behold,
And ſo to ſeparate each droſs from gold,
That nothing my free Soul may ſatisfie,
But t'imitate, enjoy, and ſtudy thee.

To Mris. M. A. *upon Abſence.*

I.

'Tis now ſince I began to die
Four Months, yet ſtill I gaſping live;
Wrapp'd up in ſorrow do I lie,
Hoping, yet doubting, a Repriefe.

Adam

Adam from Paradise expell'd
Just such a wretched Being held.

2.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
That will in spight of absence hold;
But 'tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison'd Gold:
Which though the Sum be ne're so great,
Enriches nothing but conceit.

3.

What angry Star then governs me,
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to fate as well as thee,
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart?
Because my Love all love excells,
Must my grief have no Parralels?

4.

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see
Copies of my wild state appear,
But I am their Epitome:
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

To Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

SOul of my Soul, my joy, my crown, my Friend,
A name which all the rest doth comprehend,
How happy are we now, whose Souls are grown
By an incomparable mixture one:
Whose well-acquainted Minds are now as near

As

As Love, or Vows, or Friendſhip can endear?
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou deſire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly ſet,
And my Breaſt is thy private Cabinet.
Thou ſhed'ſt no tear but what my moiſture lent;
And if I ſigh, it is thy breath is ſpent.
United thus what Horrour can appear
Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear?
Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
And with their vaſt Ambitions Nature fright;
Let them deſpiſe ſo Innocent a flame,
While Envy, Pride, and Faction play their game:
But we by Love ſublim'd ſo high ſhall riſe,
To pity Kings, and Conquerours deſpiſe,
Since we that Sacred Union have engroſt
Which they and all the factious World have loſt.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

STay, Prince of Phancie, ſtay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:
Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
But when thoſe happy Pow'rs which guard thy duſt
To us and to thy Mem'ry ſhall be juſt,
And by a flame from thy bleſt Genius lent
Reſcue us from our dull Impriſonment,
Unſequeſter our Fancies, and create
A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait:
We then ſhall underſtand thee, and deſcry
The ſplendour of reſtored Poetry.
Till when let no bold hand profane thy ſhrine,
'Tis high Wit-Treaſon to debaſe thy coin.

Mr.

Mr. Francis Finch, *the Excellent*, Palæmon.

THis is confeſt Preſumption, for had I
All that rich ſtock of Ingenuity
Which I could wiſh for this, yet would it be
Palæmon's blot, a pious Injury.
But as no Votaries are ſcorn'd when they
The meaneſt Victim in Religion pay;
Not that the Pow'r they worſhip needs a Gum,
But that they ſpake their thanks for all with ſome:
So though the moſt contemptible of all
That do themſelves *Palæmon's* Servants call,
I know that Zeal is more then Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widow's Mite deſpiſe,)
And that *Palæmon* hath Divinity,
And Mercy is his higheſt property:
He that doth ſuch tranſcendent Merit own,
Muſt have imperfect Off'rings or none.
He's one rich luſtre which doth Rayes diſpenſe,
As Knowledge will when ſet in Innocence.
For Learning did ſelect his noble breſt,
Where (in her native Majeſty) to reſt;
Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
Who have confin'd her to Pedantick Rules;
And that gentiler Errour which does take
Offence at Learning for her Habit's ſake:
Palæmon hath redeem'd her, who may be
Eſteem'd himſelf an Univerſity;
And yet ſo much a Gentleman, that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.
Sure he was built and ſent to let us know
What man compleated could both be and do.
Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of Diſcipline or Art.
He's his own happineſs and his own Law,
Whereby he keeps Paſſion and Fate in awe.

Nor

Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,
His genius had anticipated both.
Had all men been *Palæmons*, Pride had ne're
Taught one man Tyranny, the other Fear;
Ambition had been full as Monſtrous then
As this ill World doth render Worthy men.
Had men his Spirit, they would ſoon forbear
Groveling for dirt, and quarrelling for air.
Were his harmonious Soul diffus'd in all,
We ſhould believe that men did never fall.
It is *Palæmon*'s Soul that hath engroſt
Th' ingenuous candour that the World hath loſt;
Whoſe one mind ſeats him quiet, ſafe and high,
Above the reach of Time or Deſtiny.
'Twas he that reſcu'd gaſping Friendſhip when
The Bell toll'd for her Funeral with men;
'Twas he that made Friends more than Lovers burn,
And then made Love to ſacred Friendſhip turn;
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, ſet her free
From Titles and from Popularity.
Now fix'd to Vertue ſhe begs Praiſe of none,
But's Witneſs'd and Rewarded both at home.
And in his breaſt this Honour's ſo enſhrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd:
To which Poſterity ſhall all conſent,
And leſs diſpute than Acts of Parliament.
He's our Original, by whom we ſee
How much we fail, and what we ought to be.
But why do I to Copy him pretend?
My Rhimes but libel whom they would commend.
'Tis true; but none can reach what's ſet ſo high;
And though I miſs, I've noble Company:
For the moſt happy language muſt confeſs,
It doth obſcure *Palæmon*, not expreſs.

I

To Mrs. M. A. at parting.

1.

I Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

2.

But neither Chance nor Compliment
Did element our Love;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

3.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engroft,
That each is in the Union loft.

4.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

In-

5.

Inſpired with a Flame Divine
I ſcorn to court a ſtay;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne're can be away.
But I ſhall weep when thou doſt grieve;
Nor can I die whil'ſt thou doſt live.

6.

By my own temper I ſhall gueſs
At thy felicity,
And only like my happineſs
Becauſe it pleaſeth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be ſick, or well.

7.

All Honour ſure I muſt pretend,
All that is Good or Great;
She that would be *Roſania*'s Friend,
Muſt be at leaſt compleat.
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cauſe I have ſo much of thee.

8.

Thy Leiger Soul in me ſhall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine ſhall flie,
And thence to me ſhall ſteal.
Thus ſtill to one another tend;
Such is the ſacred name of *Friend*.

9.

Thus our twin-Souls in one ſhall grow,
And teach the World new Love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and ſhew
A Flame Fate dares not move:
And courting Death to be our friend,
Our Lives together too ſhall end.

10.

A Dew ſhall dwell upon our Tomb
Of ſuch a quality,
That fighting Armies, thither come,
Shall reconciled be.
We'll ask no Epitaph, but ſay
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

To my deareſt Antenor, *on his Parting.*

THough it be juſt to grieve when I muſt part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;
Yet by an happy change the loſs of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear Gueſt inſtructed) find
Abſence can do no hurt to Souls combin'd.
As we were born to love, brought to agree
By the impreſſions of Divine Decree:
So when united nearer we became,
It did not weaken, but increaſe, our Flame.
Unlike to thoſe who diſtant joys admire,
But ſlight them when poſſeſt of their deſire.
Each of our Souls did its own temper fit,
And in the other's Mould ſo faſhion'd it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Intereſts and Perſons, one;

And

And Souls whom ſuch an Union fortifies,
Paſſion can ne're deſtroy, nor Fate ſurprize.
Now as in Watches, though we do not know
When the Hand moves, we find it ſtill doth go:
So I, by ſecret Sympathy inclin'd,
Will abſent meet, and underſtand thy mind;
And thou at thy return ſhalt find thy Heart
Still ſafe, with all the love thou didſt impart.
For though that treaſure I have ne're deſerv'd,
It ſhall with ſtrong Religion be preſerv'd.
And beſides this thou ſhalt in me ſurvey
Thy ſelf reflected while thou art away.
For what ſome forward Arts do undertake,
The Images of abſent Friends to make,
And repreſent their actions in a Glaſs,
Friendſhip it ſelf can only bring to paſs,
That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thouſand miles.
So in my Breaſt thy Picture drawn ſhall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Deſtiny:
And none ſhall know, though they employ their wit,
Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

Engraven on Mr. John Collier's *Tomb-ſtone at* Bedlington.

HEre what remains of him doth lie,
Who was the World's Epitome,
Religion's Darling, Merchants Glory,
Mens true Delight, and Vertue's Story;
Who, though a Priſoner to the Grave,
A glorious Freedom once ſhall have:
Till when no Monument is fit,
But what's beyond our love and wit.

On the little Regina Collier, *on the ſame Tomb-ſtone.*

VErtue's Bloſſom, Beauty's Bud,
The pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was ſnatched hence
In her ſtate of Innocence:
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains.

Friendſhip.

LEt the dull brutiſh World that know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and diſapprove
That noble Flame; but the refined know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature ſubſiſts by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Cauſes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, ſo the bleſt Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love;
That is their Buſineſs and Felicity,
And will be ſo to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but ſtreams borrow'd from the Fountain there.
And 'tis the nobleſt Argument to prove
A Beauteous mind, that it knows how to Love.
Thoſe kind Impreſſions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worſe than Beaſt that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains or Wit;
For no chance or deſign can Spirits move,
But the Eternal deſtiny of Love:

And

And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed ſo,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendſhip, that abſtracted flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.
All Love is ſacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Luſt, Deſign, or ſome unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are deſpis'd by Friends.
Paſſion hath violent extreams, and thus
All oppoſitions are contiguous.
So when the end is ſerv'd their Love will bate,
If Friendſhip make it not more fortunate:
Friendſhip, that Love's Elixir, that pure fire
Which burns the clearer 'cauſe it burns the higher.
For Love, like earthly fires (which will decay
If the material fuel be away)
Is with offenſive ſmoke accompanied,
And by reſiſtance only is ſupplied;
But Friendſhip, like the fiery Element,
With its own Heat and Nouriſhment content,
Where neither hurt, nor ſmoke, nor noiſe is made,
Scorns the aſſiſtance of a foreign aid.
Friendſhip (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
Richeſt when plaineſt, braveſt when alone;
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Than ſleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Viſions; quier as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's light;
United more than Spirits, Faculties,
Higher in thoughts than are the Eagle's eyes;
What ſhall I ſay? when we true friends are grown,
W'are like---Alas, w'are like our ſelves alone.

The Enquiry.

IF we no old Hiſtorian's name
Authentick will admit,
But think all ſaid of Friendſhip's fame
But Poetry or Wit?
Yet what's rever'd by Minds ſo pure
Muſt be a bright Idea ſure.

2.

But as our Immortality
By inward ſenſe we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be deſign'd;
So here how could ſuch Copies fall,
If there were no Original?

3.

But if Truth be in ancient Song,
Or Story we believe,
If the inſpir'd and graver Throng
Have ſcorned to deceive,
There have been Hearts whoſe Friendſhip gave
Them thoughts at once both ſoft and brave.

4.

Among that conſecrated Few,
Some more Seraphick ſhade
Lend me a favourable Clew
Now miſts my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
Left you ſo little of your flame?

Why

5.

Why is't ſo difficult to ſee
  Two Bodies and one Mind?
And why are thoſe who elſe agree
  So differently kind?
Hath Nature ſuch fantaſtick art,
That ſhe can vary every Heart?

6.

Why are the bands of Friendſhip tied
  With ſo remiſs a knot,
That by the moſt it is defied,
  And by the reſt forgot?
VVhy do we ſtep with ſo light ſenſe
From Friendſhip to Indifference?

7.

If Friendſhip Sympathy impart,
  VVhy this ill-ſhuffled game,
That Heart can never meet with Heart,
  Or Flame encounter Flame?
VVhat does this Cruelty create?
Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate?

8.

Had Friendſhip ne're been known to Men,
  (The Ghoſt at laſt confeſt)
The VVorld had been a ſtranger then
  To all that Heaven poſſeſt.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven it ſelf would be deſir'd.

To my Lucasia, *in defence of declared Friendship.*

1.

O My *Lucasia*, let us speak our Love,
And think not that impertinent can be,
Which to us both doth such assurance prove,
And whence we find how justly we agree.

2.

Before we knew the treasures of our Love,
Our noble aims our joys did entertain;
And shall enjoyment nothing then improve?
'Twere best for us then to begin again.

3.

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
Out all the rest of our mysterious reign:
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A victory, as it is to obtain.

4.

Nay to what end did we once barter Minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claim?
Or (like some Wantons) our Pride pleasure finds
To throw away the thing at which we aim.

5.

If this be all our Friendship does design,
We covet not enjoyment then, but power:
To our Opinion we our Bliss confine,
And love to have, but not to smell, the flower.

Ah!

6.

Ah! then let Miſers bury thus their Gold,
Who though they ſtarve, no farthing will produce:
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And ſure we cannot ſpend our ſtock by uſe.

7.

Think not 'tis needleſs to repeat deſires;
The fervent Turtles alwaies court and bill;
And yet their ſpotleſs paſſion never tires,
But does increaſe by repetition ſtill.

8.

Although we know we love, yet while our Soul
Is thus impriſon'd by the Fleſh we wear,
There's no way left that bondage to controul,
But to convey tranſactions through the Ear.

9.

Nay though we read our paſſions in the Eye,
It will oblige and pleaſe to tell them too:
Such joys as theſe by motion multiply,
Were't but to find that our Souls told us true.

10.

Believe not then, that being now ſecure
Of either's heart, we have no more to do:
The Spheres themſelves by motion do endure,
And they move on by Circulation too.

11.

And as a River, when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves, the shore it overflows.

12.

So the Soul's motion does not end in bliss,
But on herself she scatters and dilates,
And on the Object doubles all by this,
She finds new joys which that reflux creates.

13.

But then because it cannot all contain,
It seeks a vent by telling the glad news,
First to the Heart which did its joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did those joys produce.

14.

When my Soul then doth such excursions make,
Unless thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What satisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being absent at the interview?

15.

'Tis not distrust; for were that plea allow'd,
Letters and Visits all would useless grow:
Love's whole expression then would be its cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing so.

16.

If I diſtruſt, 'tis my own worth for thee,
'Tis my own fitneſs for a love like thine;
And therefore ſtill new evidence would ſee,
T'aſſure my wonder that thou canſt be mine.

17.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flowers,
As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
As to the parched Violet Evening-ſhowers;
Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

18.

But when that Look is dreſt in words, 'tis like
The myſtick pow'r of Muſicks unifon;
Which when the finger doth one Viol ſtrike,
The other's ſtring heaves to reflection.

19.

Be kind to me, and juſt then to our love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converſe;
And let not tract of Time wear or remove
It from the privilege of that Commerce.

20.

Tyrants do baniſh what they can't requite:
But let us never know ſuch mean deſires;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our joys and noble thoughts inſpires.

A

A Reſvery.

A Choſen Privacy, a cheap Content,
And all the Peace a Friendſhip ever lent,
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repulſes all the heat,
The Beauteous quiet of a Summers day,
A Brook which ſobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repoſe, and then conſpir'd
To entertain my Phancie thus retir'd.
As *Lucian*'s Pony man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too:
So all its ſullen Follies ſeem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another Envies to ſee that man Rule:
One makes his Love the Patent of his Rage,
For private friendſhip publickly t'engage:
And ſome for Conſcience, ſome for Honour die:
And ſome are meanly kill'd they know not why.
More different than mens faces are their ends,
Whom yet one common Ruine can make Friends.
Death, Duſt and Darkneſs they have only wdn,
And haſtily unto their Periods run.
Death is a Leveller; Beauty, and Kings,
And Conquerours, and all thoſe glorious things,
Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude heap,
Like common duſt as quiet and as cheap.
At greater Changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men?
They muſt fall ſick and die; nothing can be
In this World certain, but uncertainty.
Since Pow'r and Greatneſs are ſuch ſlippery things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings?
Now leaſt of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.

Though

Though ſuch Confuſions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind:
Yet in this Chaos ſome things do ſend forth,
(Like Jewels in the dark) a Native worth.
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree;
Who thinks it not his praiſe that others know
His Anceſtors were gallant long ago;
Who ſcorns to boaſt the Glories of his blood,
And thinks he can't be great that is not good;
Who knows the VVorld, and what we Pleaſure call,
Yet cannot ſell one Conſcience for them all;
Who hates to hoard that Gold with an excuſe,
For which he can find out a nobler uſe;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can ſpend,
To ſerve his God, his Country, and his Friend;
Who flattery and falſhood doth ſo hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at ſuch a rate;
VVhoſe Soul, than Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his face doth wear;
Who dares be good alone in ſuch a time,
When Vertue's held and puniſh'd as a Crime;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean defence,
And is both ſafe and wiſe in Innocence;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not fear;
Whoſe only doubt is, if his cauſe be clear;
Whoſe Courage and his Juſtice equal worn,
Can dangers grapple, overcome and ſcorn,
Yet not inſult upon a conquer'd foe,
But can forgive him and oblige him too;
Whoſe Friendſhip is congenial with his Soul;
Who where he gives a heart, beſtows it whole;
Whoſe other ties and Titles here do end,
Or buried or completed in the Friend;
Who ne're reſumes the Soul he once did give,
While his Friend's Honeſty and Honour live;
And if his Friend's content could coſt the price,
Would count himſelf a happy Sacrifice;

VVhoſe

Whoſe happy days no Pride infects, nor can
His other Titles make him ſlight the man;
No dark Ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow,
Nor reſtleſs cares when to be great, and how;
Who ſcorns to envy VVealth where e're it be,
But pities ſuch a Golden Slavery;
With no mean fawnings can the people court,
Nor wholly ſlight a popular report;
Whoſe houſe no Orphan groans do ſhake or blaſt,
Nor any riot help to ſerve his taſte;
Who from the top of his Proſperities
Can take a fall, and yet without ſurprize;
Who with the ſame auguſt and even ſtate
Can entertain the beſt and worſt of Fate;
Whoſe ſuffering's ſweet, if Honour once adorn it;
Who ſlights Revenge, yet does not fear, but ſcorn it;
VVhoſe Happineſs in ev'ry Fortune lives,
For that no Fortune either takes or gives;
VVho no unhandſome ways can bribe his Fate,
Nay, out of Priſon marches through the Gate;
VVho loſing all his Titles and his Pelf,
Nay, all the VVorld, can never loſe himſelf;
This Perſon ſhines indeed, and he that can
Be Vertuous is the great Immortal man.

A Country-life.

HOw Sacred and how Innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from Tumult, Diſcontent,
From Flattery or Fears!
This was the firſt and happieſt Life,
VVhen man enjoy'd himſelf;
Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
And Happineſs for Pelf.
'Twas here the Poets were inſpir'd,
Here taught the multitude;

The

The brave they here with Honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.
That Golden Age did entertain
No Paſſion but of Love;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did ne're their Fancies move.
None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,
Nor Plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in Friendſhip and in Health,
On Roots, not Beaſts, they fed.
They knew no Law nor Phyſick then,
Nature was all their Wit.
And if there yet remain to men
Content, ſure this is it.
What Bleſſings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe deſire?
Her Courtſhip is all Fire and Sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome deareſt Solitude,
My great Felicity;
Though ſome are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not ſo, but we.
Them that do covet only reſt,
A Cottage will ſuffice:
It is not brave to be poſſeſt
Of Earth, but to deſpiſe.
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our Peace doth flow;
I have a better Fate then Kings,
Becauſe I think it ſo.
When all the ſtormy World doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secure in theſe unenvi'd walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no mans caſe that falls
From his Ambition's height.

Silence and Innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little Arts can laugh
That do the World subdue.
While others Revel it in State,
Here I'le contented sit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let some in Courtship take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* resort;
Then Revel out a Winter's night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
These never know a noble Flame,
'Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design:
While Vanity plays all their Game,
Let Peace and Honour mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
To *Hide-parke* let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose *Spring-garden* shew.
Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In Knowledge happy Fate,
And others busie them in vain
To study ways of State.
But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In Privacy intend to spin
My future Minutes out.
And from this Hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my Joys.
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And onely those of all I would
Ask for Felicity.
In this retir'd and humble seat
Free from both War and Strife,

I am not forc'd to make retreat
But chuſe to ſpend my life.

To Mrs. Wogan, *my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband.*

DRy up your tears, there's enough ſhed by you,
And we muſt pay our ſhare of Sorrows too.
It is no private loſs when ſuch men fall,
The World's concern'd, and Grief is general.
But though of our Misfortune we complain,
To him it is injurious and vain.
For ſince we know his rich Integrity,
His real Sweetneſs, and full Harmony;
How free his heart and houſe were to his Friends,
Whom he oblig'd without Deſign or Ends;
How univerſal was his courteſie,
How clear a Soul, how even, and how high;
How much he ſcorn'd diſguiſe or meaner Arts,
But with a native Honour conquer'd Hearts;
We muſt conclude he was a Treaſure lent,
Soon weary of this ſordid Tenement.
The Age and World deſerv'd him not, and he
Was kindly ſnatch'd from future Miſery.
VVe can ſcarce ſay he's Dead, but gone to reſt,
And left a Monument in ev'ry breaſt.
For you to grieve then in this ſad exceſs,
Is not to ſpeak your Love, but make it leſs.
A noble Soul no Friendſhip will admit,
But what's Eternal and Divine as it.
The Soul is hid in mortal fleſh we know,
And all its weakneſſes muſt undergo,
Till by degrees it does ſhine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength:
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full ſplendour till it put off Clay:
So Infant Love is in the worthieſt breaſt

By Senſe and Paſſion fetter'd and oppreſt;
But by degrees it grows ſtill more refin'd,
And ſcorning clogs, only concerns the mind.
Now as the Soul you lov'd is here ſet free
From its material groſs capacity;
Your love ſhould follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Paſſion, put Perfection on.
Such Love as this will its own good deny,
If its dear Object have Felicity.
And ſince we cannot his great Loſs reprieve,
Let's not loſe you in whom he ſtill doth Live.
For while you are by Grief ſecluded thus,
It doth appear your Funeral to us.

In memory of the moſt juſtly honoured, Mrs.
Owen *of* Orielton.

AS when the ancient World by Reaſon liv'd,
The *Aſian* Monarchs deaths were never griev'd;
Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral:
So ſtill the Good are Princes, and their Fate
Invites us not to weep but imitate.
Nature intends a progreſs of each ſtage
Whereby weak Man creeps to ſucceeding Age,
Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
Where th' active Soul is in her Centre ſtaid.
And ſince none ſtript of Infancy complain,
'Cauſe 'tis both their neceſſity and gain:
So Age and Death by ſlow approches come,
And by that juſt inevitable doom
By which the Soul (her cloggy droſs once gone)
Puts on Perfection, and reſumes her own.
Since then we mourn a happy Soul, O why
Diſturb we her with erring Piety?
Who's ſo enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
VVhen with rich Autumn's livery hung round,

As

As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
And not undreſs the teeming Earth again?
Fruits grow for uſe, Mankind is born to die;
And both Fates have the ſame neceſſity.
Then grieve no more, ſad Relatives, but learn;
Sigh not, but profit by your juſt concern.
Read over her Life's volume: wiſe and good,
Not 'cauſe ſhe muſt be ſo, but 'cauſe ſhe wou'd.
To choſen Vertue ſtill a conſtant friend,
She ſaw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend.
And as ſome are ſo civil to the Sun,
They'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run:
So ſhe unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State:
Still durſt be Good, and own the noble Truth,
To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth.
Great without Pride, a Soul which ſtill could be
Humble and high, full of calm Majeſty.
She kept true ſtate within, and could not buy
Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
Fortune or Birth ne're rais'd her Mind, which ſtood
Not on her being rich, but doing good.
Oblig'd the VVorld, but yet would ſcorn to be
Paid with requitals, Thanks or Vanity.
How oft did ſhe what all the VVorld adore,
Make the Poor happy with her uſeful ſtore?
So general was her Bounty, that ſhe gave
Equality to all before the Grave.
By ſeveral means ſhe different perſons ty'd,
Who by her Goodneſs onely were ally'd.
Her Vertue was her Temper, not her Fit;
Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which ſome commit;
Scorn'd thoſe dark Arts which paſs for Wiſdom now,
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow.
And her vaſt Prudence had no other end,
But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend:
To uſe, but ſlight, the World; and fixt above,
Shine down in beams of Piety and Love.

Why

Why ſhould we then by poor unjuſt complaint
Prove envious Sinners 'cauſe ſhe is a Saint?
Cloſe then the Monument; let not a Tear
That may prophane her Aſhes now appear:
For her beſt Obſequies are, that we be
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as ſhe.

A Friend.

1.

LOve, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
The Being and the Harmony of things,
Doth ſtill preſerve and propagate the whole,
From whence Mans Happineſs and Safety ſprings:
The earlieſt, whiteſt, bleſſedſt Times did draw
From her alone their univerſal Law.

2.

Friendſhip's an Abſtract of this noble Flame,
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its droſs,
The next to Angels Love, if not the ſame,
As ſtrong as paſſion is, though not ſo groſs:
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

3.

Nobler then Kindred or then Marriage-band,
Becauſe more free; Wedlock-felicity
It ſelf doth onely by this Union ſtand,
And turns to Friendſhip or to Miſery.
Force or Deſign Matches to paſs may bring,
But Friendſhip doth from Love and Honour ſpring.

4 If

4.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t'exclude
Women from Friendſhip's vaſt capacity,
Is a Deſign injurious or rude,
Onely maintain'd by partial tyranny.
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,
And nobleſt Friendſhips do proceed from thence.

5.

The chiefeſt thing in Friends is Sympathy;
There is a Secret that doth Friendſhip guide,
Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
VVho by a thouſand mixtures are ally'd.
And chang'd and loſt, ſo that it is not known
VVithin which breaſt doth now reſide their own.

6.

Eſſential Honour muſt be in a Friend,
Not ſuch as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not ſin though ſure that none ſhould know.
VVhere Friendſhip's ſpoke, Honeſty's underſtood;
For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

7.

Friendſhip doth carry more then common truſt,
And Treachery is here the greateſt ſin.
Secrets depoſed then none ever muſt
Preſume to open, but who put them in.
They that in one Cheſt lay up all their ſtock,
Had need be ſure that none can pick the lock.

8.

A breaſt too open Friendſhip does not love,
For that the others Truſt will not conceal;
Nor one too much reſerv'd can it approve,
Its own Condition this will not reveal.
We empty Paſſions for a double end,
To be refreſh'd and guarded by a Friend.

9.

Wiſdom and Knowledge Friendſhip does require,
The firſt for Counſel, this for Company;
And though not mainly, yet we may deſire
Both complaiſance and Ingenuity.
Though ev'ry thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

10.

Diſcretion uſes Parts, and beſt knows how;
And Patience will all Qualities commend:
That ſerves a need beſt, but this doth allow
The Weakneſſes and Paſſions of a Friend.
We are not yet come to the Quire above:
Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

11.

Thick Waters ſhew no Images of things;
Friends are each others Mirrours, and ſhould be
Clearer then Cryſtal or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Deſign or Flattery.
For vulgar Souls no part of Friendſhip ſhare:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12.

Friends ſhould obſerve and chide each others Faults,
To be ſevere then is moſt juſt & kind;(thoughts:
Nothing can 'ſcape their ſearch who knew the
This they ſhould give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendſhip, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his hands are ty'd.

13.

A Friend ſhould find out each Neceſſity,
And then unask'd reliev't at any rate:
It is not Friendſhip, but Formality,
To be deſir'd; for Kindneſs keeps no ſtate.
Of Friends he doth the Benefactour prove,
That gives his Friend the means t' expreſs his Love.

14.

Abſence doth not from Friendſhip's right excuſe:
Them who preſerve each others heart and fame,
Parting can ne're divide, it may diffuſe;
As a far ſtretch'd out River's ſtill the ſame.
Though Preſence help'd them at the firſt to greet,
Their Souls know now without thoſe aids to meet.

15.

Conſtant and Solid, whom no ſtorms can ſhake,
Nor death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;
And if condemned to ſurvive, doth make
No ſecond choice, but Grief and Memory.
But Friendſhip's beſt Fate is, when it can ſpend
A Life, a Fortune, all to ſerve a Friend.

L' Accord du Bien.

1.

ORder, by which all things are made,
And this great World's foundation laid,
Is nothing elſe but Harmony,
Where different parts are brought t' agree.

2.

As Empires are ſtill beſt maintain'd
Thoſe ways which firſt their Greatneſs gain'd:
So in this univerſal Frame
What made and keeps it is the ſame.

3.

Thus all things unto peace do tend;
Even Diſcords have it for their end,
The cauſe why Elements do fight,
Is but their Inſtinct to Unite.

4.

Muſick could never pleaſe the Senſe
But by United excellence:
The ſweeteſt Note which Numbers know,
If ſtruck alone, would tedious grow.

5.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
Is by creation Harmony.
'Twas Sin firſt quarrell'd in his breſt,
Then made him angry with the reſt.

6. But

6.

But Goodneſs keeps that Unity,
And loves its own ſociety
So well, that ſeldom we have known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

7.

And hence it is we Friendſhip call
Not by one Vertue's name, but all.
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought Union, but Conſpiracy.

8.

Nature and Grace, ſuch enemies,
That when one fell t' other did riſe,
Are now by Mercy even ſet,
As Stars in Conſtellations met.

9.

If Nature were it ſelf a ſin,
Her Author (God) had guilty been,
But Man by ſin contracting ſtain,
Shall purg'd from that be clear again.

10.

To prove that Nature's excellent,
Even Sin it ſelf's an argument:
Therefore we Nature's ſtain deplore,
Becauſe it ſelf was pure before.

11.

And Grace deſtroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reaſon, then it ſhines;
Reſtores what was depreſt by ſin,
The fainting beam of God within.

12.

The main ſpring (Judgment) rectify'd,
Will all the leſſer Motions guide,
To ſpend our Labour, Love and Care,
Not as things ſeem, but as they are.

13.

'Tis Fancy loſt, Wit thrown away,
In trifles to imploy that Ray,
Which then doth in full luſtre ſhine
When both Ingenious and Divine.

14.

To Eyes by Humours vitiated
All things ſeem falſly coloured:
So 'tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear Objects ſeem in fault.

15.

They ſcarce believe united good,
By whom 'twas never underſtood:
They think one Grace enough for one,
And 'tis becauſe their ſelves have none.

16. We

16.

We hunt Extreams, and run ſo faſt,
We can no ſteddy judgment caſt:
He beſt ſurveys the Circuit round
Who ſtands i'th' middle of the ground.

17.

That happy mean would let us ſee
Knowledge and Meekneſs may agree;
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Paſſion and Zeal are not the ſame.

18.

Who ſtudies God doth upwards flye,
And height ſtill leſſens to our eye;
And he that knows God, ſoon will ſee
Vaſt cauſe for his Humility.

19.

For by that ſearch it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own:
And who doth ſo that ſtock imploy,
But finds more cauſe for Shame than Joy.

20.

We know ſo little and ſo dark,
And ſo extinguiſh our own ſpark,
That he who furtheſt here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

21.

It will with the moſt Learned ſuite
More to enquire than diſpute:
But Vapours ſwell within a Cloud;
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

22.

So whom their own vain Heart belies,
Like Inflammations quickly riſe:
But that Soul which is truly great
Is loweſt in its own conceit.

23.

Yet while we hug our own miſtake,
We Cenſures, but not Judgments, make,
And thence it is we cannot ſee
Obedience ſtand with Liberty.

24.

Providence ſtill keeps even ſtate;
But he can beſt command his Fate,
Whoſe Art by adding his own Voice
Makes his Neceſſity his Choice.

25.

Rightly to rule ones ſelf muſt be
The hardeſt, largeſt Monarchy:
Whoſe Paſſions are his Maſters grown,
Will be a Captive in a Throne.

26.

He moſt the inward freedom gains,
Who juſt Submiſſions entertains:
For while in that his Reaſon ſways,
It is himſelf that he obeys.

27.

But onely in Eternity
We can theſe beauteous Unions ſee:
For Heaven it ſelf and Glory is
But one harmonious conſtant Bliſs.

Invitation to the Country.

BE kind, my dear *Roſania*, though 'tis true
Thy Friendſhip will become thy Penance too;
Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
Nothing to ſatisfie or entertain;
Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
Who make new Troubles in my Company:
Yet is the action more obliging great;
'Tis Hardſhip only makes Deſert compleat.
But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be ſome advantage found;
For a Retirement from the noiſe of Towns,
Is that for which ſome Kings have left their Crowns:
And Conquerours, whoſe Laurel preſt the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
For Titles, Honours, and the World's Addreſs,
Are things too cheap to make up Happineſs;
The eaſie Tribute of a giddy race,
And paid leſs to the Perſon then the place.
So falſe reflected and ſo ſhort content
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
That who moſt try'd it have of Fate complain'd,
With Titles burthen'd and to greatneſs chain'd.

For

For they alone enjoy'd what they poſſeſt,
Who reliſht moſt and underſtood it beſt.
And yet that underſtanding made them know
The empty ſwift diſpatch of all below.
So that what moſt can outward things endear,
Is the beſt means to make them diſappear:
And even that Tyrant (Senſe) doth theſe deſtroy,
As more officious to our Grief than Joy.
Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat,
Obtruding on our Senſe things Groſs for Great.
But he that can enquire and undiſguiſe,
Will ſoon perceive the ſting that hidden lies;
And find no Joys merit eſteem but thoſe
Whoſe Scene lies only at our own diſpoſe.
Man unconcern'd without himſelf may be
His own both Proſpect and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Paſſions hurl'd,
But who commands himſelf commands the World.
A Country-life aſſiſts this ſtudy beſt,
Where no diſtractions do the Soul arreſt:
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
There we ſearch Nature and its Author too;
Poſſeſt with Freedom and a real State
Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate.
There (my *Roſania*) will we, mingling Souls,
Pity the Folly which the World controuls;
And all thoſe *Grandeurs* which the World do prize
We either can enjoy, or will deſpiſe.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

AS ſome choice Plant cheriſh'd by Sun and Air,
And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
Bloſſoms and flouriſhes, but then we find
Is made the Triumph of ſome ruder Wind:
So thy untimely Grave did both entomb
Thy Sweetneſs now, and wonders yet to come.

Hung

Hung full of hopes thou ſell'ſt a lovely prize,
Juſt as thou didſt attract all Hearts and Eyes.
Thus we might apprehend, for had thy years
Been lengthen'd to have paid thoſe vaſt arrears
The world expected, we ſhould then conclude,
The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.
For thou already haſt with eaſe found out
What others ſtudy with ſuch pains and doubt;
That frame of Soul which is content alone,
And needs no Entertainment but its own.
Thy even Mind, which made thee good and great,
Was to thee both a ſhelter and retreat.
Of all the Tumults which this World do fill
Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectatour ſtill:
And, were thy duty punctually ſupply'd,
Indifferent to all the World beſide.
Thou wert made up within reſolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldſt not with a baſe allay be mix'd;
Above the World, couldſt equally deſpiſe
Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
Couldſt ſumme up all, and find not worth deſire
Thoſe glittering Trifles which the moſt admire;
But with a nobler aim, and higher born,
Look down on Greatneſs with contempt and ſcorn.
Thou hadſt no Arts that others this might ſee,
Nor lov'dſt a Trumpet to thy Piety:
But ſilent and retir'd, calm and ſerene,
Stol'ſt to thy bleſſed Haven hardly ſeen.
It were vain to deſcribe thee then, but now
Thy vaſt acceſſion harder is to know;
How full of light, and ſatisfi'd thou art,
So early from this treacherous World to part;
How pleas'd thou art reflections now to make,
And find thou didſt not things below miſtake;
In how abſtracted converſe thou doſt live,
How much thy Knowledge is intuitive;
How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
With Angels, and in Myſteries employ'd.

'Tis ſin then to lament thy Fate, but we
Should help thee to a new Eternity;
And by ſucceſſive Imitation ſtrive,
Till Time ſhall die, to keep thee ſtill alive;
And (by thy great Example furniſh'd) be
More apt to live then write thy Elogy.

On Roſania's *Apoſtacy, and* Lucaſia's *Friendſhip.*

GReat Soul of Friendſhip whither art thou fled,
Where doſt thou now chuſe to repoſe thy head?
Or art thou nothing but voice, air and name,
Found out to put Souls in purſuit of fame?
Thy flames being thought Immortal, we may doubt,
Whether they e're did burn that ſee them out.

Go weary'd Soul, find out thy wonted reſt,
In the ſafe Harbour of *Orinda*'s breſt,
There all unknown Adventures thou haſt found
In thy late tranſmigrations expound;
That ſo *Roſania*'s darkneſs may be known
To be her want of Luſtre, not thy own.

Then to the Great *Lucaſia* have recourſe,
There gather up new excellence and force,
Till by a free unbyaſs'd clear Commerce,
Endearments which no Tongue can e're reherſe,
Lucaſia and *Orinda* ſhall thee give
Eternity, and make even Friendſhip live.

Hail Great *Lucaſia*, thou ſhalt doubly ſhine,
What was *Roſania*'s own is now twice thine;
Thou ſaw'ſt *Roſania*'s Chariot and her flight,
And ſo the double portion is thy right:
Though 'twas *Roſania*'s Spirit be content,
Since 'twas an firſt from thy *Orinda* ſent.

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, *Singing now affairs*, &c.

SUbduing fair! what will you win
To uſe a needleſs Dart:
Why then ſo many to take in
One undefended heart?
I came expos'd to all your Charms,
'Gainſt which the firſt half hour
I had no will to take up Arms,
And in the next no Power.
How can you chuſe but win the Day,
Who can reſiſt your Siege,
Who in one action know the way
To Vanquiſh and Oblige?
Your Voice which can in melting ſtrains
Teach Beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in ſtronger Chains,
By being ſoft and kind.
Whilſt you my trivial fancy ſing,
You it to wit refine,
As Leather once ſtamp'd by a King
Became a Current Coin.
By this my Verſe is ſure to gain
Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain,
Though never by my Pen.
I'd rather in your favour live,
Then in a laſting name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happineſs then Fame.

Submiſſion.

'Tis ſo, and humbly I my will reſign,
Nor dare diſpute with Providence Divine.
In vain, alas! we ſtruggle with our chains,
But more entangled by the fruitleſs pains.
For as i'th' great Creation of this all,
Nothing by chance could in ſuch order fall;
And what would ſingle be deform'd confeſt,
Grows beauteous in its union with the reſt:
So Providence like Wiſdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now)
And the ſame Fate that ſeems to one Reverſe,
Is neceſſary to the Univerſe.
All theſe particular and various things,
Linkt to their Cauſes by ſuch ſecret Springs,
Are held ſo faſt, and govern'd by ſuch Art,
That nothing can out of its order ſtart.
The World's God's watch, where nothing is ſo ſmall,
But makes a part of what compoſes all:
Could the leaſt Pin be loſt or elſe diſplac'd,
The World would be diſorder'd and defac'd.
It beats no pulſe in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiſcern'd to its own height doth climb;
Strung firſt and daily wound up by his hand
Who can its motions guide and underſtand.
No ſecret cunning then nor multitude
Can providence divert, croſs or delude.
And her juſt full decrees are hidden things,
VVhich harder are to find than Births of Springs.
Yet all in various Conſorts fitly ſound,
And by their Diſcords Harmony compound.
Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
VVhereby Forms are preſerv'd though Matters die;
And ſhifting dreſs keep their own living ſtate:
So that what kills this, does that propagate.

This

This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That ſure the world had full Eternity.
For though it ſelf to Time and Fate ſubmit,
He's above both who made and governs it;
And to each Creature hath ſuch Portion lent,
As Love and Wiſdom ſees convenient.
For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The Beings which from him alone can live.
He's moſt concern'd, and hath the greateſt ſhare
In man, and therefore takes the greateſt care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by Submiſſion and Conformity.
For why ſhould Changes here below ſurprize,
When the whole World its revolution tries?
Where were our Springs, our Harveſts pleaſant uſe,
Unleſs Viciſſitude did them produce?
Nay, what can be ſo weariſom a pain
As when no Alterations entertain?
To loſe, to ſuffer, to be ſick and die,
Arreſt us by the ſame Neceſſity.
Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
Hath its own glory unto droſs confin'd.
For outward things remove not from their place,
Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace;
Then doting on the choice make it our own,
By placing Trifles in th' Opinion's Throne.
So when they are divorc'd by ſome new croſs,
Our Souls ſeem widow'd by the fatal loſs:
But could we keep our Grandeur and our ſtate,
Nothing below would ſeem unfortunate;
But Grace and Reaſon, which beſt ſuccours bring,
Would with advantage manage every thing;
And by right Judgment would prevent our moan
For loſing that which never was our own.
For right Opinion's like a Marble grott,
In Summer cool, and in the Winter hot;
A Principle which in each Fortune lives
Beſtowing Catholick Preſervatives.

'Tis

'Tis this reſolves, there are no loſſes where
Vertue and Reaſon are continued there.
The meaneſt Soul might ſuch a Fortune ſhare,
But no mean Soul could ſo that Fortune bear.
Thus I compoſe my thoughts grown inſolent,
As th'*Iriſh* Harper doth his Inſtrument;
Which if once ſtruck doth murmur and complain,
But the next touch will ſilence all again.

---

2 Cor. 5. 19. *God was in Chriſt Reconciling the World to himſelf.*

WHen God, contracted to Humanity,
Could ſigh and ſuffer, could be ſick and die;
When all the heap of Miracles combin'd
To form the greateſt, which was, ſave Mankind:
Then God took ſtand in Chriſt, ſtudying a way
How to repair the Ruin'd World's decay.
His Love, Pow'r, Wiſdom, muſt ſome means procure
His Mercy to advance, Juſtice ſecure:
And ſince Man in ſuch Miſery was hurl'd,
It coſt him more to ſave then make the World.
Oh! what a deſp'rate load of ſins had we,
When God muſt plot for our Felicity!
When God muſt beg us that he may forgive,
And dye himſelf before Mankind could live!
And what ſtill are we, when our King in vain
Begs his loſt Rebels to be Friends again!
What flouds of Love proceed from Heaven's ſmile,
At once to pardon and to reconcile!
What God himſelf hath made he cannot hate,
For 'tis one act to Love and to Create:
And he's too perfect full of Majeſty,
To need additions from our Miſery.
He hath a Father's, not a Tyrant's, joy;
Shews more his Pow'r to ſave, then to deſtroy.
Did there ten thouſand Worlds to ruine fall,

One

One God could save, one Christ redeem them all!
Be silent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need.
But O my Soul, from these be different,
Imitate thou a nobler Precedent:
As God with open Arms the World does woo,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too;
As he begs thy consent to pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy Enemy;
As he stands ready thee to entertain,
Be thou as forward to return again;
As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
Crucifie thou what caus'd his Agony;
And like to him be mortify'd to sin,
Dye to the World as he dy'd for it then.

The World.

WE falsly think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely ends.
He that surveys the World with serious eyes,
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come;
Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
Men count that gilded nothing, being Great;
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their bliss by others false esteem,
And sacrificing their Content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity;
How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one man admits, another scorns;
How frequently their Happiness they miss,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,

Who

Who is an hour together in one mind?
Sure they would beg a Period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their Death.
Mankind is mad; for none can live alone,
Becauſe their Joys ſtand by comparison:
And yet they quarrel at Society,
And ſtrive to kill they know not whom, nor why.
We all live by Miſtake, delight in Dreams,
Loſt to our ſelves, and dwelling in Extreams;
Rejecting what we have, though ne're ſo good,
And prizing what we never underſtood.
Compar'd t' our boiſterous inconſtancy
Tempeſts are calm, and Diſcords harmony.
Hence we reverſe the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly pleaſe our Mind.
We live by chance and ſlip into Events;
Have all of Beaſts except their Innocence.
The Soul, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Doth ſo much loſe, and from its height ſo fall,
That ſome contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not obſerv'd, or at the beſt
By Paſſion fought withal, by Sin depreſt.
Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot;
And if we know it, we improve it not.
Our Thoughts, though nothing can be more our own,
Are ſtill unguided, very ſeldom known.
Time 'ſcapes our hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die e're we begin to live.
Truth, the moſt futable and noble prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.
Errour and Shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree.
If we ſearch Truth, we make it more obſcure;
And when it ſhines, cannot the light endure.
For moſt men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing leſs their buſineſs then to think?
And thoſe few that enquire, how ſmall a ſhare

Of

Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are!
That ſerious Evenneſs that calms the Breſt,
And in a Tempeſt can beſtow a Reſt,
We either not attempt, or elſe decline,
By ev'ry triffe ſnatch'd from our deſign.
(Others he muſt in his deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own Reſolve)
We govern not our ſelves, but ſoule the Reins,
Counting our Bondage to a thouſand chains;
And with as many Slaveries contens
As there are Tyrants ready to torment,
We live upon a Rack extended ſtill
To one Extreme or both, but always ill.
For ſince our Fortune is not underſtood,
We ſuffer leſs from bad than from the good.
The Sting is better dreſt and longer laſts,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Faſts.
And to complete the miſery to us,
We ſee Extremes are ſtill contiguous.
And as we run ſo faſt from what we hate,
Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle ſtate;
So outward ſtorms ſtrengthned by us, we find
Our Fortune as diſordered as our Mind.
But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part;
A trech'rous World befits a trech'rous Heart.
All ill's our own, the outward ſtorms we loath
Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
And that our Vanity be paſt a doubt,
'Tis one new Vanity to find it out.
Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
And from themſelves as from his wrath doth ſave.
'Tis good not to be born; but if we muſt,
The next good is, ſoon to return to duſt.
When th' uncag'd Soul fled to Eternity
Shall reſt, and live, and ſing, and love, and ſee.
Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry;
Are firſt our own, then others, enemy:
But there ſhall be defac'd both ſtain and ſcore,
For Time, and Death, and Sin ſhall be no more.

The Soul.

1.

HOw vain a thing is Man, whoſe nobleſt part,
That Soul which through the World doth rome,
Traverſes Heav'n, finds out the depth of Art,
Yet is ſo ignorant at home?

2.

In every Brook or Mirrour we can find
Reflections of our face to be;
But a true Optick to preſent our Mind
We hardly get, and darkly ſee.

3.

Yet in the ſearch after our ſelves we run,
Actions and Cauſes we ſurvey;
And when the weary Chaſe is almoſt done,
Then from our Queſt we ſlip away.

4.

'Tis ſtrange & ſad, that ſince we do believe
We have a Soul muſt never die,
There are ſo few that can a Reaſon give
How it obtains that Life, or why.

5.

I wonder not to find thoſe that know moſt,
Profeſs ſo much their Ignorance;
Since in their own Souls greateſt Wits are loſt,
And of themſelves have ſcarce a glance.

6. But

6.

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
That above Dross would fain advance,
And pants and catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own Inheritance.

7.

A Soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
Pierces and judges things unseen:
But this gross heap of Matter cannot act,
Unless impulsed from within.

8.

Distance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
The state of Souls cannot admit;
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it.

9.

God never Body made so bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could discern:
What these words Honesty and Honour mean,
The Soul alone knows how to learn.

10.

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
Yet hath she Notions of her own,
Which Sense doth only jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the first make known.

11.

The Soul her own felicity hath laid,
And independent on the Senſe,
Sees the weak terrours which the World invade,
With pity or with negligence.

12.

So unconcern'd she lives, ſo much above
The Rubbiſh of a ſordid Jail,
That nothing doth her Energy improve
So much as when thoſe ſtructures fail.

13.

She's then a ſubſtance ſubtile, ſtrong and pure,
So immaterial and refin'd,
As ſpeaks her from the Body's fate ſecure,
And wholly of a diff'rent kind.

14.

Religion for reward in vain would look,
Vertue were doom'd to miſery,
All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
Were't not for Immortality.

15.

But as that Conquerour who Millions ſpent
Thought it too mean to give a Mite;
So the World's Judge can never be content
To beſtow leſs than Infinite.

16.

Treaſon againſt Eternal Majeſty
Muſt have eternal Juſtice too;
And ſince unbounded Love did ſatisfie,
He will unbounded Mercy ſhew.

17.

It is our narrow thoughts ſhorten theſe things,
By their companion Fleſh inclin'd;
Which feeling its own weakneſs gladly brings
The ſame opinion to the Mind.

18.

We ſtifle our own Sun, and live in Shade;
But where its beams do once appear,
They make that perſon of himſelf afraid,
And to his own acts moſt ſevere.

19.

For ways, to ſin cloſe, and our breaſts diſguiſe
From outward ſearch, we ſoon may find:
But who can his own Soul bribe or ſurpriſe,
Or ſin without a ſting behind?

20.

He that commands himſelf is more a Prince
Than he who Nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

Happineſs.

NAture courts Happineſs, although it be
Unknown as the *Athenian* Deity.
It dwells not in Man's Senſe, yet he ſupplies
That want by growing fond of its diſguiſe.
The falſe appearances of Joy deceive,
And ſeeking her unto her like we cleave.
For ſinking Man hath ſcarce ſenſe left to know
Whether the Plank he graſps will hold or no.
While all the buſineſs of the World is this,
To ſeek that Good which by miſtake they miſs.
And all the ſeveral Paſſions men expreſs
Are but for Pleaſure in a diff'rent dreſs.
They hope for Happineſs in being Great,
Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own conceit.
But the Good man can find this treaſure out,
For which in vain others do dig and doubt;
And hath ſuch ſecret full Content within,
Though all abroad be ſtorms, yet he can ſing.
His peace is made, all's quiet in that place,
Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd by Grace.
This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
For he can neither envy nor deſpiſe:
But in the beauty of his ordered Mind
Doth ſtill a new rich ſatisfaction find.
Innocent Epicure! whoſe ſingle breaſt
Can furniſh him with a continual feaſt.
A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuſe;
Valuing only what he cannot loſe.
He ſtudies to do good; (a man may be
Harmleſs for want of Opportunity:)
But he's induſtrious kindneſs to diſpence,
And therein onely covets eminence.
Others do court applauſe and fame, but he
Thinks all that giddy noiſe but Vanity.

He

He takes no pains to be obſerv'd or ſeen,
While all his acts are echoed from within.
He's ſtill himſelf, when Company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
For ſtudying God in all his volumes, he
Begins the buſineſs of Eternity.
And unconcern'd without, retains a power
To ſuck (like Bees) a ſweet from ev'ry flower.
And as the Manna of the *Iſraelites*
Had ſeveral taſtes to pleaſe all Appetites:
So his Contentment is that catholick food,
That makes all ſtates ſeem fit as well as good.
He dares not wiſh, nor his own fate propound,
But, if God ſends, reads Love in every wound:
And would not loſe for all the joys of Senſe
The glorious pleaſures of Obedience.
His better part can neither change nor loſe,
And all God's will can bear, can do, can chuſe.

Death.

1.

HOw weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
Which owes its ruine to the ſame
Cauſes which Nature had deſign'd
To cheriſh and preſerve the frame!

2.

As Commonwealths may be ſecure,
And no remote Invaſion dread;
Yet may a ſadder fall endure
From Traitors in their boſom bred:

3. So

3.

So while we feel no violence,
And on our active Healthido truſt,
A ſecret hand doth ſnatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the duſt.

4.

Yet careleſly we run our race,
As if we could Death's ſummons wave;
And think not on the narrow ſpace
Between a Table and a Grave.

5.

But ſince we cannot Death reprieve,
Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,
For they our Bodies will ſurvive;
That goes beyond, this ſtays behind.

6.

If I be ſure my Soul is ſafe,
And that my Actions will provide
My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,
Than that I only liv'd and dy'd;

7.

So that in various accidents
I Conſcience may and Honour keep;
I with that eaſe and innocence
Shall die, as Infants go to ſleep.

To

To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery.

THe publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
Will want as well resemblance as belief,
Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief.
When in your Fever we with terrour saw
At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw;
And every *crisis* did with jealous fear
Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
That after death they might not want a Train.
Such cruelty were here a needless sin;
For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,
Sorrow alone that service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in ev'ry Visage seen,
And onely yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great *Charles*'s call'd you back again:
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the *Thracian* Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retriev'd;
And with the moving accents of his wo
His Spouse recover'd from the shades below.
So the King's grief your threatned loss withstood,
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he woo'd:
And to his happy Passion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for so adorn'd a Queen.
But how severe a Choice had you to make,

When you muſt Heav'n delay, or Him forſake;
Yet ſince thoſe joys you made ſuch haſte to find
Had ſcarce been full if he were left behind,
How well did Fate decide your inward ſtrife,
By making him a Preſent of your Life;
Which reſcu'd Bleſſing he muſt long enjoy,
Since our Offences could it not deſtroy.
For none but Death durſt rival him in you;
And Death himſelf was baffled in it too.

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's *Retirement.*

ODE.

1.

NO, no, unfaithful World, thou haſt
Too long my eaſie Heart betray'd,
And me too long thy Foot-ball made:
But I am wiſer grown at laſt,
And will improve by all that I have paſt.
I know 'twas juſt I ſhould be practis'd on;
For I was told before,
And told in ſober and inſtructive lore,
How little all that truſted thee have won:
And yet I would make haſte to be undone.
Now by my ſuff'ring I am better taught,
And ſhall no more commit that ſtupid fault.
Go, get ſome other Fool,
Whom thou mayſt next cajole:
On me thy frowns thou doſt in vain beſtow;
For I know how
To be as coy and as reſerv'd as thou.

2.

In my remote and humble ſeat
Now I'm again poſſeſt

Of that late fugitive, my Breaſt,
From all thy tumults and from all thy heat
I'le find a quiet and a cool retreat;
And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful ſcorn
In this my ſov'raign Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my ſelf I may ſubdue;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.
If ev'ry Paſſion had got leave
Its ſatisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleaſure call,
To conquer one, then to indulge them all.

3.

For thy inconſtant Sea, no more
I'le leave that ſafe and ſolid Shore:
No, though to proſper in the cheat,
Thou ſhouldſt my Deſtiny defeat,
And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great:
Nor from my ſelf ſhouldſt me reclaim
With all the noiſe and all the pomp of Fame.
Judiciouſly I'le theſe deſpiſe;
Too ſmall the Bargain, and too great the Price,
For them to cozen twice.
At length this ſecret I have learn'd;
Who will be happy, muſt be unconcern'd,
Muſt all their Comfort in their Boſom wear,
And ſeek their treaſure and their power there.

4.

No other Wealth will I aſpire,
But that of Nature to admire;
Nor envy on a Laurel will beſtow,
Whil'ſt I have any in my Garden grow.
And when I would be Great,

'Tis but aſcending to a Seat
Which Nature in a lofty Rock hath built;
A Throne as free from trouble as from guilt.
Where when my Soul her wings does raiſe
Above what Worldlings fear or praiſe,
With innocence and quiet pride I'le ſit,
And ſee the humble waves pay tribute to my feet.
O Life Divine, when free from joys diſeas'd,
Not always merry, but 'tis always pleas'd!

5.

A Heart, which is too great a thing
To be a Preſent for a *Perſian* King,
Which God himſelf would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiouſly reſort,
From its own height ſhould much decline,
If this Converſe it ſhould reſign
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine.
Thy unwiſe rigour hath thy Empire loſt;
It hath not only ſet me free,
But it hath made me ſee,
They onely can of thy poſſeſſion boaſt,
Who do enjoy thee leaſt, and underſtand thee moſt.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muſe inſpir'd)
Is now triumphantly retir'd.
The mighty *Cowley* this hath done,
And over thee a *Parthian* Conqueſt won:
Which future Ages ſhall adore,
And which in this ſubdues thee more
Then either *Greek* or *Roman* ever could before.

The

The Iriſh *Grey-hound.*

BEhold this Creature's Form and ſtate,
Which Nature therefore did create,
That to the World might be expreſt
What meen there can be in a Beaſt;
And that we in this ſhape may find
A Lion of another kind.
For this Heroick beaſt does ſeem
In Majeſty to Rival him;
And yet vouchſafes, to Man, to ſhew
Both ſervice and ſubmiſſion too.
From whence we this diſtinction have,
That Beaſt is fierce, but this is brave.
This Dog hath ſo himſelf ſubdu'd,
That hunger cannot make him rude:
And his behaviour does confeſs
True Courage dwells with Gentleneſs.
With ſterneſt Wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them ſucceſsful rage.
Yet too much courteſie may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his oppoſers blood,
Fortune hath made his vertue good;
This Creature from an act ſo brave
Grows not more ſullen, but more grave.
Mans Guard he would be, not his ſport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't;
But yet no blood or ſhed or ſpent
Can ever make him inſolent.
Few Men of him, to do great things have learn'd,
And when th'are done to be ſo unconcern'd.

Song.

SONG.

To the tune of *Sommes nous pas trop heureux.*

1.

HOw prodigious is my fate,
Since I can't determine clearly,
Whether you'l do more ſeverely
Giving me your love or hate!
For if you with kindneſs bleſs me,
Since from you I ſoon muſt part;
Fortune will ſo diſpoſſeſs me,
That your Love will break my heart.

2.

But ſince Death all ſorrow cures,
Might I chuſe my way of dying,
I could wiſh the arrow flying
From Fortunes Quiver, not from yours.
For in the ſad unuſual ſtory
How my wretched heart was torn,
It will more concern your glory,
I by abſence fell then ſcorn.

A Dialogue betwixt Lucaſia *and* Roſania, *Imitating that of Gentle* Theriſis.

Ros. MY *Lucaſia*, leave the Mountain tops,
And like a nearer air.
Luc. How ſhall I then forſake my Lovely Flocks
Bequeathed to my care?
Ros. Shepherdeſs, thy Flocks will not be leſs,
Although thou ſhould'ſt come hither.

Luc.

Luc. But I fear, the World will be ſevere,
Should I leave them to go thither.
Ros. O! my friend, if you on that depend,
You'l never know content.
Luc. Rather I near thee would live and dye,
Would Fortune but conſent.
Ros. But did you ask leave to love me too,
That others ſhould deprive me?
Luc. Not all Mankind, a ſtratagem can find
Which from that heart ſhould drive me.
Ros. Better 't had been, I thee had never ſeen,
Then that content to loſe.
Luc. Such are thy Charms, I'd dwell within thine arms
Could I my ſtation chuſe.
Ros. When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
And all our cares do end.
Luc. Nay I know there's nothing ſweet below
Unleſs it be a Friend.
Ros. Then whilſt we live, this Joy let's take and give,
Since death us ſoon will ſever.
Luc. But I truſt, when crumbled into duſt,
We ſhall meet and love for ever.

Song to the Tune of Adieu Phillis.

'TIs true our Life is but a long diſeaſe
Made up of real pain and ſeeming eaſe.
You Stars, who theſe entangled fortunes give,
O tell me why
It is ſo hard to dye,
Yet ſuch a task to Live?

If with ſome pleaſure we our griefs betray,
It coſts us dearer then it can repay.
For time or Fortune all things to devour;
Our hopes are croſt,
Or elſe the object loſt,
E're we can call it ours.

An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law Mrs. Phillips *of* Portheynon *in* Cardigan-ſhire, *who dyed Jan.* 1. *Anno* 166⅞

READER ſtay, it is but juſt;
Thou doſt not tread on common duſt.
For underneath this ſtone does lye
One whoſe name can never dye:
Who from an Honour'd Linage ſprung,
Was to another matched Young;
Whoſe happineſs ſhe ever ſought;
One bleſſing was, and many brought.
And to her ſpouſe her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love.
But when by Death of him depriv'd,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years, wherein
Though ſhe had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her children fall,
And publick Ruine threaten all.
Yet from above aſſiſted, ſhe
Both did and ſuffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown, and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them rever'd,
With Piety which knew no ſtrife,
But was as ſober as her life.
A furniſh'd Table, open door,
That for her Friends, this for the Poor
She kept; yet did her fortune find,
Too narrow for her nobler Mind;
VVhich ſeeking objects to relieve,
Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know,
But all the Poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her fame is much too ſafe,
To need a written Epitaph.

Her

Her Fame was ſo confeſs'd, that ſhe
Can never here forgotten be,
Till *Cardigan* it ſelf become,
To its own ruin'd heaps a Tomb.

Lucaſia, Roſania, *and* Orinda *parting at a Fountain, July* 1663.

1.

HEre, here are our enjoyments done,
And ſince the Love and Grief we wear
Forbids us either word or tear,
And Art wants here expreſſion,
See Nature furniſh us with one.

2.

The kind and mournful Nymph which here
Inhabits in her humble Cells,
No longer her own ſorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears,
But for our parting ſheds theſe tears.

3.

Unleſs ſhe may afflicted be,
Leſt we ſhould doubt her Innocence;
Since ſhe hath loſt her beſt pretence
Unto a matchleſs purity;
Our Love being clearer far than ſhe.

4.

Cold as the ſtreams that from her flow
Or (if her privater receſs
A greater Coldneſs can expreſs)

Then cold as thoſe dark beds of Snow
Our hearts are at this parting blow.

5.

But Time that has both wings and feet,
Our Suffering Minutes being ſpent,
Will Viſit us with new Content.
And ſure, if kindneſs be ſo ſweet,
'Tis harder to forget than meet.

6.

Then though the ſad adieu we ſay,
Yet as the wine we hither bring,
Revives, and then exalts the Spring;
So let our hopes to meet allay,
The fears and Sorrows of this day.

A Farewel to Roſania.

MY Dear *Roſania*, ſometimes be ſo kind,
To think upon the friend thou leav'ſt behind,
And wiſh Thee here, to make my joys compleat,
Or elſe me there, to ſhare thy bleſt Retreat.
But to the Heart which for thy Loſs doth mourn,
The kindeſt thought is that of quick return.

To my Lady Anne Boyle, *ſaying I look'd angrily upon her.*

ADor'd *Valeria*, and can you conclude,
Orinda loſt in ſuch Ingratitude?
And ſo miſ-ſpell the Language of my face,
When in my heart you have ſo great a Place?

Ah

Ah be assur'd I could no look direct
To you, not full of passion and respect.
Or if my looks have play'd that treach'rous part,
And so much mis-interpreted my heart,
I shall forgive them that one falshood, less
Than all their folly, and their ugliness,
And had much rather chuse they should appear
Always unhandsome, than once unsincere.
But I must thank your errour, which procures
Me such obliging jealousie as yours.
For at that quarrel I can ne're repine,
Which shews your kindness, though it questions mine.
To your Concern I pardon your distrust,
And prize your Love, ev'n when it is unjust.

On the Welch Language.

IF Honour to an ancient Name be due,
Or Riches challenge it for one that's new,
The *British* Language claims in either sense,
Both for its Age, and for its Opulence.
But all great things must be from us remov'd,
To be with higher reverence belov'd.
So Landskips which in Prospects distant lye,
With greater wonder draw the pleased Eye.
Is not great *Troy* to one dark ruine hurl'd?
Once the fam'd Scene of all the fighting world.
Where's *Athens* now, to whom *Rome* Learning owes,
And the safe Lawrels that adorn'd her brows?
A strange reverse of Fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she's now obscure.
E'ne *Rome* her self can but some footsteps show
Of *Scipio*'s times, or those of *Cicero*.
And as the *Roman* and the *Grecian* State,
The *British* fell, the spoil of Time and Fate.
But though the Language hath the beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great Remains to boast.

For 'twas in that, the ſacred Bards of old,
In deathleſs Numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In Groves, by Rivers, and on fertile Plains,
They civiliz'd and taught the liſt'ning Swains;
Whilſt with high raptures, and as great ſucceſs,
Virtue they cloath'd in Muſick's charming dreſs.
This *Merlin* ſpoke, who in his gloomy Cave,
Ev'n Deſtiny her ſelf ſeem'd to enſlave.
For to his ſight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own:
And with ſuch ſtate, Predictions from him fell,
As if he did Decree, and not Foretell.
This ſpoke King *Arthur*, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell'd Mankind to ſpeak it too.
In this once *Boadicca* valour taught,
And ſpoke more nobly than her Souldiers fought:
Tell me what Hero could do more than ſhe,
Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty?
Nor could a greater Sacrifice belong,
Or to her Childrens, or her Countries wrong.
This ſpoke *Caractacus*, who was ſo brave,
That to the *Roman* Fortune check he gave;
And when their Yoke he could decline no more,
He it ſo decently and nobly wore,
That *Rome* her ſelf with bluſhes did believe,
A *Britain* would the Law of Honour give;
And haſtily his chains away ſhe threw,
Leſt her own Captive elſe ſhould her ſubdue.

To the Counteſs of Thanet, *upon her marriage.*

SInce you who Credit to all wonders bring,
That Lovers can believe, or Poets ſing;
Whoſe only ſhape and faſhion does expreſs,
Your Vertue is your nature not your dreſs;
In whom the moſt admir'd extreams appear,
Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet ſincere:

Whoſe

Whoſe matchleſs worth tranſmits ſuch ſplendid raies,
As thoſe that envy it are forc'd to praiſe:
Since you have found ſuch an illuſtrious ſphere,
And are reſolv'd to fix your glories there;
A heart whoſe bravery to his Sex ſecures
As much Renown as you have done to yours;
And whoſe perfections in obtaining you,
Are both diſcover'd and rewarded too;
'Twere almoſt equal boldneſs to invent
How to increaſe your Merit, or Content.
Yet ſure the Muſes ſomewhat have to ſay,
But they will ſend it you a better way:
The Court, which ſo much to your luſtre owes,
Muſt alſo pay you its officious vows.
But whilſt this ſhews reſpect, and thoſe their art,
Let me too ſpeak the language of my heart;
Whoſe ruder Offrings dare approach your ſhrine,
For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
Fortune and Virtue with ſuch heat contend
(As once for *Rome*) now to make you their friend:
And you ſo well can this prefer to that,
As you can neither fear, nor mend your Fate:
Yet ſince the votes of joy from all are due,
A love like mine, muſt find ſome wiſhes too.
May you in this bright Conſtellation ſet,
Still ſhew how much the Good outſhine the Great:
May you be courted with all joys of ſenſe,
Yet place the higheſt in your innocence;
Whoſe praiſe may you enjoy, but not regard,
Finding within both motive and reward.
May Fortune ſtill to your commands be juſt,
Yet ſtill beneath your kindneſs or your truſt.
May you no trouble either feel or fear,
But from your pity for what others wear;
And may the happy owner of your breaſt,
Still find his paſſion with his joys encreas'd;
Whilſt every moment your concern makes known,
And gives him too, freſh reaſon for his own:

And

And from their Parents may your Offspring have
All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave:
Or if all wishes we in one would give,
For him, and for the world, Long may you live.

EPITAPH

On her Son H. P. *at St.* Sythe's *Church, where her body also lies Interred.*

WHat on Earth deserves our trust?
Youth and Beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless, marriage past,
A Son, a Son is born at last:
So exactly limb'd and fair,
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
As a long life promised,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd:
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison shell.
So the subtle Alchymist,
Can't with *Hermes* Seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night.
And so the Sun if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a shrowd,
Buried in a morning Cloud.

On the death of my Lord Rich, *only Son to the Earl of* Warwick, *who dyed of the ſmall Pox,* 1664.

HAve not ſo many lives of late
Suffic'd to quench the greedy thirſt of Fate?
Though to encreaſe the mournful purple Flood,
As well as Noble, ſhe drank Royal Blood;
That not content, againſt us to engage
Our own wild fury, and Uſurpers rage;
By ſickneſs now, when all that ſtorm is paſt,
She ſtrives to hew our Heros down as faſt;
And by the Prey ſhe chuſes, ſhews her Aim
Is to extinguiſh all the Engliſh Fame.
Elſe had this generous Youth we now have loſt,
Been ſtill his Friends delight, and Country's boaſt;
And higher rais'd the Illuſtrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death conſider'd e're he ſtruck this blow,
How many noble hopes 'twould overthrow;
The Genius of his Houſe (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy'd o're again)
His flouriſhing, and yet untainted years;
His Fathers anguiſh, and his Mothers tears;
Sure he had been perſwaded to relent,
Nor had for ſo much early ſweetneſs, ſent
That fierce Diſeaſe, which knows not how to ſpare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.
But we as well might flatter every wind,
And court the Tempeſts to be leſs unkind,
As hope from churliſh Death to ſnatch his Prey,
Who is as furious and as deaf as they;
And who hath cruelly ſurpriz'd in him,
His Parents joy, and all the World's eſteem.
Say treacherous hopes that whiſper in our ear,
Still to expect ſome ſteady comfort here,

And

And though we oft diſcover all your Arts,
Would ſtill betray our diſappointed Hearts;
What new deluſion can you now prepare,
Since this pale object ſhews how falſe you are?
'Twill fully anſwer all you have to plead,
If we reply, Great *Warwick*'s Heir is dead:
Bluſh humane Hopes and Joys, and then be all
In ſolemn mourning at this Funeral.
For ſince ſuch expectations brittle prove,
What can we ſafely either Hope or Love?

The Virgin.

THe things that make a Virgin pleaſe,
She that ſeeks, will find them theſe;
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindneſs, and of wit;
An undiſſembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence:
A Converſation, at once, free
From Paſſion, and from Subtlety;
A Face that's modeſt, yet ſerene,
A ſober, and yet lively Meen;
The vertue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by ſcorn;
With ſuch wiſe lowlineſs indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude;
That prudent negligence enrich,
And Time's her ſilence and her ſpeech;
Whoſe equal mind does always move,
Neither a foe, nor ſlave to Love;
And whoſe Religion's ſtrong and plain,
Not ſuperſtitious, nor prophane.

Upon the graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barnelmes *Walks.*

ALas how barbarous are we,
Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
Who its broad ſhade affording us,
Deſerves not to be wounded thus!
See how the Yielding Bark complies
With our ungrateful injuries.
And ſeeing this, ſay how much then
Trees are more generous then Men,
Who by a Nobleneſs ſo pure
Can firſt oblige, and then endure.

To my deareſt friend Mrs. A. Owen, *upon her greateſt loſs.*

AS when two ſiſter rivelets who crept
From that dark bed of ſnow wherein they ſlept,
By private diſtant currents under ground
Have by *Mæanders* eithers boſom found,
They ſob aloud and break down what withſtood,
Swoln by their own embraces to a flood:
So when my ſympathy for thy dear grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give relief,
I found my ſorrow heightned when ſo joyn'd,
And thine increas'd by being ſo combin'd,
Since to the bleeding hopes of many years,
I could contribute nothing but my tears;
Fears which to thy ſad fate were juſtly due,
And to his loſs, by all who that loſs knew;
For thy *Chriſtus* was ſo much above
The eloquence of all our grief and love,
That it would be Injurious to his Hearſe
To think to crowd his worth into a verſe;

Could I by miracle ſuch praiſe indite,
Who with more eaſe and Juſtice weep then write,
He was all that which Hiſtory can boaſt,
Or bolder Poetry had e're engroſs'd.
So pious, juſt, noble, diſcreet, and kind,
Their beſt *Ideas* knew not how to find.
His ſtrong Religion not on trifles ſpent,
Was uſeful, firm, early, and eminent,
Never betray'd to indigeſted heat,
Nor yet entic'd from what was ſafely great.
And this ſo ſoon, as if he had foreſight,
He muſt begin betimes whoſe noon is night.
His vertue was his choice, and not his chance,
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
And for his Faith did not diſpute, but live,
And liv'd juſt like his infant Innocence,
But that was crown'd with free obedience.
How did he ſcorn deſign, and equally
How much abhorr'd this Ages vanity!
He neither lik'd it's tumults, nor its Joys,
Slighted alike Earths pleaſures, and her noiſe.
But unconcern'd in both, in his own mind
Alone could power and ſatisfaction find.
A treaſury of merit there lay hid,
Which though he ne're confeſs'd, his actions did.
His Modeſty unto his vertue lent
At once a ſhadow and an ornament.
But what could hide thoſe filial rites he paid;
How much he lov'd, how prudently obey'd?
How as a brother did he juſtly ſhare
His kind concern betwixt reſpect and care?
And to a wife how fully did he prove
How wiſely he could judge, how fondly love?
As Husbands ſerious, but as Lovers kind,
He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her mind;
And with a paſſion made this Riddle true,
'Twas ever perfect, and yet ſtill it grew.

Such

Such handſome thoughts his Breaſt did ever fill,
He durſt do any thing, but what was ill;
Unlike thoſe Gallants who ſo uſe their time,
As opportunity to act their crime,
And loſt in wine or vanity when young,
They dye too ſoon, becauſe they liv'd too long:
But he has hallowed ſo his early death,
'Tis almoſt ſhame to draw a longer breath.
I can no more, they that can muſt have learn'd
To be more eloquent and leſs concern'd.
But all that Noble Juſtice to his Name
His own good Angel will commit to Fame.
Could grief recall this happineſs again,
Of thy dear ſorrow I would ne're complain,
But ſuch an opportunity would take,
To grieve an uſeleſs life out for thy ſake.
But ſince it cannot, I muſt pray thee live,
That ſo much of *Chariſtus* may ſurvive,
And that thou do not act ſo harſh to Love,
As that his glory ſhould thy ſorrow move:
Endure thy loſs till Heav'n ſhall it repay,
Upon thy laſt and glorious wedding-day,
When thou ſhalt know him more, and quickly find
The love increas'd by being ſo refin'd,
And there poſſeſs him without parting fears,
As I my friendſhip free from future tears.

Orinda *to* Lucaſia *parting* October 1661. *at* London.

ADieu dear object of my Love's exceſs,
And with thee all my hopes of happineſs,
With the ſame fervent and unchanged heart
Which did it's whole ſelf once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has ſo ſorely bruis'd,
Would ſuffer more, to be from this excus'd)
I to reſign thy dear Converſe ſubmit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

Thou haſt too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, paſſion within.
My mind is ſunk below thy tenderneſs,
And my condition does deſerve it leſs;
I'm ſo entangl'd and ſo loſt a thing
By all the ſhocks my daily ſorrow bring,
That would'ſt thou for thy old *Orinda* call,
Thou hardly could'ſt unravel her at all.
And ſhould I thy clear fortunes interline
With the inceſſant miſeries of mine?
No, no, I never lov'd at ſuch a rate
To tye thee to the rigours of my fate,
As from my obligations thou art free,
Sure thou ſhalt be ſo from my Injury,
Though every other worthineſs I miſs,
Yet I'le at leaſt be generous in this.
I'de rather periſh without ſigh or groan,
Then thou ſhould'ſt be condemn'd to give me one;
Nay in my ſoul I rather could allow
Friendſhip ſhould be a ſufferer, then thou;
Go then, ſince my ſad heart has ſet thee free,
Let all the loads and chains remain on me.
Though I be left the prey of Sea and wind,
Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
Nor ſhall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art ſafe, whom I muſt value more.
Oh! may'ſt thou ever be ſo, and as free
From all ills elſe, as from my company,
And may the Torments thou haſt had from it
Be all that heaven will to thy life permit.
And that they may thy vertue ſervice do,
Mayſt thou be able to forgive them too:
But though I muſt this ſharp ſubmiſſion learn,
I cannot yet unwiſh thy dear concern.
Not one new comfort I expect to ſee,
I quit my Joy, hope, life, and all but thee;
Nor ſeek I thence ought that may diſcompoſe
That mind where ſo ſerene a goodneſs grows.

I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow;
And thou wilt satisfie my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.
Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou couldst have don't without a blush.
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise.
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious Eyes a tear.
Oh may no minutes trouble, thee possess,
But to endear the next hours happiness;
And mayst thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse belov'd:
Oh pardon me for pouring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than e're I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

On the 1. *of* January 1657.

TH' Eternal Centre of my life and me,
Who when I was not, gave me room to be,
Hath since (my time preserving in his hands)
By moments numbred out the precious sand,
Till it is swell'd to six and twenty years,
Checquer'd by Providence with smiles and tears.
I have observ'd how vain all glories are,
The change of Empire, and the chance of War:
Seen Faction with its native venom burst,
And Treason struck, by what it self had nurs'd.

Seen

Seen uſeleſs Crimes, whoſe Owners but made way,
For future Candidates to wear the Bay.

To my Lady M. Cavendiſh, *chuſing the name of* Policrite.

THat Nature in your frame has taken care,
As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
Since we at once diſcover in your Face,
The luſtre of your Eyes and of your Race;
And that your ſhape and faſhion does atteſt,
So bright a form has yet a brighter gueſt,
To future times authentick fame ſhall bring,
Hiſtorians ſhall relate, and Poets ſing,
But ſince your boundleſs mind upon my head,
Some rays of ſplendour is content to ſhed;
And leſt I ſuffer by the great ſurprize,
Since you ſubmit to meet me in diſguiſe,
Can lay aſide what dazles vulgar ſight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite*.
You muſt endure my vows and find the way
To entertain ſuch Rites as I can pay:
For ſo the pow'r divine new praiſe acquires,
By ſcorning nothing that it once inſpires:
I have no merits that your ſmile can win,
Nor offering to appeaſe you when I ſin;
Nor can my uſeleſs homage hope to raiſe,
When what I cannot ſerve, I ſtrive to praiſe:
But I can love, and love at ſuch a pitch,
As I dare boaſt it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindneſs is a Mine, when great and true,
Of nobler Ore than ever *Indians* knew,
'Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n beſtow,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

Againſt

Againſt Love.

HEnce *Cupid* with your cheating Toies,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joies,
Your Pleaſure which it ſelf deſtroies.
Lovers like men in Feavers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weakneſs makes Love ſo ſevere,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart ſubmit,
Makes his own Idol, and then worſhips it.
Him whoſe heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown.
He feels no raptures which are joies diſeas'd,
And is not much tranſported, but ſtill pleas'd.

A Dialogue of Friendſhip multiplyed.

Muſidorus.

WIll you unto one ſingle ſenſe
Confine a ſtarry Influence?
Or when you do the raies combine,
To themſelves only make them ſhine?
Love that's engroſs'd by one alone,
Is envy not affection.

Orinda.

No *Muſidorus*, this would be,
But Friendſhips prodigality,
Union in raies does not confine,
But doubles luſtre when they ſhine.

And

And ſouls united live above
Envy, as much as ſcatter'd Love.
Friendſhip (like Rivers) as it multiplies,
In many ſtreams, grows weaker ſtill and dies.

Muſidorus.

Rivers indeed may loſe their force,
When they divide or break their courſe,
For they may want ſome hidden Spring,
Which to their ſtreams recruits may bring;
But Friendſhip's made of pureſt fire,
Which burns and keeps its ſtock entire.
Love like the Sun, may ſhed his beams on all,
And grow more great by being general.

Orinda.

The purity of friendſhip's flame
Proves that from ſympathy it came,
And that the hearts ſo cloſe do knit,
They no third partner can admit;
Love like the Sun does all inſpire,
But burns moſt by contracted fire.
Then though I honour every worthy gueſt,
Yet my *Lucaſia* only rules my breaſt.

Roſania *to* Lucaſia *on her Letters.*

AH ſtrike outright, or elſe forbear,
Be more kind, or more ſevere;
For in this checquer'd mixture I
Cannot live, and would not die,
And muſt I neither? tell me why?

When thy Pen thy kindneſs tells,
My heart tranſported leaps and ſwells.

But

But when my greedy eye does ſtray
Thy threat'ned abſence to ſurvey,
That heart is ſtruck and faints away.

To give me title to rich land,
And the fruition to withſtand,
Or ſolemnly to ſend the key
Of treaſures I muſt never ſee,
Would it contempt, or bounty be?

This is ſuch refin'd diſtreſs,
That thy ſad Lovers ſigh for leſs,
Though thou their hopes haſt overthrown,
They loſe but what they ne're have known,
But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canſt thou thy *Roſania* prize,
And be ſo cruel and ſo wiſe?
For if ſuch rigid policy
Muſt thy reſolves diſpute with me,
Where then is friendſhip's victory?

Kindneſs is of ſo brave a make,
'Twill rather death than bondage take,
So that if thine no power can have,
Give it and me one common grave,
But quickly either kill or ſave.

To my Antenor, *March* 16. 166½

MY dear *Antenor* now give ore,
For my ſake talk of graves no more,
Death is not in your power to gain,
And is both wiſh'd and fear'd in vain.
Let's be as angry as we will,
Grief ſooner may diſtract than kill,
And the unhappy often prove

Death is as coy a thing as Love.
Thoſe whoſe own ſword their death did give,
Afraid were or aſham'd to Live;
And by an act ſo deſperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
'Tis braver much t'out-ride the ſtorm,
Endure its rage, and ſhun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatneſs ſhews then having none.
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At laſt may lift us from the ground,
And when our fortune's moſt ſevere,
The leſs we have, the leſs we fear.
And why ſhould we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor ſhorten it?
Let's wait for a ſucceeding good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as flood:
And ſince the Parliament have reſcu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do ſo too.

A Triton to Lucaſia *going to Sea, ſhortly after the Queen's arrival.*

1.

MY Maſter *Neptune* took ſuch pains of late
To quiet the Commotions of his ſtate,
That he might give, through his fierce winds and Seas,
Safe paſſage to the Royal *Portugueze*,
That he e're ſince at home has kept,
And in his Chryſtal Palace ſlept,
Till a ſwift wind told him to day
A ſtranger was to paſs this way,
Whom he hath ſent me out to view,
And I muſt tell him, Madam, it is you.

2. He

He knows you by an Honourable fame:
Who hath not heard Lucasia's worthy name?
But should he see you too, I doubt he will
Grow amorous, and here detain you still.
I know his humor very well,
So best can the event foretel,
But wishing you better success,
And that my Masters guilt be less,
I will say nothing of your form
Till you are past the danger of a storm.

3

Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,
No power that is Sea-born can displease;
You are much more then Nymph or Goddess bright;
I saw 'm all at supper t' other Night,
They with far less attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law.
Your Charms the winds and seas will move,
But 'tis to wonder, not to Love.
Your only danger is, lest they
Stiff with amazement should becalm your way.

4

But should they all want breath to make a gale,
What's sent in prayers for you will fill your sail;
What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and kindness can no slip endure;
The winds will do as much for you.

5.

Yet since our birth the English Ocean boasts,
We hope some times to see you on these Coasts,
And we will order for you as you pass,
Winds soft as Lovers vows, waves smooth as glass.

Each Deity ſhall you befriend,
And all the Sea-Nymphs ſhall attend;
But if becauſe a Ship's too ſtraight,
Or elſe unworthy ſuch a fraight,
A Coach more uſeful would appear,
That and ſix *Daniſh* Steeds you know are here.

Orinda *upon little* Hector Philips.

1.

TWice forty months of Wedlock I did ſtay,
Then had my vowscrown'd with a Lovely boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away,
O ſwift Viciſſitude of humane joy!

2.

I did but ſee him and he diſ-appear'd,
I did but pluck the Roſe-bud and it fell,
A ſorrow unforeſeen and ſcarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions ſpell.

3.

And now (ſweet Babe) what can my trembling heart
Suggeſt to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my Muſe, and ſorrow all my Art,
So piercing groans muſt be thy Elogy.

4.

Thus whilſt no eye is witneſs of my mone,
I grieve thy loſs (Ah boy too dear to live)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreſhment give.

5.

An Off'ring to for thy ſad Tomb I have,

Too juſt a tribute to thy early Herſe,
Receive theſe gaſping numbers to thy grave,
The laſt of thy unhappy Mothers Verſe.

To the Lady E. Boyl.

AH lovely *Celimena* why
Are you ſo full of charms,
That neither Sex can from them flie,
Nor take againſt them arms?

Others in time may gain a part,
But you at once ſnatch all the heart.

Dear Tyrant why will you ſubdue
Orinda's trivial heart,
Which can no triumph add to you,
Not meriting your dart?
And ſure you will not grant it one,
If not for my ſake, for your own.

For it has been by tenderneſs
Already ſo much bruis'd,
That at your Altars I may gueſs
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But oh what madneſs can or dare
Diſpute this noble chain,
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,
Than Empires to obtain.
To be your ſlave I more deſign,
Than to have all the world be mine.

Thoſe glorious Fetters will create
A merit fit for them,
Repair the breaches made by Fate,

And

And whom they own redeem.
What thus ennobles and thus cures,
Can be no influence but yours.

Pardon th' Ambition of my aim,
Who love you at that rate,
That ſtory cannot boaſt a flame
So laſting and ſo great.
I can be only kind and true,
But what elſe can be worthy you.

To my Lord Duke of Ormond, *upon the late Plot.*

THough you, great Sir, be Heav'ns immediate care,
Who ſhew'd you danger, and then broke the ſnare;
And our firſt gratitude to that be due,
Yet there is much that muſt be paid to you:
For 'tis your Prudence *Ireland*'s peace ſecures,
Gives her her ſafety, and (whats dearer) yours,
Whil'ſt your prevailing Genius does diſpence,
At once its conduct, and its influence;
Leſs honour from a battel won is got,
Than to repel ſo dangerous a Plot;
Fortune with Courage may play booty there,
But ſingle vertue is triumphant here;
In vain the bold ingrateful Rebels aim
To overturn when you ſupport the ſame;
You who three potent Kingdoms late have ſeen
Tremble with fury, and yet ſtedfaſt been;
Who an afflicted Majeſty could wait,
When it was ſeemingly forſook by Fate;
Whoſe ſettled Loyalty no ſtorms diſmaid,
Nor the more flattering miſchiefs could diſſwade:
And having ſcap'd ſo dangerous a coaſt,
Could you now fall expiring Treaſons boaſt?
Or was it hop'd by this contemned crew,
That you could Fortune, and not them ſubdue?

But

But whilſt theſe wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the knowledge of your mighty fate;
You ſhall preſerve your Kings entruſted Crown,
Aſſiſted by his fortune and your own.
And whileſt his Sword Kingdoms abroad beſtows,
You with the next renown ſhall this diſpoſe.

To the Counteſs of Roſcomon, *with a Copy of* Pompey.

GReat *Pompey*'s Fame from *Egypt* made eſcape,
And flies to you for ſuccour in this ſhape:
A ſhape, which, I aſſur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to ſee, nor him to wear.
Yet he ſays, Madam, he's reſolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a ſecond doom:
But ſtill he hopes to bribe you, by that truſt
You may be kind, but cannot be unjuſt;
Each of whoſe favours will delight him more,
Than all the Lawrels that his temples wore:
Yet if his Name and his misfortunes fail,
He thinks my interceſſion will prevail;
And whilſt my Numbers would relate his end,
Not like a Judge you'l liſten, but a friend;
For how can either of us fear your frown,
Since he and I are both ſo much your own.
But when you wonder at my bold deſign,
Remember who did that high task enjoin;
Th' illuſtrious *Orrery*, whoſe leaſt command,
You would more wonder if I could withſtand:
Of him I cannot which is hardeſt tell,
Or not to praiſe him, or to praiſe him well;
Who on that height from whence true glory came,
Does there poſſeſs and thence diſtribute fame;
Where all their Lyres the willing Muſes bring,
To learn of him whatever they ſhall ſing;
Since all muſt yield, whilſt there are Books or Men,

The

The Univerſal Empire to his Pen;
Oh! had that powerful genius but inſpir'd
The feeble hand, whoſe ſervice he requir'd,
It had your Juſtice then, not mercy pray'd,
Had pleas'd you more, and better him obey'd.

On the death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloid *Knight.*

AT Obſequies where ſo much grief is due,
The Muſes are in ſolemn mourning too,
And by their dead aſtoniſhment confeſs,
They can lament this loſs, though not expreſs:
Nay if thoſe ancient Bards had ſeen this Herſe,
Who once in *Britiſh* ſhades ſpoke living Verſe,
Their high concern for him had made them be
Apter to weep, than write his Elogy:
When on our Land that flood of woes was ſent,
Which ſwallow'd all things ſacred as it went,
The injur'd Arts and Vertues made his breaſt
The Ark wherein they did ſecurely reſt:
For as that old one was toſs'd up and down,
And yet the angry billows could not drown;
So Heav'n did him in this worſe deluge ſave,
And made him triumph o're th' unquiet wave:
Who while he did with that wild ſtorm conteſt,
Such real magnanimity expreſt,
That he dar'd to be Loyal, in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime:
Duty, and not ambition, was his aim,
Who ſtudy'd Conſcience ever more then Fame,
And thought it ſo deſirable a thing,
To be preferr'd to ſuffer for his King,
That he all fortunes ſpight had pardon'd her,
Had ſhe not made his Prince a ſufferer;
For whoſe lov'd cauſe he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,

To

To teach the world what man can be and do,
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too,
His head and heart mutual assistance gave,
That being still so wise, and this so brave,
That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did,
From judgment, and from honour did proceed:
Such was the useful mixture of his mind,
'Twas at once mark and knowing, stout and kind;
For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
And for his Friends so generously concern'd,
That both his heart and house, his hand and tongue,
To them, more than himself, seem'd to belong;
As if to his wrong'd party he would be
Both an Example and Apology.
For when both Swords and Pens ceas'd the dispute,
His life alone Rebellion did confute;
But when his Vows propitious Heaven had heard,
And our unequall'd King at length appear'd,
As aged *Simeon* did his spirits yield,
When he had seen his dearest hopes fulfill'd;
He gladly saw the morning of that day,
Which *Charles* his growing splendour did display;
Then to Eternal joys made greater haste,
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast;
From which he fled, out of a pious fear
Lest he by them should be rewarded here;
While his sad Country by his death have lost
Their noblest Pattern, and their greatest boast.

Orinda to *Lucasia*.

OBserve the weary birds e're night be done,
How they would fain call up the tardy Sun;
With Feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too.

They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there:
The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds:
While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams, from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur and demand the day.

2.

Thou my *Lucasia* art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my Friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:
My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou may'st come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

To Celimena.

FOrbear fond heart (say I) torment no more
That *Celimena* whom thou dost adore,
For since so many of her Chains are proud,
How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd?
But say, bold trifler, what dost thou pretend?
Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend?
Equality in friendship is requir'd,
Which here were criminal to be desir'd.

An

An Answer to another perswading a Lady to Marriage.

1.

FOrbear bold Youth, all's Heaven here,
And what you do aver,
To others Courtship may appear,
'Tis Sacriledge to her.

2.

She is a publick Deity,
And were't not very odd
She should depose her self to be
A petty Houshold God?

3.

First make the Sun in private shine,
And bid the World adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
In complement to you.

4.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her beams which are
More bright and large than this.

Lucasia *and* Orinda *parting with* Pastora *and* Phillis *at* Ipswich.

1.

IN your converse we best can read,
How constant we should be,
But, 'tis in losing that, we need
All your Philosophy.

2.

How perish'd is the joy that's past,
The present how unsteady?
What comfort can be great, and last,
When this is gone already?

3.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
The memory does remain;
For what was, when enjoy'd, content,
Is, in its absence, pain.

4.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
That Fate does now us sever;
'Tis better by your gift to live,
Than by our own endeavour.

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio.

TO the officious Marble we commit
A Name, above the art of time or wit;

'Tis

'Tis righteous, Valiant *Scipio*, whoſe life we
Found the beſt Sermon, and beſt Hiſtory:
Whoſe Courage was no Aguiſh, brutish heat,
But ſuch as ſpoke him good, as well as great;
Which firſt Engag'd his Arms to prop the State
Of the almoſt undone *Palatinate*,
And help the *Nether-Lands* to ſtem the tide
Of *Romes* ambition, and the *Auſtrian* Pride;
Which ſhall in every Hiſtory be fam'd,
Wherein *Breda* or *Frankendale* are nam'd.
And when forc'd by his Country's angry Stars
To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
He ſo much conduct by his Valour taught,
So wiſely govern'd, and ſo bravely fought,
That th' Engliſh Annals ſhall this Record bear,
None better could direct or further dare.
Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
And in Debate judicious and upright:
Religion was his firſt and higheſt care,
Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his Hand in War:
Which at the leaſt Sin made him tremble ſtill,
And rather ſtand a Breach, than act an Ill;
For his great Heart did ſuch a temper ſhow,
Stout as a Rock, yet ſoft as melting Snow.
In him ſo prudent, and yet ſo ſincere,
The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear:
He was above the little arts of ſtate,
And ſcorn'd to ſell his peace to mend his Fate,
Anxious of nothing, but an inward ſpot,
His hand was open, but his Conſcience not;
Juſt to his Word, to all Religions kind,
In duty ſtrict, in Bounty unconfin'd;
And yet ſo modeſt; 'twas to him leſs pain
To do great things, than hear them told again;
Perform ſad Stone thy honourable truſt,
Unto his memory and thy ſelf be juſt,
For his immortal name ſhall thee befriend,
And pay thee back more fame than thou canſt lend.

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, *having taken* Lucasia's *Picture given* December 14. 1660.

1.

IF noble things can noble thoughts infuse,
Your Art might ev'n in me create a Muse,
And what you did inspire, you would Excuse.

2.

But if it such a Miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the praise pursue.

3.

To praise your Art is then it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it and Vertue, are their own reward.

4.

A Pencil from an Angel newly caught,
And Colours in the Morning's bosom sought,
Would make no Picture, if by you not wrought.

5.

But done by you it does no more admit
Of an Encomium from the highest Wit,
Than that another hand should equal it.

Yet

6.

Yet whilſt you with creating power vye,
Command the very ſpirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.

Whilſt your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the Soul out, like overcoming Day,
And I my friend repeated here Survey.

8.

I by a Paſſive way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could e're indite,
Your Panegyrick, and my own delight.

Parting with a Friend.

1.

WHoever thinks that Joys below,
Can laſting be and great,
Let him behold this parting blow,
And cure his own deceit.

2.

Alas! how ſoon are pleaſures done,
Where Fortune has a Power?
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the Withered Flower?

3.

A thouſand unconcerned Eyes
She'l ſuffer us to ſee,

But of thoſe we chiefly prize,
We muſt deprived be.

4.

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have ſomething left us ſtill
Which grows not in her reach.

5.

That unſeen ſtring which faſtens Hearts,
Nor time, nor chance e'rety'd,
Nor can it be in either's Arts
Their unions to divide.

6.

Where ſympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other Powers;
Lucaſia, and *Roſania*, ſay,
Has it not formed ours?

7.

If forty Weeks converſe has not
Been able yet to tye
Your Souls in that Myſterious Knot,
How Wretched then am I!

8.

But if I read in eithers Mind,
As ſure I hope I do,
That each to other is combin'd,
Abſence will make it true.

9. No

9.

No accident will e're ſurpriſe,
Or make your kindneſs ſtart;
Although you loſe each others Eyes,
You'l faſter keep the Heart.

10.

Letters as kind as Turtle-Doves,
And undiſguis'd as thought,
Will entertain thoſe fervent Loves
Which have each other bought.

11.

Till Fortune vexed with the ſight
Of Faith ſo free from ſtain,
Shall then grow weary of her ſpight,
And let you meet again.

12.

Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That ſiſter *Cherals* have,
When I am in my Rocks confin'd,
Or ſeal'd up in my Grave.

To my deareſt Friend, upon her ſhunning Grandeur.

SHine out rich Soul! to greatneſs be,
What it can never be to thee,
An ornament; thou canſt reſtore
The luſtre which it had before
Theſe ruines, own it and 'twill live,
Thy favour's more than Kings can give.

Haſt more above all titles then
The bearers are 'bove common men;
And ſo heroick art within,
Thou muſt deſcend to be a Queen.
Yet honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy Soul room to move:
Affording ſcene unto that mind,
Which is too great to be confin'd.
Wert thou with ſingle vertue ſtor'd,
To be approv'd, but not ador'd;
Thou mightſt retire; but who e're meant
A Palace for a Tenement?
Heaven has ſo built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
If thou in privacy would'ſt live,
Yet luſtre to thy vertues give;
To ſtifle them for want of air,
Injurious is to Heavens care.
If thou wilt be immur'd, where
Shall thy obliging ſoul appear?
Were ſhall thy generous prudence be,
And where thy magnanimity?
Nay thy own Darling thou doſt hide,
Thy ſelf-denial is deny'd;
For he that never greatneſs tries,
Can never ſafely it deſpiſe.
That *Antoninus* writ well, when
He held a Scepter and a Pen:
Leſs credit *Solomon* does bring
As a Philoſopher than King;
So much advantage flows from hence,
To write by our Experience.
Diogenes I muſt ſuſpect,
Of envy more than wiſe neglect,
When he his Prince ſo ill did treat,
And ſo much ſpurned at the great:
A cenſure is not clear from thoſe
Whom Fate ſubjects, or does depoſe;

Nor can we greatneſs underſtand
From an oppreſt or fallen hand:
But 'tis ſome Prince muſt that define,
Or one that freely did reſign.
A great *Almanzor* teaches thus,
Or elſe a *Dionyſius*.
For to know Grandeur we muſt live
In that, and not in perſpective;
Vouchſafe the tryal then, that thou
May'ſt ſafely wield, yet diſallow
The World's temptations, and be ſtill
Above whatever would chear fill.
Convince mankind, there's ſomewhat more
Great than the titles they adore:
Stand neer them, and it will ſoon be known
Thou haſt more ſplendour of thy own;
Yield to the wanting Age, and be
Channel of true Nobility:
For from thy Womb ſuch Heros need muſt riſe,
Who Honours will deſerve, and can deſpiſe.

To Paſtora *being with her Friend.*

WHile you the double joy obtain
Of what you give, and what you gain:
Friendſhip who owes you ſo much Fame,
Commands my Tribute to your Name.

Friendſhip that was almoſt for loſt,
Sunk under every Critick's ſcorn;
But that your genius her protects,
Had fled the World, at leaſt the Sex.

You have reſtored them and us,
Whence both are happy; *Cæſar* thus

Ow'd *Rome* the glories of his Reign,
And *Rome* ow'd him as much again.

4.

You in your friend thoſe Joys have found
Which all Relations can propound;
What Nature does 'mong them diſperſe,
You multiply in her Converſe.

5.

You her Enjoyment have purſu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And whereſoever ſhe'll retire,
There's the Diverſion you deſire.

6.

Your Joys by this are more immenſe,
And heat contracted grows intenſe;
And friendſhip to be ſuch to you,
Will make theſe Pleaſures, Honours too.

7.

Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex y'are Ornament;
And may your hearts by mixture loſt,
Be ſtill each others Bliſs and Boaſt.

8.

Impoſſible your Parting be
As that you e're ſhould diſagree;
And then even Death your friend will prove,
And both at once (though late) remove.

9.

But that you may ſeverely live,
You muſt th' offending World forgive;
And to employ your Charity,
You have an Object now in me.

10.

My Pen ſo much for you unfit,
Preſents my Heart, though not my Wit;
Which Heart admires what you expreſs,
More than what Monarchs do poſſeſs.

II.

Fear not infection from my Fate,
Though I muſt be unfortunate,
For having paid my Vows due, I
Shall ſoon withdraw, wither and die.

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon *on their Marriage*
11. May 1662.

TO you, who, in your ſelves, do comprehend
All you can wiſh, and all we can commend;
Whom worth does guide, and deſtiny obey,
What Offerings can the uſeleſs Muſes pay?
Each muſtian once ſuſpend her charming Lyre,
Till ſhe hath learnt from you what to inſpire;
Well may they wonder to obſerve a Knot,
So curiouſly by Love and Fortune wrought,
To which propitious Heaven did decree,
All things on earth ſhould tributary be;
By gentle, ſure, but unperceiv'd degrees,
As the Sun's motion, or the growth of Trees,
Does Providence our wills to hers incline,
And makes all accidents ſerve her deſign:
Her Pencil (Sir) within your breaſt did draw
The Picture of a Face you never ſaw.
With touches, which ſo ſweet were and ſo true,
By them alone th'original you knew;
And at that ſight with ſatisfaction yield
Your freedom which till then maintain'd the field.
'Twas by the ſame myſterious power too,
That ſhe has been ſo long reſerv'd for you;
Whoſe noble paſſion, with ſubmiſſive art,
Diſarm'd her ſcruples and ſubdu'd her heart.
And now that at the laſt your Souls are ty'd,
Whom floods nor difficulties could divide,
Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,
Which was at once Heaven's care, and your deſire.

You

You are ſo happy in each others love,
And in aſſur'd protection from above,
That we no wiſh can add unto your bliſs,
But that it ſhould continue as it is.
O! may it ſo, and may the wheel of Fate
In you no more change than ſhe feels, create;
And may you ſtill your happineſſes find,
Not on your Fortune growing, but your mind,
Whereby the ſhafts of Chance as vain will prove,
As all things elſe did that oppos'd your Love.
Be kind and happy to that great degree,
As may inſtruct lateſt Poſterity,
From ſo rever'd a Preſident to frame
Rules to their duty, to their wiſhes aim.
May the vaſt Sea for your ſake quit his pride,
And grow ſo ſmooth, while on his breaſt you ride,
As may not only bring you to your Port,
But ſhew how all things do your vertues court.
May every object give you new delight,
May Time forget his Sythe, and Fate his Spight;
And may you never other ſorrow know,
But what your pity feels for others woe;
May your compaſſion be like that Divine,
Which relieves all on whom it does but ſhine,
Whilſt you produce a Race that may inherit
All your great ſtock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert Lord Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, July 10. 1664.

THat private ſhade, wherein my Muſe was bred,
She always hop'd might hide her humble head;
Believing the retirement ſhe had choſe
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repoſe;
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Ecchoes from the Rocks reflect.
But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,

And

And dragg'd maliciouſly into the Light,
(Which makes her like the Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her vail was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) ſhe now for ſuccour calls,
And at your feet, with Juſt Confuſion falls.
But ſhe will thank the wrong deſerv'd her Hate,
If it procure her that auſpicious Fate,
That the ſame wing may over her be caſt,
Where the beſt Church of all the World is plac'd,
And under which when ſhe is once retir'd,
She really may come to be inſpir'd:
And by the Wonders which ſhe there ſhall view,
May raiſe her ſelf to ſuch a Theme as you,
Who were preſerv'd to Govern and Reſtore
That Church whoſe Confeſſour you were before;
And ſhew by your unweary'd preſent Care,
Your ſuff'rings are not ended, though hers are:
For whilſt your Crofier her defence ſecures,
You purchaſe her Reſt with the loſs of yours,
And Heav'n who firſt refin'd your worth, and then,
Gave it ſo large and eminent a Scene,
Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
And done it ſelf a greater Right then you.
For after ſuch a rough and tedious Storm
Had torn the Church; and done her ſo much harm;
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
Such angry reliques, in the Wave and Wind;
No Pilot could, whoſe skill and Faith were leſs,
Manage the ſhatter'd Veſſel with Succeſs.
The Piety of the Apoſtles Times
And Courage to reſiſt this Ages Crimes;
Majeſtick ſweetneſs, temper'd and refin'd,
In a Polite, and Comprehenſive Mind,
Were all requir'd her Ruines to repair,
And all united in her Primate are.
In your aſpect ſo Candid and Serene,
The Conſcience of ſuch Vertue may be ſeen,
As makes the ſullen Schiſmatick conſent,

A Church-man may be Great and Innocent.
This ſhall thoſe men reproach if not reduce,
And take away their fault or their excuſe,
Whilſt in your Life and Government appear
All that the Pious wiſh, and Factious fear.
Since the prevailing Croſs her Enſigns ſpread,
And Pagan Gods from Chriſtian Biſhops fled,
Times curious Eye till now hath never ſpy'd
The Churches Helm ſo happily ſupply'd.
Merit and Providence ſo fitly met,
The Worthieſt Prelate in the higheſt Seat.

If Noble things can Noble Thoughts infuſe,
Your Life (my Lord) may, ev'n in me, produce
Such Raptures, that of their rich Fury proud,
I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud;
Aſſur'd, the World that ardour will excuſe,
Applaud the ſubject, and forgive the Muſe.

Tran-

Translations.

BY K. PHILIPS.

La Solitude de St. Amant.

1.

O! que j' aime la Solitude,
Que ces lieux ſacrez à la nuict,
Eloignez du monde & de bruit,
Plaiſent a mon inquietude!
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux ſont contens,
De voir ces Bois, qui ſe renverent
A toutes les heures du temps,
Et que tous les Siecles reverent,
Eſtre encore auſſi beaux & vers,
Qu' aux premiers jours de l'Vnivers.

2.

Vn gay Zephire les careſſe,
D' vn movement doux & flatteur,
Rien que leur extreme hauteur,
Ne fait remarquer leur vieilleſſe.
Jadi Pan, & ſes demi-dieux
Y vindrent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
Et ſe ſauvans ſur leurs Rameaux,
A peine virent ils les Eaux.

3.

Que ſur cette Eſpine fleurie,
Dont le printemps eſt amoureux,
Philomele au chant langoureux,
Entretient bien ma reſverie.
Que je prens plaiſir a voir
Ces Monts pendans en precipices,

Qui

Engliſhed.

1.

O! Solitude my ſweeteſt choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult, and from noiſe,
How you my reſtleſs thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine
To ſee thoſe Trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have rever'd,
To look to day as freſh and green
As when their beauties firſt were ſeen!

2.

A chearful wind does court them ſo,
And with ſuch amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing elſe can know,
But by their height that they are old.
Hither the demy-gods did flie
To ſeek a Sanctuary, when
Diſpleaſed *Jove* once pierc'd the skie,
To pour a deluge upon men,
And on theſe boughs themſelves did ſave,
Whence they could hardly ſee a wave.

3.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
So curiouſly by *Flora* dreſt,
In melting notes, her caſe forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confeſs'd.
O! how agreeable a ſight
Theſe hanging Mountains do appear,

Qui pour les coups de deſeſpoir,
Sont aux Malheureux ſe propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur ſort
Les force a rechercher la Mort.

4.

Que je trouve doux la ravage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Qui ſe precipitent par bonds,
Dans ce valon vert & ſauvage;
Puis gliſſans ſous les Arbriſſeaux
Ainſi que des Serpens ſur l' herbe,
Se changeant en plaiſans ruiſſeaux,
Ou quelque Nayade ſuperbe
Regne comme en ſon lict natal,
Deſſus un Throſne de Chriſtal.

5.

Que j' aime ces Mareſts paiſibles,
Il eſt tout bordé délizieres,
D' Aulnes, de Saules, & d' Oſiers,
A qui le fer n'eſt point nuiſible.
Les Nimphes y cherchent le frais,
S'y viennent fournir de quenouilles,
De pipeaux, de Ionce, & de glais,
Ou l'on voit ſauter les grenouilles,
Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher,
Si toſt qu'on veut s'en approcher.

6.

Là cent mille oyſeaux aquatiques,
Vivent ſans craindre en leur repos,
Le Giboyeur fin & diſpos,
Avec ſes mortelles pratiques.

L' un

Which the unhappy would invite
To finiſh all their ſorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only death can cure.

4.

What pretty deſolations make
Theſe torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vaſt leaps their ſprings forſake,
This ſolitary vale to pierce.
Then ſliding juſt as Serpents do
Under the foot of every Tree,
Themſelves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein ſome ſtately *Nayade*,
As in her native bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Chryſtal Throne.

5.

This Fen beſet with River-Plants,
O! how it does my ſenſes charm!
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the ſharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with ſuch Diſtaffs furniſh'd be,
As Flags and Ruſhes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may ſee,
Who frighted to retreat do flie,
If an approaching man they ſpie.

6.

Here Water-fowl repoſe enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Leſt Fortune ſhould their bliſs deſtroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snare.

Some

L' un tout joyeux, d' un ſi beau jour,
S' amuſe a becquetter ſa Plume,
L' autre allentit le feu d' amour,
Qui dans l' eau meſme & conſume,
Et prennent tous innocemment
Leur plaiſir en cet Element.

7.

Iamais l' Eſte, ny la froidure,
N' ont reu paſſer deſſus cette Eau,
Nulle charette, ny batteau
Depuis qui l' on, & l' autre dure :
Iamais voyageur alteré,
N' y fit ſervir ſa main de taſſe,
Iamais cheureüil deſeſperé
N' y finit ſa vie à la chaſſe :
Et jamais le Traiſoré hamecon
N' en fit ſortir aucun poiſſon.

8.

Que j' aime a voir la decadence
De ces vieux chaſteaux ruinez,
Contre qui les uns Mutinez
Ont deployez leur inſolence,
Les Sorciers y font leur Sabat,
Les Demons follets s' y retirent,
Qui d' un malicieux etat,
Trompent nos ſens, & nos martirent ;
La ſe nichent en mille troux
Les Couleuvres & les Hyboux.

9.

L' Orfrage avec ſes cris funeſtres,
Mortelles augures des deſtins.

Fait

Some raviſh'd with ſo bright a day,
Their Feathers finely prune and deck,
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the waters could not check,
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely Element.

7.

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain,
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilſt either ſeaſon did remain.
No thirſty Traveller came neer,
And rudely made his hand his cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeleſs life reſigned up,
Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude to empty any Brook.

8.

What beauty is there in the ſight
Of theſe old ruin'd Caſtle walls,
On which the utmoſt rage and ſpight
Of times worſt inſurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious ſport appear,
Our ſenſe both to afflict and cheat,
And here within a thouſand holes
Are neſts of Adders and of Owles.

9.

The Raven with his diſmal cries,
That mortal augury of Fate,

Thoſe

Fait rire & dancer les lutins,
Dans ces lieux remplis de benetres,
Sous un cheuron de bois maudit
Y branle le ſquelette horrible,
D' un pauvre amant qui ſe pendit,
Pour une Bergere inſencible,
Qui d' un ſeul regard de pitie,
Ne daigna voir ſon amitié.

10.

Auſſi le Ciel juge equitable,
Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
Prononca contre ſa rigueur
Une ſentence epouventable.
Autour de ces vieux oſſemens
Son ombre aux peines condamnée,
Lamente en long gemiſſemens
Sa malheureuſe deſtinée,
Ayant pour croiſtre ſon affroy,
Tous jours ſon crime devant ſoy.

11.

Là ſe trouvent ſur quelques maſtres,
Des deviſes du temps paſſée,
Icy l'age a preſque effacé
Des chiffres taillez ſur les aſtres.
La plancher du lieu le plus haut,
Eſt tombe juſque dans la Care,
Que la limace, & la crapout
Souillent de venin & de bare,
La lierre y croiſt au foyer,
A l' ombrage d'un grand Noyer.

La

Thoſe ghaſtly Goblins gratifies,
Which in theſe gloomy places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the wind does move
A Carcaſe which did once belong
To one that hang'd himſelf for love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who though ſhe ſaw his love and truth,
With one look would not ſave the Youth.

10.

But Heaven which judges equally,
And its own Laws will ſtill maintain,
Rewarded ſoon her cruelty
With a deſerv'd and mighty pain:
About this ſqualid heap of bones,
Her wandring and condemned ſhade,
Laments in long and piercing grones
The deſtiny her rigour made,
And the more to augment her fright,
Her crime is ever in her ſight.

11.

There upon Antique Marbles trac'd,
Devices of paſt times we ſee,
Here Age hath almoſt quite defac'd
What Lovers carv'd on every Tree.
The Cellar, here, the higheſt Room,
Receives when its old rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
Of the Spider and the Snail:
And th'Ivy in the Chimney we
Find ſhaded by a Wall-nut Tree.

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12.

La deſſus s'eſtend une voute,
Si ſombre en un certain endroit,
Que quand Phœbus y deſcendroit,
Ie penſe qu'il n'y verroit goute.
Le ſommeil aux peſans ſourcis,
Enchante d'un mome ſilence,
Y doit bien loin de tous ſoucis,
Dans les bras de la nonchalance,
Laſchement couché ſur le dos,
Deſſus des gertes de pavots.

13.

Au creux de cette grotte freſche,
Où l'amour ſe pourroit geler,
Eccho ne ceſſe de braſler
Pour ſon Amant, froid, & reveſche.
Ie m'y coule ſans faire bruit,
Et par la celeſte harmonie
D'un doux Lut, aux charmes inſtruit,
Ie flatte ſa triſte manie,
Faiſant repeter mes accords,
A la voix qui luy ſert de corps.

14.

Tantoſt ſortant de ces ruines,
Ie monte au haut de ce rocher,
Dont le ſommet ſemble chercher
En quel lieu ſe font les bruines.
Païs je deſcends tout à loiſir
Sous une falaize eſcarpée,
D'ou je regarde avec plaiſir
L'onde qui l'a preſque ſappée
Iuſqu'aux ſeige de Palemon,
Fait d'eſponges & de Limon.

Que

12.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is ſo dark a Grot,
That ſhould the Sun himſelf deſcend,
I think he could not ſee a jot.
Here ſleep within a heavy lid
In quiet ſadneſs locks up ſenſe,
And every care he does forbid,
Whilſt in the arms of negligence,
Lazily on his back he's ſpread,
And ſheaves of Poppy are his Bed.

13.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it ſelf might turn to Ice,
Poor *Eccho* ceaſes not to rave
On her *Narciſſus* wild and nice:
Hither I ſoftly ſteal a thought,
And by the ſofter Muſick made
With a ſweet Lute in charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her ſad ſhade,
Whilſt of my Chords I make ſuch choice,
They ſerve as body to her voice.

14.

When from theſe ruines I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,
Whoſe lofty brow ſeems to enquire
Of what materials miſts are made:
From thence deſcending leiſurely
Under the brow of this ſteep hill,
It with great pleaſure I deſcry
By Waters undermin'd, until
They to *Palæmon*'s ſeat did climb,
Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

15.

Que c'eſt une choſe agreable
D' eſtre ſur le bord de la Mer,
Quand elle vient a ſe calmer,
Apres quelque orage affroyable ;
Et que les chevelas Tritons,
Haut ſur les vagues ſecoüées,
Trapent les airs d' eſtranges tons,
Avec leurs trompes enroüez,
D'ont l'eclat rend reſpectueux
Le vents les plus impetueux.

16.

Tantoſt brouillant l' arene
Murmure & fremit de courroux,
Se roullant deſſous les Cailloux,
Qu'elle apporte & qu'elle r'entraine :
Tantoſt elle eſtale en ſes bords
Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
Des gens noyez, des monſtres morts,
Des vaiſſeaux briſez du naufrage,
Des Diamans, de l' ambre Gris,
Et mille autres choſes de prix.

17.

Tantoſt la plus clarre du Monde,
Elle ſemble un miroir flottant,
Et nous repreſente a l' inſtant
Encore d' autres Cieux ſous l'onde,
Le ſoleil s'y fait ſi bien voir,
Y contemplant ſon beau viſage,
Qu'on eſt quelques temps a ſcavoir
Si c'eſt luy meſme ou ſon image,
Et d'abord il ſemble a nos yeux,
Qu'il ſe laiſſe tomber des cieux.

Ber-

15.

How highly is the fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Oceans ſhore,
When ſhe begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce billows ceaſe to roar!
And when the hairy *Tritons* are
Riding upon the ſhaken wave,
With what ſtrange ſounds they ſtrike the air
Of their Trumpets hoarſe and brave,
Whoſe ſhrill report, does every wind
Unto his due ſubmiſſion bind!

16.

Sometimes the Sea diſpels the Sand,
Trembling and murmuring in the Bay,
And rowles it ſelf upon the ſhells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes expoſes on the ſtrand,
Th' effects of *Neptune*'s rage and ſcorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monſters caſt on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempeſts torn,
With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
And many more ſuch things as theſe.

17.

Sometimes ſo ſweetly ſhe does ſmile,
A floating mirrour ſhe might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to ſee:
The Sun himſelf is drawn ſo well,
When there he would his Picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the falſe Sun, which the true;
And leſt we give our ſenſe the lye,
We think he's fallen from the skye.

Ber-

18.

Bernieres pour qui je me vante,
De ne rien faire que de beau,
Recoive ce fantaſque tableau
Fait d'une peinture vivante :
Ie ne cherche que les deſers,
Où reſvant tout ſeul je m'amuſe,
A des diſcours aſſez diſers,
De mon Genie avec la Muſe,
Mais mon plus aimable entretien,
C' eſt le reſſouvenir du tien.

19.

Tu vois dans cette Poeſie,
Pleine de licence & d' ardeur,
Les beaux rayons de la ſplendeur
Qui m'eſclaire la Fantaſie.
Tantoſt chagrin, tantoſt joyeux,
Selon que la fureur m'enflame,
Et que l' object s' offre a mes yeux,
Les propos me naiſſent en l' ame,
Sans contraindre la liberté
Du Demon, qui m'a tranſporté.

20.

O ! que j' aime la Solitude,
C' eſt l' Element des bons eſprits,
C' eſt par elle que j' ay compris,
L' art d' Apollon ſans nulle eſtude :
Ie l' aime pour l' amour de toy
Connoiſſant que ton humeur l' aime,
Mais quand je penſe bien a moy,
Ie la hay pour la raiſon meſme,
Car elle pourroit me ravir
L' heur de te voir, & de te ſervir.

Ten-

18.

Bernieres! for whoſe beloved ſake
My thoughts are at a noble ſtrife,
This my fantaſtick Landskip take,
Which I have copied from the Life.
I only ſeek the Deſarts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with diſcourſe refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muſes talk;
But the converſe moſt truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

19.

Thou mayſt in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illuſtrious rays have ſhin'd
To enlighten my conceit:
Sometimes penſive, ſometimes gay,
Juſt as that fury does controul,
And as the object I ſurvey,
The notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the flame which tranſported me.

20.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of nobleſt wit,
Where I have learnt *Apollo*'s lore,
Without the pains to ſtudy it:
For thy ſake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does purſue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reaſon too,
Becauſe it needs muſt hinder me
From ſeeing, and from ſerving thee.

Tendres

Tendres deſers *out of a French Proſe.*

GO ſoft deſires, Love's gentle Progeny,
And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* ſieze,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her breaſt whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and viſit mine no more.

Amanti oh' in pianti, &c.

LOvers who in complaints your ſelves conſume,
And to be happy once perhaps preſume;
Your Love and hopes, alike are vain,
Nor will they ever cure your pain.
They that in Love would joy attain,
Their paſſion to their power muſt frame;
Let them enjoy what they can gain,
And never higher aim.

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
You think to ſoften an ungentle Heart,
When it not onely wards ſuch blows,
But from your ſufferance prouder grows.
They that in Love would joy, *&c.*

A Paſtoral of Monſ. de Scudery's *in the firſt volume of Almahide, Engliſhed.*

SLothful deceiver, come away,
With me again the fields ſurvey;
And ſleep no more, unleſs it be
My Fortune thou ſhouldſt dream of me.

The

The Sky, from which the Night is fled,
Is painted with a matchleſs Red,
'Tis day; the morning greets my Eyes:
Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not riſe?

Now the black Shadows of the Night
From Heav'n and Earth, are put to Flight:
Come and diſpel each lingring ſhade,
With that Light which thy Eyes have made.

That Planet, which ſo like thee ſeems,
In his long and piercing beams,
At once illuminates and Guilds
All theſe valleys, and theſe Fields.

The Winds do rather ſigh than blow,
And Rivers murmure as they go,
And all things ſeem to thee to ſay,
Riſe Fair one, 'tis a Lovely Day.

Come and the liquid Pearls deſcry,
Which glittering 'mong the flowers lye;
Day finds them wet, when it appears,
And 'tis too often with my Tears.

Hearken, and thou wilt much approve
The Warbling Conſort of this Grove;
Compleat the pleaſure of our Ears,
Mixing thy harmony with theirs.

Feather'd Muſician ſtep aſide,
Thy ſelf within theſe buſhes hide,
While my *Aminta's* Voice affords
Her charming Notes to cloath my words.

Haſten to ſing them, then my fair,
And put this proud one to deſpair,

Whoſe Voice, the Baſe and Trebles part,
With ſo marvellous an Art.

Come *Philomel*, and now make uſe
Of all, thy practice can produce,
All the harmonious Secrets, thou
Canſt try, will do no ſervice now.

Thou muſt to her this Glory give,
For nothing can thy Fame relieve.
Then e're thou doſt the Conqueſt try,
Chuſe to be ſilent here or dye.

Come my Shepherdeſs, ſurvey
(While a hundred pipes do play,)
From every Fold, from every Shed,
How the Herds and Flocks are fed.

Hear the pleaſing, harmleſs voice,
Of thy Lambs, now they rejoyce,
While with their bleating notes are mix'd,
Their pretty bounds, and leaps betwixt.

See, ſee, how from the Thatched Rooms
Of theſe our artleſs Cabins, comes
A Ruſtick troop of Jolly Swains,
From every ſide, unto the Plains.

Their Sheep-hooks ſteel, ſo bright and clear,
How it ſhines, both far and near;
A Bag-pipe here, and there a Flute,
With merrier whiſtles do diſpute.

Hear thy flocks, which for thee bleat
In Language Innocent, and ſweet;
See here thy Shepherd who attends 'em,
And from the Ravenous Wolf defends 'em.

Thy

Thy *Melampus*, him endears,
And leaps, and ſports, when he appears,
He complains that thy ſloth is ſuch;
And my poor heart does that as much.

Among the reſt here's a Ram, we
So white, ſo blith, ſo merry ſee,
In all our Flocks, there is not one,
Deſerves ſuch praiſe, as he alone.

On the graſs he butts and leaps,
Flatters, and then away he skips;
So gentle, and yet proud is he,
That ſurely he hath learn'd of thee.

The faireſt Garlands we can find,
Unworthy are, his horns to bind;
But Flowers that death can never know,
Are fitteſt to adorn his Brow.

He is full of modeſt ſhame,
And as full of amorous flame;
Aſtrologers in heaven ſee,
A Beaſt leſs beautiful than he.

I have for thee a Sheep-hook brought,
On which thy Shepherd hard hath wrought,
Here he thy character hath trac'd;
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a Scrip is ty'd for thee,
Which woven is ſo curiouſly,
That the Art does the ſtuff excel,
And Gold it ſelf looks not ſo well.

Here's in a Cage that he did make,
All the Birds that he could take.
How glorious is their ſlavery,
If they be not deſpis'd by thee?

A Garland too for thee hath ſtaid;
And 'tis of Faireſt Flowers made:
Aurora had this offering kept,
And for its loſs hath newly wept.

A lovely Fawn he brings along,
Nimble, as thy ſelf, and young,
And greater preſents he would bring,
But that a Shepherd is no King.

Come away my Lovely bliſs,
To ſuch divertiſement as this,
And bring none to theſe Lovely places,
But only *Venus*, and the Graces.

Whatever company were nigh,
Would tedious be, when thou art by;
Venus and Fortune would to me
Be troubleſome, if I had thee.

She comes! from far, the Lovely Maid
Is by her ſhining charms betray'd:
See how the Flowers ſprout up, to meet
A Noble ruine from her feet.

How Sprightly, and how Fair is ſhe!
How much undone then muſt I be?
My torment is, I know, ſevere,
But who can think on't when ſhe's near?

My heart leaps up within my breaſt,
And ſinks again with Joy oppreſt;
But in her ſight to yield my breath,
Would be an acceptable Death.

Come then, and in this ſhade, be ſure,
That thy fair Skin ſhall be ſecure;
For elſe the Sun would wrong, I fear,
The Colours which do flouriſh there.

His Flaming ſteeds do climb ſo faſt,
While they to our Horizon haſt,
That by this time his Radiant Coach,
Does to his higheſt houſe approach.

His fiercer rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our ſtrength;
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the ſhadows are grown ſhort.

This Valley hath a private ſeat,
VVhich is a cool and moiſt retreat,
VVhere the angry Planet which we ſpy,
Can ne're invade us with his Eye.

Behold this freſh and florid Graſs,
VVhere never yet a foot did paſs,
A Carpet ſpreads for us to ſit,
And to thy Beauty offers it.

This delicate appartment is
Roof'd o're with aged ſtooping Trees,
VVhoſe verdant ſhadow does ſecure
This Place a native furniture.

The Courts of *Naiades* are ſuch,
In ſhades like theſe, ador'd ſo much,
VVhere thouſand Fountains round about,
Perpetually guſh water out.

How finely this thick moſs doth look,
VVhich limits this tranſparent brook;
VVhoſe ſportful wave does ſwell and ſpred,
And is on flags and ruſhes ſhed!

VVithin this liquid Chryſtal, ſee
The cauſe of all my Miſery,
And judge by that, (fair Murthereſs)
If I could love thy beauty leſs.

Thy

Thy either Eye does Rays diſpence
Of Modeſty and Innocence;
And with thy ſeriouſneſs, we find
The gladneſs of an Infant joyn'd.

Thy frowns delight though they torment,
From thy looks life and death are ſent;
And thy whole air does on us throw
Arrows, which cureleſs wounds beſtow.

The ſtature of a Mountain Pine,
Is crooked when compar'd to thine:
Which does thy ſex to envy move,
As much as it does ours to love.

From thy dividing lips do flye,
Thoſe pointed ſhafts that make us dye:
Nor have our Gardens e're a Roſe,
That to thy cheeks we dare oppoſe.

When by a happy liberty,
We may thy lovely boſom ſee,
The whiteſt Curds, nor falling Snow,
Can any ſuch complexion ſhow.

Thyme and *Majoram*, whoſe ſcent,
Of all perfumes, moſt Innocent,
Leſs Fragrancy than thy breath have,
Which all our ſenſes does enſlave.

Even when thou ſcorneſt, thou can'ſt pleaſe,
And make us love our own diſeaſe.
The bluſhes that our cherrys wear,
Do hardly to thy lips come near.

When upon the ſmoother Plains,
Thou to dance wilt take the pains,
No Hind, when ſhe imploys her feet,
Is half ſo graceful, or ſo fleet.

Of

Of thy garments fair and white,
The neatneſs gives us moſt delight,
And I had rather them behold,
Then Clothes embroidered with Gold.

I nothing in the World can ſee
So rare as unadorned thee,
Who art (as it muſt be confeſs'd)
Not by thy clothes, but Beauty dreſs'd.

Thy Lovely hair thou up haſt ty'd,
And in an unwrought Veil doſt hide;
In the mean time thy ſingle Face,
All other beauties does diſgrace.

Yes, yes, thy negligence alone,
Does more then all their care hath done:
The Nymphs, in all their pompous dreſs,
Do entertain my fancy leſs.

A Noſegay all thy Jewel is,
And all thy Art conſiſts in this;
And what from this pure Spring does paſs
Is all thy paint, and all thy Glaſs.

Adored beauty, here may we
Our ſelves in lovely glaſſes ſee;
Come then I pray thee, let us look,
I in thy Eyes, thou in the Brook.

Within this faithful Mirrour ſee
The object which hath conquer'd me,
Which though the ſtream does well impart,
'Tis better form'd here in my heart.

In th' entertainment of thy Mind,
When 'tis to penſiveneſs inclin'd,
Count if thou canſt theſe Flowers, and thou
The ſum of my deſires wilt know.

Obſerve theſe Turtles, kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they woo:
They faithful Lovers are, and who
That ſees thee, would not be ſo too?

Of them my fair *Aminta* learn,
At length to grant me thy concern;
Follow what thou in them do'ſt ſee,
And thou wilt ſoon be kind to me.

Thoſe mighty Bulls are worth thy ſight,
Who on the plains ſo ſtoutly fight;
Fiercely each others brow they hit,
Where Beauty does with anger meet.

Love is the quarrel they maintain,
As 't was the reaſon of their pain.
So would thy faithful Shepherd do,
If he ſhould meet his Rival too.

Thy Shepherd, fair, and cruel one,
In all theſe Villages is known:
Such is his Fathers herd and flock,
The plain is cover'd with the ſtock.

He the convenient'ſt paſtures knows,
And where the wholeſom water flows;
Knows where the cooleſt ſhadows are,
And well hath learn'd a Shepherds care.

Aſtrology he ſtudies too,
As much as Shepherds ought to do;
Nay Magick nothing hath ſo dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do theſe Secrets dread,
He for himſelf hath this to plead;
That he by them ſuch herbs can pick,
As cure his ſheep when they are ſick.

He

He can foreſee the coming ſtorm,
Nor Hail, nor Clouds, can do him harm,
And from their injuries can keep,
Safely enough his Lambs and Sheep.

He knows the ſeaſon of the year,
When Shepherds think it fit to ſhear
Such inoffenſive ſheep as theſe,
And ſtrip them of their Silver fleece.

He knows the ſcorching time of day,
When he muſt lead his flock away
To Valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the Cud, and reſt them there.

He dares the Fierceſt Wolves engage,
When 'tis their hunger makes them rage;
The frighted dogs, when they retire,
He with new courage can inſpire.

He ſings and dances paſſing well,
And does in wreſtling too excell;
Yes fair Maid, and few that know him,
But theſe advantages allow him.

At our Feaſt, he gets the Praiſe,
For his enchanting Roundelays,
And on his head have oftenеſt been
The Garlands, and the Prizes ſeen.

When the Scrip, and Crook he quits,
And free from all diſturbance ſits,
He can make the Bag-pipes ſwell,
And Oaten Reeds his paſſion tell.

When his flame does him excite,
In amorous ſongs to do thee right,
He makes the Verſes which he uſes,
And borrows none of other Muſes.

He neglects his own affairs,
To ſerve thee with greater cares,
And many Shepherdeſſes would
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of *Alceſte* he could tell
And *Silvia's* Eye, thou know'ſt it well:
But as his modeſty is great,
He bluſhes if he them repeat.

When in the Chryſtal ſtream he looks,
If there be any truth in Brooks,
He finds, thy ſcorn can never be
Excus'd by his deformity.

His Paſſion is ſo high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree.
Why wilt not thou his love requite,
Since Kindneſs gives ſo much delight?

Aminta hearkned all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming ſmile,
Againſt her will, ſhe let him ſee,
That ſhe would change his deſtiny.

I promiſe nothing, then ſaid ſhe,
With an obliging air, and free;
But I think, if you will try,
The Wolves are crueller than I.

When my Sheep unhealthy are,
I have compaſſion, I have care;
Nor pains, nor journeys then I grudge,
By which you may my Nature judge.

When any of them goes aſtray,
All the hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,
Run and ſearch it every where.

And

And when I happen once to find
The object of my troubled mind,
As ſoon as ever it I ſpy,
O! how over-joy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I careſs,
And let her ruffle all my dreſs;
The vagabond I kindly treat,
And *Mint* and *Thyme* I make her eat.

When my Sparrow does me quit,
My throbbing heart makes after it;
And nothing can relief afford,
For my fair inconſtant bird.

When my Dog hath me diſpleas'd,
I am preſently appeas'd;
And a tear is in my Eye,
If I have but made him cry.

I never could a hatred keep,
But to the Wolf that kills my ſheep:
Gentle and kind, and ſoft I am,
And juſt as harmleſs as a Lamb.

Diſpel thy fear, ceaſe thy complaint,
O Shepherd timorous, and faint!
For I'm a Miſtreſs very good,
If you'l but ſerve me as you ſhou'd.

Words of a favourable ſtrain,
(Cry'd out that now tranſported ſwain,)
Which do in thy *Leontius* fate,
So glad and ſwift a change create.

But look about, for now I mark
The fields already growing dark,
And with thoſe ſhadows cover'd all,
Which from the neighbouring Mountains fall.

The winged Quire on every tree
By Caroling melodiouſly,
Do the declining Sun purſue,
With their laſt homage, and adieu.

From the next Cottages, I hear
Voices well known unto my Ear,
They are of our Domeſticks who
Do pipe, and hollow for us too.

The Flocks and Herds do homewards go,
I hear them hither bleat and low,
Thy Eyes which mine ſo much admire,
Tell me 'tis time we ſhould retire.

Go then deſtroying fair one, go,
Since I perceive it muſt be ſo,
Sleep ſweetly all the night, but be,
At leaſt, ſo kind to dream of me.

Tranſlation of Thomas a Kempis *into Verſe, out of* Monſ. Corneille's *lib. 3. Cap. 2. Engliſhed.*

SPeak, Gracious Lord, thy ſervant hears,
For I both am and will be ſo,
And in thy pleaſant paths will go
When the Sun ſhines, or diſappears.

Give me thy Spirit, that I may perceive,
What by my Soul thou wouldſt have done,
Let me have no deſire but one,
Thy will to practiſe and believe.

But yet thy Eloquence diſarm,
And as a whiſper to my heart,
Let it like dew plenty impart,
And like that let it freely charm.

The

The Jews fear'd Thunder-bolts would fall,
And that thy words would Death procure;
Nor in the Deſart could endure
To hear their Maker ſpeak at all.

They court *Moſes* to declare thy will,
And begg'd to hear no more thy voice,
They could not ſtand the dreadful noiſe,
Leſt it ſhould both ſurprize and kill.

Without thoſe terrours, I implore,
And other favours I entreat,
With confident, though humble heat,
I beg what *Samuel* did of yore.

Though thou art all that I can dread,
Thy voice is muſick to my ears,
Speak Lord then, for thy Servant hears;
And will obey what thou haſt ſaid.

I ask no *Moſes* that for thee ſhould ſpeak,
Nor Prophet to enlighten me,
They all are taught and ſent by thee,
And 'tis thy voice I only ſeek.

Thoſe beams proceed from thee alone,
Which through their words on us do flow;
Thou without them canſt all beſtow,
But they without thee can give none.

They may repeat the ſound of words,
But not confer their hidden force,
And without thee, their beſt diſcourſe,
Nothing but ſcorn to men affords.

Let them thy Miracles impart,
And vigorouſly thy will declare;
Their voice, perhaps, may ſtrike the Ear,
But it can never move the heart.

Th' obſcure and naked Word they ſow,
But thou doſt open our dim Eye,
And the dead letter to ſupply,
The Living Spirit doſt beſtow.

Myſterious truths to us they brought,
But thou expound'ſt the Riddle too,
And thou alone canſt make us do
All the great things that they have taught.

They may indeed the way direct,
But thou inableſt us to walk;
I'th' ear alone ſticks all they talk,
But thou doſt even the Heart diſſect.

They waſh the ſurface of the mind,
But all her fruit thy Goodneſs claims,
All that e're enlightens, or enflames,
Muſt be to that alone aſſign'd.

POM-

POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1669.

POMPEY

A

Tragedy.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Counteſs of Cork.

Madam,

AS ſome untimely Flower, whoſe baſhful head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is reſcu'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
To ſhare that Light with which he guilds the Day;
So this Tranſlation of ſtrict Eyes afraid,
With conſcious bluſhes, would have ſought a ſhade,
When your reſiſtleſs Power did Orders give,
Thus to recall the timorous Fugitive,
Which, to your breath, muſt all her being own,
Thrive when you ſmile, and wither if you frown.
Yet from ſubmiſſion this aſſurance grows,
That you'll protect the Perſon you expoſe,
Who more delight from ſuch a ſhelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to deſire applauſe,
And your indulgence, would, much rather, chuſe,
Than to be Favorite to every Muſe.
For even they requeſt to wait on you,
Who can beſt judge, and beſt reward them too;
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of moſt illuſtrious and moſt innocent,
Under your beams their faint Ideas ſink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the humble, and the brave, are met
To ſhew what's truly, and what's only great;
And all the *Cliffords* Fame in you does ſhine,
The greateſt Honour of the Nobleſt Line:

To whom your debt of ſplendour you have paid,
And that (and more) to after times convey'd,
In ſuch a Race, as muſt thoſe wonders do,
That none could act but they, inſpire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praiſe excell,
So does your Mercy all injurious zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing elſe is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your goodneſs will its ſelf outſhine,
If it can pardon this Addreſs of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heaven enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might deſtroy.

The

The Printer to the Reader.

I Hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to ſay to you, but that Pompey *being a Tranſlation out of the French of Monſieur* Corneille, *the Hand that did it is reſponſible for nothing but the Engliſh, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when thoſe that could not be reſiſted were reſolved to have it acted; and that no abuſes of Tranſcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to ſend it to the Preſs, if the Perſon moſt concern'd had not fear'd to diſobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the ſeverity of the Cenſorious World.*

The Persons of the Play.

Julius Cæsar.
Marcus Antonius.
Lepidus.
Ptolomy, King of *Egypt.*
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Photinus, His Governour.
Achillas, His Lieutenant General.
Septimius, A Roman Tribune in the *Egyptian* Kings Army.
Achoreus, *Cleopatra*'s Gentleman Usher.
Charmion, *Cleopatra*'s Maid of Honour.
Cornelia, *Pompey*'s Widow.
Philip, *Pompey*'s Freedman.
Romans and Egyptians.

The Scene *Ptolomy*'s Palace in *Alexandria.*

PROLOGUE

For the Theatre at *Dublin*, written by the Earl of *Roſcomon.*

THe mighty Rivals, whoſe deſtructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæſar *from none but You, will hear his Doom,*
He hates th' obſequious Flatteries of Rome:
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beſide.
When he the Thames, *the* Danube, *and the* Nile
Had ſtain'd with Blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this Iſle;
~~*And you alone may Boaſt, you never ſaw*~~ ——————
Cæſar *till now, and now can give him Law.*
Great Pompey *too, comes as a ſuppliant here,*
But ſays, He cannot now begin to fear.
He knows your equal Juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæſar's *ſide,*
But Pompey *thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.*
His Fortune when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's *Mind.*
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's ~~*Cauſe admit,*~~ ——————
Since here ſo many Catos *Judging ſit?*
But you bright Nymphs, give Cæſar *leave to woo* To the
The greateſt Wonder of the World but you, Ladies.
And hear a Muſe, who has that Hero taught
To ſpeak as gen'rouſly, as e're he fought.

Whoſe

Whoſe Eloquence from ſuch a Theme deters
All Tongues but Engliſh, and all Pens but Hers.
By the juſt Fates your Sex is doubly bleſt,
You Conquer'd Cæſar, *and you praiſe him beſt.*

To the Lord Lieutenant.

And You (Illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A preſent Deſtiny reſerv'd for You.
(here,
Rome, France, *and* England *join their Forces*
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's *Brow*
Who gave ſo many Crowns, beſtow one now.

POM-

POMPEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus, Septimius.

PTOLOMY.

FAte hath declar'd her ſelf, and we may ſee
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Deſtiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharſalia hath the Honour to decide.
Whoſe Rivers ſwelling with new bloody Tides
(Sent thither from ſo many Parricides)
The Horrour of torn Enſigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confuſion o're th' infected Fields;
Thoſe ſlaughter'd heaps whoſe ſhades no reſt obtain'd,
By Nature to their own revenge conſtrain'd,
(Their Putrefactions ſeeming to revive
The War, with thoſe that do remain alive,)
Are dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to caſt, and *Cæſar* to acquit.
That diſtreſs'd Leader of the Juſter Side,
Whoſe wearied Fortune hath all Help deny'd,
A terrible Example will create
To future times, of the Extreams of Fate:
He flies, whoſe happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow:
He in our Ports chuſes his laſt Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe ſo great,
His bold Misfortune ſeeks it in abodes,
Which from the *Titans* once preſerv'd the Gods;
And from ſo fam'd a Climate, doth expect
That it ſhould Earth as well as Heav'n protect;
And lending his Deſpair a kind Effort,

It

It ſhould the ſtaggering Univerſe ſupport:
Yes, the World's Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
And hopes a Land whoſe Fame ſuch Wonder ſings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And *Pompey*'s Fall attend, if not relieve.
This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father ſave,
And does expoſe that *Memphis* which he gave:
We muſt now haſten, or prevent his Fate,
His Ruine hinder, or precipitate:
That is unſafe, and this ignoble is;
I dread injuſtice, or unhappineſs;
And angry fortune each way offers me
Either much danger, or much infamy.
It is my part to chuſe, yours to adviſe
What you believe to be moſt ſafe and wiſe:
Pompey's concern'd; nay, we the fame ſhall get,
Cæſar's ſucceſs to trouble or compleat;
And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
So great a Subject for a Councel Board.

PHOTINUS.

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Sword,
Juſtice is nothing but an empty word;
And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh,
Muſt not his Reaſons, but his power obey:
View your own ſtrength, let *Pompey* be ſurvey'd,
Whoſe Fortune droops, and Valour is betray'd;
Who not from *Cæſar* only takes his flight,
But from the Senates juſt reproach and ſight,
(Whoſe greater part were cheaply left a Prey
To the keen Vultures of *Pharſalia*)
He flies loſt *Rome*, and every Roman now;
Who muſt to his defeat their Fetters owe.
He flies thoſe Kings who would chaſtiſe his Guilt,
Of all the blood that in this cauſe was ſpilt.

Their

Their Kingdoms now of Men and Mony void,
Their broken Scepters, and their Thrones destroy'd,
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World, shatter'd by his Fall.
Can you alone resist so many Foes?
His safety he did in himself repose:
He falls, and you may yield without a Blush
To such a weight as *Rome* her self does crush;
A weight which hath the Universe prest down,
And the yet greater *Pompey* overthrown.
He that will save, whom Heaven will have wrack'd,
By too much Justice may a Guilt contract;
And a fidelity so indiscreet
May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet.
He but a more illustrious wound will have,
Which will not smart the less for being brave.
Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
But chuse with Fortune and the Gods to side.
Believe not they can an injustice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree, for them declare,
And think it impious where they frown to spare;
With Divine Anger *Pompey* now beset,
Comes to involve you too in his defeat.
His Head for which both Gods and Men do call,
Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does seem,
And shews his hatred rather than esteem.
He would his safety with your ruine buy,
And can you doubt if he deserve to die?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wisht and thought,
And a victorious Navy hither brought,
We then should him a joyful welcom shew,
Who must the gods blame for his usage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him complain,
But with regret Act what the Gods Ordain;
And the same Ponyard, once for *Cæsar* meant,
Shall with a sigh to *Pompey*'s Heart be sent.

Nor can you at a leſs rate than his Head
Secure your own, and ſhun the ſtorm you dread.
Let this be thought a Crime, if ſo it muſt,
'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Juſt.
When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance laid,
The Intereſt of Kingdoms is betray'd,
Extreameſt Rigour is the right of Kings,
When Timerous Equity their Ruine brings.
Who fears a Crime ſhall ever be afraid,
But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade
Who dangerous virtue, as diſgrace, does ſhun,
And to an uſeful Crime as ſwiftly run.
This is my Thought, Sir, but *Achillas* may,
Or elſe *Septimius* chuſe ſome other way.
But this I know, whatever others like,
They fear no Conqueror, who the conquer'd ſtrike.

ACHILLAS.

Photin ſays true Sir, but though *Pompey* we
Deveſted of his former Grandeur ſee,
Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
Which the Gods did in *Theſſaly* revere.
Not that a crime of State ſhould be refrain'd,
But 'tis not lawful, till it be conſtrain'd:
And what need is there of ſuch Rigour here?
Who quits the conquer'd, needs no Conqueror fear,
You may be Neuter, as you were before:
And *Cæſar* may, if him you muſt adore;
But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
This is too great an Offring for his Shrine.
To *Mars* himſelf ſhould this head offer'd be,
'Twould fix on yours too black an infamy:
Let him not be aſſiſted nor deſtroy'd,
And ſuch a Conduct will all blame avoid.
You owe him much Sir, for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
Help'd our laſt King his Scepter to redeem,
But Gratitude and Hoſpitality,

In Monarchs Breaſts muſt regulated be;
Nor can a King contract ſo great a debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To cancel which, their blood muſt be imploy'd:
Conſider too, what *Pompey* did expoſe,
When he your Father help'd againſt his Foes:
By that he made his Power the greater ſeem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by reſtoring him:
He did in ſerving him but language ſpend;
But *Cæſar*'s Purſe appear'd the better Friend:
Had we not *Cæſar*'s thouſand Talents ſeen,
Pompey's Orations had ſmall ſuccours been.
Let him not then his verbal merits boaſt,
For *Cæſar*'s Actions have oblig'd you moſt.
But if a benefit to him be due,
Speak now for him, as he did once for you:
His kindneſs ſafely thus requite you may;
But here receiv'd, he will your Scepter ſway:
This conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enſlave.
Refuſe him welcome then, but ſpare his Head;
But if't muſt fall, this arm ſhall ſtrike him dead:
I can obey (Sir) and ſhould Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine ſhould ſtrike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and theſe Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you ſeeks it now;
You are his fate, may his loſt hopes revive,
Baniſh, or kill, or give him up alive:
The firſt would coſt you much too dear a rate,
I le only then the other three debate.
His exile draws on you enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conquerour;
Since to a long ſuſpenſe you will him leave,
What fate his future battels ſhall receive;

And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
The Ills, which but for you they had not known.
To render him to *Cæsar* were the same,
Who must forgive him to augment his Fame:
He will a brav'ry on himself impose,
And swell in that false mercy he bestows;
Glad if that way, he *Pompey* can o'recome,
And in the same Act please subjected *Rome*:
But whilst you him to this necessitate,
You'l purchase his, as well as *Pompey*'s hate.
His danger and dishonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him innocent;
Whilst *Pompey*'s Faction you in him destroy,
Let *Cæsar*, at your cost, the fruit enjoy:
By this advice, which you'l, I hope, allow,
You'l gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe;
But if *Achillas* unsafe course you choose,
You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

PTOLOMY.

Let us no more debate what's Just and fit,
But to the Worlds vicissitude submit.
Your Major votes do with my thoughts agree,
Who in so great a change would active be,
Rome hath too long made an injurious Claim
That all men should adore the Roman Name:
Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
And all her scorn in *Pompey*'s Blood lets down.
Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
To the Worlds Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give;
Now Fate would chain an Arrogance, so fierce,
Let's help her to revenge the Universe.
Rome, thou shalt serve, and Kings which alwaies yet,
Th'hast dar'd with so much insolence to treat,
Will *Cæsar* now, with less Regret obey,
Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.

Achillas

Achillas and *Septimius* loſe no time,
But make us Deathleſs by this glorious Crime,
Of Heaven's Reſentment I'le the hazard run,
Who ſent him hither ſure to be undone.

ACHILLAS.

A Kings command muſt no diſpute endure.

PTOLOMY.

Go then, the Scepter which I bear, ſecure;
For you by this commiſſion are become
The Deſtinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*.

SCEN. II.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I am miſtaken *Photin*, or by this
My Siſter will her expectation miſs,
Pompey my Father's Will having ſecur'd,
Her Coronation ſhe believe's aſſur'd.
And ſhe her ſelf the Miſtreſs does eſteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Ancient Friendſhip ſhe depends upon,
And inwardly already ſhares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become ſo vain,
That from its Aſhes it revives again.

PHOTINUS.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to haſten *Pompey*'s Fate.
He your Pretenſions doubtleſs will decide,
And by your Father's Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Truſt of Friendſhip being true,
You know how much he diſobliges you.
Nor that by this Diſcourſe, I would remove
The ſacred Cement of a Brothers Love,

I baniſh her not from your Heart, but Throne;
For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.
Divided Empire all wiſe Kings avoid,
For Pow'r Communicated is Deſtroy'd:
And Policy.---But, Sir, ſhe does appear.

SCEN. III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus.

CLEOPATRA.

Pompey is come (Sir) and can you be here?

PTOLOMY.

That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him *Achillas* and *Septimius* ſend.

CLEOPATRA.

What? ſuch Embaſſadours as thoſe to him?

PTOLOMY.

You may go too, if they too little ſeem.

CLEOPATRA.

Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?

PTOLOMY.

I muſt remember, that I am a King.

CLEOPATRA.

Can you reflect on that, and yet be ſlow
To kiſs the hand of him, that made you ſo?
And pay you homage to a Man ſo great?

PTOLOMY.

Did he that Title in *Pharſalia* get?

CLEOPATRA.

Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
He's ſtill that *Pompey* who your Crown reſtor'd.

PTOLOMY.

Rather his ſhade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whoſe Ghoſt, not by me, it ſhould be own'd.
Let him attend his Duſt, and be content
To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.

CLEO-

CLEOPATRA.

Hath ſuch a Benefit ſuch uſage met?

PTOLOMY.

I both remember it and his Defeat.

CLEOPATRA.

You do indeed, but with a ſcornful Pride.

PTOLOMY.

Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd;
You that ſo prize him, may his greatneſs Court,
But know, He yet may periſh in the Port.

CLEOPATRA.

What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dar'd his Ruine to contrive?

PTOLOMY.

I have done onely what the Gods inſpir'd,
And what the ſafety of my State requir'd.

CLEOPATRA.

I know but too much *Photin*, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Counſels poyſon'd you:
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbiſh fram'd.

PHOTINUS.

The Counſel, Madam, will not be diſclaim'd.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis the King, *Photin*, I diſcourſe with now;
Stay then, till I deſcend to talk to you.

PTOLOMY.

Youmuſt a little with her ſcorn diſpenſe,
I know her hatred, and your innocence;
But ſhe's my Siſter, give her humour vent.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, if too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length, a Yoke that is ſo vile,
And call her Virtue back from her exile:
That magnanimity ſo great, and good,
Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

PTOLOMY.

Swell'd with a hope in vain by you foreſeen,
You ſpeak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen:

Through

Through your falſe zeal, flaſhes of Pride eſcape;
And Intereſt does act in Virtues ſhape:
Confeſs it then, you had been ſilent ſtill,
Were it not for the King our Fathers Will;
You know who keep's it?

CLEOPATRA.

And you ſhall know too,
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage ſeek,
I ſhould for *Cæſar*, not for *Pompey* ſpeak:
Receive a ſecret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.
When none that bold Rebellion could withſtand,
Which rob'd our Father of his Crown and Land,
The injur'd King forſook his Native ſhore,
And *Romes* great Senate did for Aid Implore.
With him we went, their pity to engage,
You very Young; but I was in an Age,
When Nature had ſupply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in ſubduing hearts.
Cæſar receiv'd, or elſe pretended love,
And by his Actions, would his Paſſion prove.
But ſince the Senate's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd *Pompey*, to our party drew,
Whoſe high concern for us, on *Cæſar's* ſcore,
Was the laſt fruit their Friendſhip ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the event;
But ſuch a Lover not with it content,
When by th' aſſiſtance of ſo great a Man,
In our behalf the Roman ſuffrage ran,
Reſolving further Kindneſs to impart,
He gave his Treaſure to attend his Heart:
And from the bounty of his growing flame,
Thoſe ſinews both of War and Power came,
Thoſe thouſand Talents which we owe him yet,
Forc'd our revolted *Egypt* to ſubmit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;

And

And by his Sovereign Right, on me beſtow'd
A part of what he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilſt you, who this great reaſon never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am aſſur'd, *Cæſar* will ſoon arrive.
And a few hours will ſuch a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did leaſt expect.
And ſhew you why I ſpoke ſo like a Queen,
Who the loath'd Object of your ſcorn have been.
You in the Throne, uſurp'd my equal ſeat,
And as a Slave you did your Siſter Treat;
Till I was forc'd to ſhun a ruder Fate,
To ſtoop and Court your Miniſters of State.
Whoſe ſteel or poyſon, I ſtill fear'd: but Know,
Pompey or *Cæſar* will ſecure me now;
And whatſoe're your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am ſure my Scepter to obtain:
Till when my Pride ſhall leave you, to divine
In this Conteſt, what could be my deſign.

Ptolomy, Photin.

PTOLOMY.

What think you *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIN.

My ſpirit, Sir, to wonder is reſign'd,
And nothing but amazement can expreſs;
At ſuch a ſecret as I ne're could gueſs,
My thoughts are ſo unquiet and confus'd,
I ſcarce know what expedient ſhould be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we ſave *Pompey*?

PHOTIN.

Had you that decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he ſhould bleed.
Your Siſter hates you, ſhe is fair and fierce,
And if ſhe ſuch Victorious Charms diſperſe;
The head of *Pompey* only can ſuffice
To win the heart of *Cæſar* from her Eyes.

PTOLOMY.

This dangerous Woman hath a buſie wit.

PHOTIN.

But ſuch a ſervice will out-ballance it.

PTOLOMY.

But what if *Cæſar* ſtill her Pow'r obey?

PHOTIN.

Then flatter her, and mind not what I ſay,
Till firſt you ask, in an affair ſo Nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* beſt advice.

PTOLOMY.

Lets from the Tow'r ſee them act *Pompey*'s doom,
And this Debate at their return, reſume.

After the firſt Act of *Pompey*, the King and *Photin* ſhould be diſcovered, ſitting and hearkning to this *SONG*.

SInce affairs of the State, are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court;
Employment and Pleaſure each other ſucceed,
Becauſe they each other ſupport.
Were Princes confin'd
From ſlackening their Mind,
When by Care it is ruſled and curl'd,
A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear,
And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themſelves who have power enough,
In diverſions are various, and oft;

Since

Since the buſineſs of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be ſoft.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.
To our Monarch we owe, whatſoe're we enjoy:
And no grateful Subjects were thoſe,
Who would not the ſafety, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his repoſe.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypſies is preſented.

Act. II. SCEN. I.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I Love him, but a Flame ſo much refin'd,
How bright ſoever, dazles not my mind:
For Virtue makes my inclination know,
What *Cæſar's* Miſtreſs does to *Pompey* owe:
And none dares owe a paſſion ſo ſublime,
But ſhe that ſcorns the ſhadow of a crime.
I ſhould but ſmall Reſpect to *Cæſar* pay,
To ſeek his love in an unhandſome way.

CHARMION.

Can you love *Cæſar*, Madam, and adviſe
That *Egypt* ſhould in Armes againſt him riſe?
That they ſhould *Pompey* againſt him protect,
And his *Pharſalian* Triumphs ſhould be checkt,
Sure Love in you does little Empire ſhew.

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extraction Princes owe,
That by th'Aſſiſtance of their Royal blood,
Their Paſſions are more eaſily ſubdu'd.
Their honour ſtill the Victory will have,
And whilſt they truſt themſelves, they ſtill are brave.

All the Diſorders, which in Kings we ſee,
To others Counſels muſt imputed be.
This I the cauſe of *Pompey's* ruine deem;
The King would help, but *Photin* murthers him.
Whoſe Counſel hath his Maſters faith o'rethrown,
Which ſtill had ſway'd, had he obſerv'd *his* own.

CHARMION.

You then who *Cæſar* love, and yet oppoſe.

CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cheriſh no diſhonour knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his ſecur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.

CHARMION.

But are you well aſſur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Know that a Princeſs by her glory mov'd,
No Love confeſſes till ſhe be belov'd.
Nor the moſt noble paſſion ever ſhows,
When it ſhall her to a Contempt expoſe.
At *Rome*, I firſt did *Cæſars* Heart invade,
Where he the firſt expreſſion of it made;
And ever ſince, he did to me renew
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through *Italy*, through *Gaule* and *Spain*,
With Love in's Breſt, and Fortune in his Train:
Nor did he ever make ſo brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to theſe Eyes.
With the ſame hand, which did that weapon quit
With' Blood of *Pompey's* party reeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my fetters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.
Yes from *Pharſalia* his ſubmiſſions came,
And if his ſpeed be equal to his flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt ſhall ſee him ſhortly at my feet.

He

He comes my *Charmion*, and from me alone
Seeks the reward of all that he hath done,
And all his glory to my Shrine he brings,
With the ſame hand that gives the Law to Kings:
So that even in his Triumphs, my diſdain
Can make the Man, that rules the World complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dear ſwear, your charms a pow'r enjoy,
Which though they boaſt of, they will ne're employ.
And the great *Cæſar* ſhall no trouble know,
If it can only from your rigour grow.
But what can you expect from *Cæſar*'s flames?
Wherein ſuch right another Woman claims,
His freedom he by marriage hath reſign'd,
And only to *Calphurnia* is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce, at *Rome* ſo common now,
May remove her, and my deſires allow:
Cæſar's Experience him to that may lead,
Since 'twas *Calphurnia*'s paſſage to his bed.

CHARMION.

But the ſame way may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better ſhall ſecure his love,
Perhaps my paſſion may find out an Art
Better to manage that Illuſtrious Heart.
But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
One day the Miſtreſs of the World to be.
I have Ambition, and be't good or ill,
It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
And 'tis this noble paſſion ſure, or none,
A Princeſs may without a blemiſh own.
But yet with Glory I would it inflame,
Nor would buy Greatneſs with the loſs of Fame,
For I the brighteſt Crown can ſcorn to touch,
When 'tis attended with the leaſt Reproach.

VVonder not then, that I ſo much purſue
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do.
His injur'd virtue, ſince I cannot right,
My ſecret wiſhes muſt invoke his flight:
That ſome kind ſtorm may ſo his Ships diſperſe,
As may preſerve him from his Murtherers.
But faithful *Achoreus* comes, and he
VVill quickly tell us *Pompey*'s Deſtiny.

SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath ſome Treacherous hand
With that Rich bloud ſtain'd our unhappy ſtrand?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the ſhore did run,
And ſaw this Treaſon in its horrour done:
I ſaw the greateſt Mortal loſe his breath,
And though a ſad, I ſaw a glorious death.
And ſince a ſtory you require from me,
So much his Honour, and our Infamy:
Hear now his Fate, and wonder and bewail.
His three Ships in the Harbour ſtriking ſail,
When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
By noble ſenſe of Honour, did intend
VVith all his Court to meet ſo brave a friend.
But when he only ſaw a Squiff prepar'd,
And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard:
Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
And gave him ſome approaches of a fear:
But ſeeing arm'd Men on our Ships and Shore,
He bluſh'd his apprehenſions were ſo Poor;
And when the Danger was ſo near him brought,
He only on *Cornelia*'s ſafety thought.

"Let's

" Let's but expoſe, ſays he, this ſingle head
" To a Reception we may ſo much dread.
" But whilſt I only do the ſhock ſuſtain,
" Haſten thy flight, and my revenge obtain.
" King *Juba* is more generouſly enclin'd,
" VVhere thou thy Father, and my Sons ſhall find:
" But if their Deaths ſhould thee of them deprive,
" Never deſpair while *Cato* is alive.
VVhile their conteſt on this was ſad and kind,
Achilla's fatal boat their Veſſel join'd:
Septimius then, to get him in his Pow'r,
I'th Roman Language call'd him Emperour;
And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
Let, Sir, ſays he, this Barque convey you hence;
The Shelfs and Sands which under water lye,
To greater Veſſels an acceſs deny.
The Hero ſaw, and ſmil'd at this abuſe;
He then receiv'd his Wifes and Friends adieus,
Their ſtay commanded, and to death did go
With the ſame look as he did Crowns beſtow;
With the ſame Majeſty writ in his brow,
He ſat unmov'd among his Murtherers now:
His ſtedfaſt Courage did his Conduct ſeem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him,
Of whom, what I have told you, I did learn,
But ſaw the reſt my ſelf with ſad concern:
And think (ſo mournful it to me appears)
Cæſar himſelf could not refuſe it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.

But ſpare not mine, nor let them intercept
A ſtory, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.

VVhilſt toward Land they brought him, not a word
To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford:
In which contempt, he did foreſee his end.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to deſcend.

He

He riſing, as *Achillas* ſtood behind
Drawing his Sword for what they had deſign'd,
Septimius, and three Romans more embrew'd
Their guilty hands in that heroick blood:
Till ev'n *Achillas* was with horrour ſtrook,
Upon a Rage ſo barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You Gods who Nations do chaſtiſe with War,
When you revenge this death, our Cities ſpare!
And not the place but Actors look upon,
The crime of *Egypt* was by Romans done.
But tell me what this Worthy ſaid, and did.

ACHOREUS.

With his Robes border he his viſage hid,
Blindly his cruel deſtiny obey'd;
And would not ſee that Heav'n which him betray'd:
Leſt any look of his, in ſuch a ſtroke,
Should its aſſiſtance, or revenge invoke.
Not the leaſt poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that ſpoke him worthy of his wrong:
But that deſpiſing, made his laſt retreat
To all that in his life was good or great:
And held the treaſon, which the King had wrought,
Too much below him to employ his thought.
His Virtue, by their crime more brightly ſhone,
And his laſt gaſp, was an illuſtrious one.
This great Soul fled, his body did expoſe
To th' greedy Eyes of his inhumane Foes:
His head, which tumbled on the bluſhing Deck,
(By vile *Septimius* ſever'd from his neck)
Upon *Achillas* Lance we fixed ſee,
As after Battels Trophies uſe to be:
And to conclude a Deſtiny ſo ſad,
The Sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
To fortune now, his ſlaughter'd Corps reſign'd,
Floats at the pleaſure of the Wave and Wind,
The Poor *Cornelia* at the dreadful view.

CLEO-

CLEOPATRA.

O Gods! What could ſhe either ſay or do!

ACHOREUS.

By woful ſhrieks, ſhe try'd his life to ſhield,
Then hopeleſs up to Heav'n her hands ſhe held:
And by her mighty ſorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly ſwoon.
In this diſtreſs her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit thoſe horrid ſhores.
But infamous *Septimius* having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has with ſix Ships haſten'd to her purſuit,
And the dead *Pompey* ſtill does perſecute.
But whilſt to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horrour on the guilt reflect,
And a revenging Earthquake does expect:
This hears it thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution muſt receive.
Their Reaſon, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vaſt a puniſhment.
Philip mean while ſhews on the River ſide,
That his mean fortune a brave ſoul did hide:
He curiouſly examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treaſon to them gave:
That thoſe lov'd bones he piouſly might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urn.
And with a little Duſt a Tomb erect
To him who did the Univerſe ſubject.
But whilſt *Cornelia* they one way purſue,
Another we might *Cæſar*'s coming view,
A Navy which can hardly reckon'd be.

CLEOPATRA.

Ne're doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he;
Tremble bad men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Deſtiny become.
Cæſar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey*'s reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.

" But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
" Pity their Fortune, and our own ſuſpect.

He who we thought ev'n Fate herſelf had ſway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd;
Whom his own *Rome* ſaw (almoſt Deify'd)
Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride;
And who in the laſt hazards of his Fate,
Saw both the Conſuls on his Standards wait;
As ſoon as Fortune one unkindneſs ſhows,
Egyptian Monſters of his life diſpoſe:
And a *Pholinus*, or *Septimius*, dare
Govern the Deſtiny of ſuch a Man;
A King who owes him, ev'n the Crown he wears,
Expoſing him to thoſe baſe Flatterers.
So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and ſo may
Cæſar himſelf perhaps another day!
O may the Gods the Augury diſprove!
And make his Fortune conſtant as my Love.

CHARMION.

The King comes Madam, who may overhear.

SCEN. III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY.

Know you what happineſs is drawing near?

CLEOPATRA.

Yes I have heard it, the great *Cæſar's* come.
And *Photin* ſhall no more pronounce my Doom.

PTOLOMY.

That faithful Subject you could ne're endure.

CLEOPATRA.

No, but am from his Project now ſecure.

PTOLOMY.

Which of his Plots could you ſo much offend?

CLEOPATRA.

I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend:
For ſuch a Politician is not Nice,
And you are always ſteer'd by his advice.

PTOLOMY.

If I believe him, I his prudence ſee.

CLEOPATRA.

And I who fear him, know his cruelty.

PTOLOMY.

For a Crown's ſafety all things juſt appear.

CLEOPATRA.

That kind of equity creates my fear,
My ſhare of Power hath been by it loſt,
And now it has the head of *Pompey* coſt.

PTOLOMY.

Never a game of State was more adviſ'd,
For elſe by *Cæſar* we had been ſurpris'd:
You ſee his ſpeed, and we had been ſubdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have ſtood.
But now I to a Conquerour ſo great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal ſeat.

CLEOPATRA.

Make your own Preſents, I'le diſpoſe of mine,
Nor others Intereſts with yours combine.

PTOLOMY.

Our Blood's the ſame, uniting me and you.

CLEOPATRA.

You might have ſaid, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confeſt,
There is ſome difference in our intereſt.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, Siſter, for my Heart is well content
Only with *Egypts* narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, *Cæſar*'s heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* muſt your Empire bound.

CLEOPATRA.

I have ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may ſurprize my Soul, but never blind.

T' upbraid me with theſe bounds there is no need.
I know my reach, and ſhall not that exceed.

PTOLOMY.

Your Fortune ſmiles, and you th' advantage uſe.

CLEOPATRA.

You may revile me, if I that abuſe.

PTOLOMY.

I hope the beſt, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

CLEOPATRA.

You ſeem to hope, what really you fear.
But though the gods my juſt pretenſions Crown,
You need not doubt, I'le ask but what's my own.
You ne're ſhall anger from your Siſter find,
Though you're a cruel Brother, I'le be kind.

PTOLOMY.

But yet methinks you do diſcover pride.

CLEOPATRA.

Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

PTOLOMY.

Your preſent carriage that doth plainly ſhew.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæſar is come, and you've a Maſter now.

PTOLOMY.

I made him mine who the Worlds Maſter is.

CLEOPATRA.

Pay him your homage, while I look for his.
In this Addreſs you may your ſelf be ſeen,
But I'le remember that I am a Queen.
Photin will help you to receive him now,
Adviſe with him, he'll tell you what's to do.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I have obſerv'd thy Counſel, but find ſince
To flatter her, but ſwells her inſolence.
For with her Pride ſhe did affront me ſo,
That I at laſt fell into Paſſion too.
This Arm enrag'd by her, could ſcarce forbear
(Without a Thought that *Cæſar* was ſo near)
Diſpatching her (as ſafe as ſhe does ſeem)
To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great *Cæſar* pleaſe her Pride and Hate,
And ſhe o're him her boaſted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King muſt be her Slave.
No, no, we needs muſt Fruſtrate that intent,
Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
Let's ſpoil her of her Power to diſdain,
And break thoſe Charmes whereby ſhe hopes to reign;
Nor after ſuch indignities let's brook,
That ſhe ſhould buy my Scepter with a look.

PHOTINUS.

Do not for *Cæſar*, Sir, pretence provide
That *Egypt* ſhould be to his Triumphs ty'd:
For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conqueſt, and a Rage ſo ſmart,
As ſuch a loſs writes in a Lovers Heart:
Though you but act, what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, Hee'l you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

PTOLOMY.

If *Cleopatra* ſees him ſhe's a Queen.

PHO-

PHOTINUS.

But if ſhe dye your Ruine is foreſeen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me ſhould on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you muſt your ſelf befriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? muſt my Crown upon her Temples ſhine?
No, if my Scepter I muſt needs reſign,
The Conquerour ſhall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'l ſooner force it from a Siſters hand.
How great ſoever now his flames appear,
He muſt be gone, and leave You Maſter here.
Love in ſuch Men, ſeldom that room can find,
Which to their Int'reſt will not be reſign'd.
With *Juba*, *Scipio*, and with *Pompey*'s Sons,
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with *Africk* runs:
And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,
He cannot ſafely call the World his own.
Cæſar's too great a Captain, to o'reſee
The Purſuit of *Pharſalia*'s Victory:
And leave ſuch fierce Hearts on revenge intent,
To riſe from their ſo late Aſtoniſhment.
If he his ends Obtain, and them o'recome,
He his gain'd Empire muſt ſecure at *Rome*:
And there the fruit of his ſucceſs enjoy,
Whilſt he at pleaſure does her Laws deſtroy.
Judge in that time, what great things you may do,
See *Cæſar* then, and ſtrive to pleaſe him too.
Reſign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
That future things on accidents depend.
Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
And without murmur yield to his Command:
He will believe that Juſtice he ſhall do
If he your Father's Teſtament purſue;
Beſides, this ſignal ſervice you have done,
Will give you ſtill ſome Title to your Throne.

Entire

Entire submission to his Orders shew,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be most fit
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let these Passions then be born,
Which were excited by your Sisters scorn.
Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

PTOLOMY.

O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to save all, on *Cæsar* all bestow:
His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him hither wait.

After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by two Egyptian Priests on the Stage.

1.

SEE how Victorious Cæsar's *Pride*
Does Neptune's *Bosom sweep!*
And with Thessalian *Fortune ride*
In Triumph o're the Deep.

2.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dares do more then they?
Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kiss,
And Sea and Land obey.

1.

What can the Fortunate withstand?
For this resistless He,
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men submit,
And Cæsar's *favour woe,*

Virtue

Virtue her ſelf may think it fit
That Egypt *court him too.*

1.

But Pompey's *Head's a rate too dear;*
For by that impious price
The God leſs Noble will appear
Than does the Sacrifice.

2.

If Juſtice be a thing divine,
The Gods ſhould it maintain,
For us t' attempt what they decline,
Would be as raſh as vain.

Chorus.

How deſperate is our Princes Fate?
What hazard does he run?
He muſt be wicked to be great,
Or to be juſt, undone.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

YEs, whilſt the King himſelf is gone to meet
Cæſar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet,
To her Appartment *Cleopatra* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen,
Who with Heroick Courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I ſpeak to Her?

CHAR-

CHARMION.

No, but she hath sent
Me to enquire this meetings great event;
How *Cæsar* on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or disdain'd:
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could say.

ACHOREUS.

The head of *Pompey* hath already cost,
More then they will have any cause to boast:
For whether *Cæsar* be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolomy*, they serv'd him ill,
You saw him part, and I pursu'd him still.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet,
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cæsar* meet,
He with spread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of *Mars*:
So *Neptune* to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his Wind.
Our Prince was so astonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned head forget.
Through his false joy his terrour he confess'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts expres'd.
I my self blush'd as at a shameful thing,
There to see *Ptolomy*, but not the King;
Cæsar who saw his Courage thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raise it higher.
He with low voice offering his fatal gift,
" Now Sir, says he, you have no Rival left,
" What in *Thessalia*, not the Gods could do,
" I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
" Her'es one, and though the other flight did take,
" Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achillas then the great Head did expose,
Which still to speak it self seem'd to dispose.
At this new injury some warm remain
Did in imperfect groans seem to complain.

I thought his open mouth and ghaſtly look,
Recall'd the Soul which ſcarce her leave had took;
And his laſt anger ſeem'd with dying breath,
To charge the Gods with his Defeat and Death.
Cæſar ſeem'd Thunder-ſtricken at this view,
As not reſolv'd what to believe or do.
Immoveably on that ſad Object ty'd,
He long from us his inward thought did hide,
And I would ſay, if I durſt make a gueſs,
By what our Nature uſes to expreſs:
Some ſuch malignant pleaſure he enjoy'd,
As his offended honour ſcarce deſtroy'd.
That the whole World now in his power lies,
Could not but bring ſome flattering ſurprize.
But though a while this conflict he endur'd,
Yet his great Soul it ſelf ſoon re-aſſur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treaſon hates,
Himſelf he judges, on himſelf debates.
Each joy and grief at Reaſon's Bar appears,
At length reſolv'd, he firſt let fall ſome Tears.
His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
And nobleſt thoughts by that weak ſign explains.
The horrid preſent from his ſight expell'd,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
In a few words their inſolence repreſs'd,
And after did in penſive ſilence reſt.
Nor even to his Romans could reply,
But with a heavy ſigh and furious eye.
At laſt with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
To ſeize the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he ſet, and ſecret Orders ſent,
Shew his diſtruſt as well as diſcontent.
Egypt he ſpeaks of as a Province won,
And now calls *Pompey* not a Foe, but Son.
This I obſerv'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
The juſt *Oſiris* to her Vows inclin'd:

Whilſt with this happy News to her I flye,
Do you preſerve her your Fidelity.

ACHOREUS.

Ne're doubt it; but here *Cæſar* comes, go then
Deſcribe the Conſternation of our Men:
And whatſoever proves to be their Fate,
I'le firſt obſerve, and then to her relate.

SCEN. II.

Cæſar, *Ptolomy*, *Lepidus*, *Photinus*, *Achoreus*, Roman *and* Egyptian Souldiers.

PTOLOMY.

Great Sir, aſcend the Throne, and govern Us.

CÆSAR.

Do you know *Cæſar*, and ſpeak to him thus?
What worſe could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my boaſt conſute,
That *Rome* did me unjuſtly perſecute:
Rome who both ſcorns, & gives Crowns every where,
And nothing ſees in Kings to love or fear;
Nay, at our Birth does all our Souls enflame,
To ſlight the Rank, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*, who
If he ſuch Offers hi'd, could ſhun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, t'afford
Service to him who had them both reſtor'd:
So glorious had been even ill ſucceſs,
In ſuch a Cauſe, that Triumphs had been leſs:
And if your Fortune ſafety had deny'd,
To have beſtow'd it, had been *Cæſar*'s pride:
But though you would not own ſo brave a ſtrife,
What right had you to that Illuſtrious Life?
Who that rich blood to waſh your hands allow'd,
That to the meaneſt Roman ſhould have bow'd?

Was it for you *Pharſalia's* Field I won,
Wherein ſo many Nations were undone?
And did I purchaſe at ſo high a rate,
That you ſhould be the Arbiters of Fate?
If I in *Pompey* that could ne're admit,
Shall you eſcape o're him aſſuming it?
How much is my ſucceſs abus'd by you,
Who attempt more than ever I durſt do?
What name, think you, will ſuch a blow become,
Which has uſurp'd the Soveraignty of *Rome*?
And in one Perſon did affront her more,
Than could the *Aſian* Maſſacre before.
Do you imagine I ſhall e're agree
You would have been more ſcrupulous for me?
No, had you *Pompey* here Victorious ſeen,
My Head to him had ſuch a Preſent been:
I to my Conqueſt your Submiſſions owe,
When all wrongs had purſu'd my Overthrow.
You do adore the Conqueror, not me;
I but enjoy it by Felicity.
Dangerous Friendſhip! Kindneſs to be fear'd!
Which turns with Fortune, and by her is ſteer'd.
But ſpeak; this ſilence does encreaſe your ſin.

PTOLOMY.

Never hath my Confuſion greater been;
And I believe, Sir, you'allow it me,
Since I, a King born, now a Maſter ſee:
Where at my frown, each man did trembling ſtand,
And every word of mine was a Command;
I ſee a new Court, and another ſway,
And I have nothing left, but to obey:
Your very look abates my ſpirits force,
And can it be regain'd by your Diſcourſe?
Judge how I can from ſuch a Trouble ceaſe,
Which my Reſpects create, and Fears encreaſe:
And what can an aſtoniſht Prince expreſs,
Who anger ſees in that Majeſtick Dreſs?
And whoſe Amazements do his Soul ſubdue,

That *Pompey*'s Death ſhould be reveng'd by You.
Yet I muſt ſay, whatever he beſtow'd,
We owe you more, then ever him we ow'd:
Your Favour was the firſt to us expreſt,
And all he did, was done at your Requeſt;
He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings,
And them that Prayer to our Aſſiſtance brings:
But all that He for *Egypt* could obtain,
Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain:
By that his Rebels our late King ſubdu'd,
And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
We *Pompey* as your Friend and Son rever'd,
But when he your Competitour appear'd,
When of your Fortune he ſuſpicious grew,
Tyranny ſought and dar'd to fight with you----

CÆSAR.

Forbear, your hatreds Thirſt his Blood ſupplies,
Touch not his Glory, let his Life ſuffice;
Say nothing here that *Rome* ſtill dares deny,
But plead your Cauſe without a Calumny.

PTOLOMY.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
I only ſay, that in the Wars laſt fought,
To which ſo many wrongs did you perſwade,
Our Vows for your ſucceſs were only made:
And ſince he ever ſought your Blood to ſpill,
I thought his Death a neceſſary Ill.
For as his groundleſs Hatred daily grew,
He would, by all ways, the Diſpute renew;
Or if at length, he fell into your Hand,
We fear'd your Mercy would your Right withſtand:
For to that Pitch your ſenſe of Honour flies,
As would to Fame you Safety ſacrifice;
Which made me judge in ſo extream an Ill,
We ought to ſerve you, Sir, againſt your will;
My forward Zeal th' occaſion did embrace,
Without your leave, and to my own diſgrace:
And this you as a Crime in me diſclaim,

But

But nothing done for you deserves that Name:
I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which Act you may enjoy, and disapprove;
Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher grows;
Since I my Glory gave for your Repose,
And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
Your Glory and your Power to be assur'd.

CÆSAR.

You employ, *Ptolomy*, such Crafty Words,
And weak Excuses as your Cause affords;
Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods should be:
And did to you such subtleties convey,
As stole the fruit of all my Wars away;
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
VVas of a Foe subdu'd, to make a Friend;
VVhere the worst Enemies that I have met,
VVhen they are conquer'd I as Brothers treat:
And my Ambition only this Design'd,
To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind;
How blest a Period of the VVar 'd had been,
If the glad VVorld had in one Chariot seen
Pompey and *Cæsar* at once to have sate
Triumphant over all their former Hate!
These were the Dangers you fear'd should befal;
O fear Ridiculous, and Criminal!
You fear'd my Mercy but that trouble quit,
And wish it rather; you have need of it.
For I am sure strict Justice would consent
I should appease *Rome* with your punishment.
Not your respects, nor your Repentance now,
No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow:
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
But *Cleopatra*'s Blood must not be spilt:
VVherefore your Flatterers only I condemn;
And must expect you'l do me Right on them.
For what in this I shall observe you do,
Must be the Rule of my Esteem for you:

To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
And to him pay, as to the Gods, Reſpect.
By Sacrifices your Offence expel,
But have a Care you chuſe your Victims well.
Go then, and whilſt you do for this prepare,
I muſt ſtay here about another Care.

SCEN. III.

Cæſar, Antonius, Lepidus.

CÆSAR.

Antonius, have you this bright Princeſs ſeen?

ANTONIUS.

Yes, Sir, I have, and ſhe's a matchleſs Queen;
With ſuch proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Mind and Body knit;
So ſweet a Greatneſs in her Face does ſhine,
The Nobleſt Courage muſt to it reſign;
Her Looks and Language with ſuch eaſe ſubdue,
If I were *Cæſar*, I ſhould love her too.

CÆSAR.

How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd?

ANTONIUS.

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd:
She modeſtly declin'd her higheſt aims,
And thinks ſhe merits, what ſhe moſt diſclaims.

CÆSAR.

But can I hope her love?

ANTONIUS.

Can ſhe have yours?
As that your Joys, ſo this her Crown ſecures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whoſe kindneſs you with Empire can reward?
Then let your Paſſion all its Doubts disband,
For what can *Pompey*'s Conquerour withſtand?
But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,

How

How little, *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings;
And more then that, ſhe dreads *Calphurnia*'s Love;
But both theſe Rubs your preſence will remove,
And your ſucceſsful Hope all Miſts will break,
If you vouchſafe but for your Self to ſpeak.

CÆSAR.

Let's go then, and theſe needleſs ſcruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
Come let us ſtay no longer.

ANTONIUS.

But firſt know,
Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boaſting of his Fault,
And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought.
But once aſhore, your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

CÆSAR.

Then let her enter:- Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does ſo roughly uſe!
O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this ſmall remainder of one day?

SCEN. IV.

Cæſar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus, Septimius.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir.------

CÆSAR.

Go *Septimius*, for your Maſter look,
Cæſar a Traytors preſence cannot brook;
A Roman, who to ſerve a King could be
Content, when he had *Pompey* ſerv'd, and me.

[*Exit Septimius.*

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Priſoner, but not thy Slave:

Expect

Expect not then my Heart ſhould e're afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord:
How rude ſoever Fortune makes her blow,
I *Craſſus* Widow once, and *Pompey*'s now;
Great *Scipio*'s Daughter, (and what's higher yet)
A Roman, have a Courage ſtill more great;
And of all ſtrokes her cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me bluſh, but that I live,
And have not follow'd *Pompey* when he dy'd;
For though the means to do it were deny'd,
And cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick aſſiſtance of a Steel or Wave,
Yet I'm aſham'd, that after ſuch a woe,
Grief had not done as much as they could do:
Death had been glorious, and had ſet me free,
As from my Sorrow then, ſo now from thee.
Yet I muſt thank the gods, though ſo ſevere,
That ſince I muſt come hither, thou art here:
That *Cæſar* reigns here, and not *Ptolomy*;
And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
That ſome faint kind of ſatisfaction 'tis,
To meet here with my greateſt Enemies;
And into their hands that I rather fall,
Than into his that ow'd my Husband all.
But of thy Conqueſt, *Cæſar*, make no boaſt,
Which to my ſingle Deſtiny thou ow'ſt;
I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac'd,
And twice have caus'd th' whole World to be diſ-
My Nuptial Knot twice ominouſly ty'd, (grac'd;
Baniſh'd the Gods from the uprighter ſide;
Happy in miſery I had been, if it,
For *Romes* advantage, had with thee been knit;
And on thy Houſe that I could ſo diſpenſe
All my own Stars malignant influence:
For never think my hatred can grow leſs,
Since I the Roman Conſtancy profeſs;
And though thy Captive, yet a heart like mine,
Can never ſtoop to hope for ought from thine:

Command, but think not to ſubject my will,
Remember this, I am *Cornelia* ſtill.

CÆSAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man ſo brave!
Whoſe Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;
And we may find by your hearts glorious frame,
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young *Craſſus* Soul, and noble *Pompey's* too,
Whoſe Vertues Fortune cheated of their due:
The *Scipio's* Blood, who ſav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and ſparkle in your Eyes;
And *Rome*, her ſelf hath not an ancient Stem,
Whoſe Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them:
Would to thoſe Gods your Anceſtors once ſav'd,
When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a falſe Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our ancient love rely'd;
That he had ſuffered my ſucceſsful Arms,
Only to vanquiſh his unjuſt Alarms;
Then he without diſtruſting me, had ſtaid
Till he had heard what *Cæſar* could have ſaid;
And I, in ſpight of all our former ſtrife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of life;
Forget my Conqueſt, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had pray'd the gods to pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendſhip to poſſeſs,
He had pray'd *Rome* to pardon my ſucceſs.
But ſince Fate, ſo ambitious to deſtroy,
Hath rob'd the World and Us, of ſo much Joy,
Cæſar muſt ſtrive t' acquit himſelf to you,
Of what was your illuſtrious Husbands due:
Enjoy your ſelf then with all freedom here,

Only

Only two days my Priſoner appear;
And witneſs be, how after our debate,
I ſhall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
You this account to *Italy* may yield,
What Pride I borrow from *Theſſalia*'s Field.
I leave you to your ſelf, and ſhall retire;
Lepidus, furniſh her to her deſire;
As Roman Ladies have reſpected been;
So honour her, (that is) above a Queen.
Madam, command; all ſhall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.

O Gods! how many Virtues muſt I hate!

After the third Act, to *Cornelia* aſleep on a Couch, *Pompey*'s Ghoſt ſings this in Recitative Air.

From laſting and unclouded Day,
From joys refin'd above allay,
And from a ſpring without decay.

I come, by Cynthia's *borrow'd beams*
To viſit my Cornelia's *Dreams,*
And give them yet ſublimer Theams.

Behold the Man thou lov'dſt before,
Pure ſtreams have waſh'd away his Gore,
And Pompey *now ſhall bleed no more.*

By Death my Glory I reſume;
For 'twould have been a harſher doom
T' outlive the Liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtful fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride;
I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor ſhall my vengeance be withſtood
Or unattended with a Flood,
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Cæsar *himself it shall pursue,*
His days shall troubled be and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.

He, by severity Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine,
As I was his, he must be mine.

Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon ashore,
And to thy Pompey *thee restore.*

Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.

There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar *be Dictator there,*
Nor shall Cornelia *shed a Tear.*

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance of her Dream, and then *Cornelia* starts up, as waken'd in amazement, saying,

What have I seen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Vision! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some joy laid up in Fate for me.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Pharnaces.

PTOLOMY.

WHat, with that Hand, and with that Sword
A Victim of th' unhappy *Pompey* made,
Saw you *Septimius*, fled from *Cæsar's* hate,
Give such a bloody period to his Fate?

ACHILLAS.

He's dead, Sir, and by that you may collect
What shame (foreseen by him) you must expect:
Cæsar you may by this slow anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go;
But the consider'd indignation grows
Stronger by age, and gives the fiercer blows;
In vain you hope his fury to asswage,
Who now secure, does politickly rage;
He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive abhor'd, he dead reveres:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth chuse,
To act the vengeance, and yet make the use.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd thee, I had never known
A Master here, nor been without a Throne:
" But still with this imprudence Kings are curst,
" To hear too much Advice and chuse the worst;
" At the Pits brink Fate does their Reason blind,
" Or if some hint they of their danger find,
" Yet that false light amiss their Judgment steers,
" Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

PHOTINUS.

I must confess *Cæsar* did mistake,
Since such a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his side hath Friends, and those alone
Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.

I no more say, you silently should bear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, I a better Remedy esteem,
To justifie his Rivals death on him.
When you the first Act by the last make good,
And *Cæsar*'s shed, as well as *Pompey*'s Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will in you, from both, her Freedom owe.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, yes, to this all Reasons do perswade;
Let's fear no more the greatness we have made:
Cæsar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
And twice in one day we'll dispose of *Rome*;
As Bondage first, let's Freedom next bestow;
Let not thy Actions, *Cæsar*, swell thee so;
But call to mind what thou hast seen me do,
Pompey was mortal, and so thou art too;
Thou envy'dst him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think thou hast no more lives than he;
Thy own compassion for his Fate, does shew
That thy heart may be penetrable too:
Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
'Tis I, must with thy Ruine, *Rome* appease;
And of that cruel mercy vengeance take,
Which spares a King, but for his Sisters sake.
My Life and Power shall not exposed be
To her Resentment, or thy Levity;
Lest thou, to morrow, shouldst at such a rate
Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate:
More noble Maximes shall my fears expell;
Thou bad'st me once to chuse my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
Who know no Victim worthier than thee,
Nor th' Immolation of whose Blood will draw,
Better acceptance from thy Son-in-Law.
But vainly, friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unless we knew, what strength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable heat,

The Tyrants Forces being here ſo great;
But of our Power let us be firſt agreed,
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILLAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our preſent ſtate,
Two miles from hence, ſix thouſand Souldiers wait;
Which I, foreſeeing ſome new Diſcontents,
Have kept in readineſs for all Events;
Cæſar with all his Arts, could not foreſee
That underneath this Town a Vault ſhould be,
By which this night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Eaſe, and without noiſe convey;
T' aſſault his life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to loſe your own:
We muſt ſurprize him, and act our deſign,
When he is drunk with Pleaſure, Love, and Wine.
The People are all ours, for when he made
His entry, horrour did their Souls invade;
When with a Pomp ſo arrogantly grave,
His Faſces did our Royal Enſigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that injurious view,
From their incenſed Eyes, like ſparkles, flew;
And they ſo much did with their fury ſtrive,
That your leaſt Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Souldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the terrour of their Leader's Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Perſon, ſo contemn.

PTOLOMY.

But what way to approach him can be found,
If at the Feaſt his Guards do him ſurround?

PHOTINUS.

Cornelia's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to perſwade us they would help afford
To ſacrifice their Tyrant to their Lord;
Nay have aſſur'd it, and much better may
Than we, to *Cæſar* the firſt ſtabs convey;

His Clemency (not only false but vain)
Which courts *Cornelia*, that he *Rome* may gain,
Will to his Person, give them such access,
As may assure our Plot of a success.
But *Cleopatra* comes; to her appear
Only possess'd with weakness, and with fear:
Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know what we
Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.

SCEN. II.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Brother, I have *Cæsar* seen,
And have to him your intercessour been.

PTOLOMY.

I never could expect an act less kind
From you, who bear so generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.

'Twas to the Town, t'appease some discontent,
Which he was told had newly raised been
Betwixt the Souldier and the Citizen:
Whilst I with joyful haste come to assure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were secure;
Th' illustrious *Cæsar* on the course you took,
Does with less anger than compassion look,
He pities you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whose Souls the baseness of their birth confess,
And who in vain great Dignities possess:
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm,
Those too much Power would quickly overwhelm.

That

That hand, whoſe Crimes alone do purchaſe Fear,
Will ſoon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

PTOLOMY.

Thoſe Truths, and my ill Fate do me perſwade
How bad a choice of Counſellours I made:
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, ſo unworthy of your Care;
Cæſar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in *Egypt* been decreed;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had ſeen;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.
But ſince to call this back is paſt our Art,
Let me diſcharge to you my troubled heart;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet preſerve me both my Life and Crown;
Be truly great and vanquiſh all your Hate,
By changing *Photin*'s and *Achilla*'s Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory ſuffers in it too;
If for their Kings Crimes they ſhould puniſh'd be,
The Infamy would wholly light on me;
Cæſar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain,
For my ſake, therefore, your Juſt Hate conſtrain:
Your heart is Noble, and what pleaſure then
Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men?
Let me owe all to you, who *Cæſar* charm,
And, with a Look, his Anger can diſarm.

CLEOPATRA.

Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
My ſcorn is great enough to let them live:
But I with *Cæſar* little can prevail,
When *Pompey*'s Blood lyes in the other ſcale;
I boaſt no Power to diſpoſe his will,
For I have ſpoke, and he hath ſhun'd it ſtill,
And turning quickly to ſome new Affair,
He neither does refuſe, nor grant my Prayer:

Yet I'le once more on that harſh Theme proceed,
In hope a new attempt may better ſpeed;
And I'le believe. ——

PTOLOMY.

He comes, let me be gone,
Leſt I ſhould chance to draw his anger on;
My preſence may inflame what 'twould make leſs,
And you alone, may act with more ſucceſs.

SCENE III.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion Achoreus, and Romans.

CÆSAR.

The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reaſon been;
Nor need they fear the troubleſom event
Of Souldiers Pride, or Peoples Diſcontent:
But O great Gods! when abſent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me riſe;
When theſe unwelcom Cares ſnatcht me from you,
My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;
And I my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did neceſſitate:
But I forgave all to the ſingle Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For 'tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give ſo fair a ſcope,
And perſwades *Cæſar* that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
And that he may pretend to that, ſince he
Nothing above him, but the Gods, can ſee.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could your fetters bear;
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright,

Leſs

Leſs for his Throne would I the Man purſue,
Than to diſpute the Right of ſerving you.
'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my ambitious Arm did always fight;
And in *Pharſalia* rather my Sword drew
To preſerve that, than *Pompey* to ſubdue.
I Conquer'd, and the God of Battels, leſs
Than your bright Eyes, afforded me ſucceſs.
They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did ſway,
And I owe them that memorable day,
As the effect of heat by them inſpir'd.
For when your beauties had my paſſion fir'd,
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Maſter of the World and *Rome*.
I would ennoble that high ſtile I wear,
By the addition of your Priſoner,
And ſhall moſt happy be, if you think fit
That Title to eſteem, and this permit.

CLEOPATRA.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this exceſs of Honour does beſtow.
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal,
Since I know both, you, and my ſelf ſo well.
Your Love did in my earlieſt Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Preſent wear:
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withſtand?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot reſiſt your ſiege,
Who ſo much merit, and ſo much oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in *Egypts* Land,
The Scepter, by your Hand reſtor'd to mine,
Do all againſt my innocent Hopes combine;
To my deſires injurious they have been,
And leſſen me, by making me a Queen:
For if *Rome* ſtill be as ſhe was before,
T'aſcend a Throne, will but debaſe me more;
Theſe Marks of Honour will be but my Shame

And ruine my Pretences to your Flame:
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
Might all my Fears with eaſe enough deſtroy;
And I would hope, that ſuch a Man as you,
May juſtly *Romes* Capriciouſneſs ſubdue,
And her unjuſt averſion for a Throne
She might ſee cauſe, for your ſake, to diſown:
I know that you can harder things effect,
And from your Promiſe Wonders I expect;
You in *Pharſalia* did much greater do,
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

CÆSAR.

There's nothing humane can my Love withſtand;
'Tis but the over-running *Africks* Land,
To ſhew my Standards to the reſt of thoſe,
Who did me with ſo ill a Fate oppoſe;
And when *Rome* can no more of them advance,
She will be forc'd to ſtudy Complaiſance:
And you ſhall ſee her with a ſolemn State,
At your Feet ſacrifice her Pride and Hate:
Nay I muſt have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat;
And with ſo much Reſpect theſe Beauties view,
That ſhe young *Cæſars* ſhall requeſt from you;
This is the only Fortune I deſire,
And all to which my Lawrels do aſpire:
How bleſt were my Condition, if I might
Obtain thoſe Wreaths, and ſtill enjoy your ſight!
But yet my Paſſion its own harm procures,
For I muſt quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I muſt purſue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that abſence therefore, ſuffer me
To take ſuch Courage from the Charms I ſee,
That frighted Nations may, at *Cæſar*'s name,
Say, He but came, and ſaw, and overcame.

CLEOPATRA.

This is too much; but if I this abuſe,

The fault which you create you muſt excuſe:
You did my Crown, and perhaps life reſtore,
And yet your love (I truſt) will grant me more;
And I conjure you, by its ſtrongeſt Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high deſert,
Dip not in Blood the bounties you impart;
Great Sir, forgive thoſe that have guilty been,
Or elſe by that let me appear a Queen.
Achillas and *Photinus* blood diſdain,
For they endure enough to ſee me reign;
And their Offence——

CÆSAR.

Ah! by ſome other way
Aſſure your ſelf how much my Will you ſway,
As you rule me, if I might you requeſt,
You better ſhould employ your intereſt;
Govern your *Cæſar*, as a lawful Queen,
And make him not partaker of their Sin;
For your ſake only, I the King durſt ſpare;
'Twas Love alone that——

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cornelia*.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, have a care,
For Traytors have againſt thy life combin'd,
And ſworn thy Head ſhall be to *Pompey*'s join'd.
If to prevent them thou ſhouldſt be remiſs,
Thy blood will ſpeedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou mayſt know,
The Author, Order, and the Actors too.
I yield them thee.

CÆSAR.

O truly Roman heart!

And

And worthy him of whom you were a part!
His Soul, which ſees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to revenge his fate,
Forgets his hate, and is become ſo kind,
To ſave my life, by what he left behind.
Whatever Treaſon could to *Pompey* do,
Yet he does ſtill ſubſiſt, and act in you:
And prompts you to a thing ſo brave, that he
May vanquiſh me in generoſity.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, thou art deceiv'd in my intent,
If thou think'ſt Hate yields to acknowledgment:
No, *Pompey*'s blood muſt all commerce deny,
Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
That to thy ruine I might it employ.
Nay, I ſhall make new buſineſs for thy Sword,
If thou dar'ſt be ſo juſt to keep thy Word.
But though ſo much on thy deſtruction bent,
Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
I have thy death with too much juſtice ſought,
That it ſhould now be with a Treaſon bought.
Who knows and ſuffers does partake the guilt,
Nor ſhould thy blood be infamouſly ſpilt.
But when my Husband's Sons, and Kindred do
Attempt thy death, then I ſhall wiſh it too:
And that ſome brave Arm, which I ſhall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
Offer thee nobly to that Hero's Ghoſt,
In whoſe revenge thou ſo much zeal beſtow'ſt.
My reſtleſs thirſt for ſuch a day as this,
By thy untimely fall its end would miſs.
But whatſoe're hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am rack'd by their delay.
"For diſtant ſatisfaction is half loſt:
"And long expected joys too dearly coſt.
I ſhall not wander on the *Africk* Strands,
To ſeek the vengeance ready in thy hands,

Which

Which does the head it threatens beſt beſit:
For I could thine have had inſtead of it;
But that my hatred ſaw the difference great,
Betwixt my Husbands murther and defeat:
And I an earlier Puniſhment would ſee
On their preſumption, than thy Victory.
This is *Romes* wiſh, whoſe venerable brow
To this affront, too juſt a bluſh would owe:
If her two Nobleſt heads ſhould (after all
Her Triumphs) with ſo much diſhonour fall.
She, upon whom thou never couldſt impoſe,
Would ſooner puniſh Criminals than Foes:
Her Liberty would a misfortune grow,
If upon *Tiber Nile* ſhould it beſtow.
None but a Roman could her Maſter be,
And but a Roman none ſhould ſet her free.
Here thou wouldſt fall to her unſacrific'd,
And wouldſt be murther'd ſo, but not chaſtis'd.
Nor would ſucceeding Tyrants frighted be,
For the Example too would die with thee.
Revenge her thou, on *Egypts* wrong, and I
Will her revenge upon *Pharſalia* try.
Adieu, no time in this ſhould waſted be,
Go then, and boaſt I once made vows for thee.

SCEN. V.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus, Charmion.

CÆSAR.

Her Vertue, and their Crime alike amaze.
Queen, you perceive for whom your goodneſs prays.

CLEOPATRA.

That, now, no more againſt your juſtice fights,
Go (Sir) revenge all violated rights:
My ruine, they much more than yours deſire:

The

The Traytors do againſt my Right conſpire.
As my ſupport, againſt you they deſign,
And by your death, would make their way to mine:
But though all this be to my anger known,
Yet 'tis my Brother ſtill that leads them on.
Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
It your deſerved fury may reſtrain?

CÆSAR.

Yes, I'le remember, your heart is ſo great,
That for his Births ſake, you his Crime forget.
Adieu, fear nothing, for theſe are not foes,
That can the fortune of my Arms oppoſe.
Them, and their Party, I ſhall quickly rout,
When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out:
They ſhall not Souldiers, but Tormentors ſee,
And now my Axes ſhall my Enſigns be. *Exit Cæſar.*

CLEOPATRA.

Dear *Achoreus*, after *Cæſar* go,
With him prevent my threatned overthrow:
And when he puniſhes our worthleſs Foes,
Make him remember what his promiſe owes.
Obſerve the King, when he in fight appears,
And ſpare his blood, that you may ſpare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune ſhall no ſorrow need,
If all my care and ſervice can ſucceed.

After the fourth Act, *Cleopatra* ſits hearkening to this *SONG.*

PRoud Monuments of Royal Duſt!
Do not your old Foundations ſhake,
And labour to reſign their truſt?
For ſure your mighty Gueſts ſhould wake,
Now their own Memphis *lies at ſtake.*

Alas! in vain our dangers call;
They care not for our Deſtiny,

Nor

Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egypt *now enslav'd, or free,*
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd,
Now Death the busie Scene hath hid?
Where but in story shall we find
Those great disturbers of Mankind?

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
Where Mirtles grew and Fountains purl'd,
As safe as they were innocent:
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition to undo the World?

What is the charm of being Great?
Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin,
Or if w' attain a Royal seat,
With guiltless steps what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within?

Honour the Brightness of the Mind!
And Love her noblest extasie:
That does our selves, this other bind.
When you great Pair shall disagree
What Casuist can the Umpire be?

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
With gentle, but resistless sway;
Yet Honour must that govern too:
And when thus Honour wins the Day,
Love overcomes the bravest way.

Act. V. SCEN. I.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and *Philip*.

CORNELIA.

MAy I believe my Eyes? or does this ſight
Delude me with Chimeras of the Night?
Do I behold Thee *Philip*? and didſt Thou
Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Aſhes does this Urne contain? O view!
At once ſo terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of great *Pompey* that is ſpar'd by fate.
Expect not I a Tear to you ſhould pay,
For Great Souls eaſe their Greifs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be Comforted.
But I have ſworn by all that we Adore,
And by your ſelf (ſad Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you ſubmit,
Then to thoſe Gods who ſo ill-guarded it.)
But you I ſwear it then (Mournful remain,
My only Deity, now he is ſlain)
That no extinction or decay, ſhall be
In that revenge which muſt enoble me,
To *Cæſar*, *Ptolomy*, by baſe ſurprize,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a Sacrifice.
And I thy injur'd walls will never ſee,
Till Prieſt, and God, to him ſhall offer'd be.
Put me in mind, and my juſt hate ſuſtain,
O Aſhes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to aſſiſt me in that great deſign,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on ſo infamous a ſhore,
Gav'ſt him a flame, ſo Pious, though ſo Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made ſo great,
To pay to ſuch a Hero ſuch a Debt?

PHI-

PHILIP.

Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead then he;
When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
My wandring Feet were by my grief convey'd,
Where yet the wind upon the water plaid:
After long ſearch, I on a Rock did ſtand,
And ſaw the Headleſs Trunk approach the Sand:
Where th' angry Wave, a pleaſure ſeem'd to take
To caſt it off, and then to ſnatch it back:
I to it leap'd, and thruſt it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,
An haſty, artleſs Pile, I to him rais'd,
Such as I could, and ſuch as Fortune pleas'd.
'Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew ſo kind
To ſend me help, in what I had deſign'd.
Codrus, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, ſpy'd me there.
And when he did a headleſs Carcaſs view,
By that ſad mark alone he *Pompey* knew:
Then weeping ſaid, O thou, who e're thou art,
To whom the Gods ſuch honours do impart,
Thy fortune's greater then thou doſt believe,
Thou ſhalt Rewards, not Puniſhments receive.
Cæſar's in *Egypt* and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'ſt theſe Pious Cares:
Theſe Aſhes to his Widow thou mayſt bear
In *Alexandria*, for now ſhe is there.
By *Pompey*'s Conquerour ſo entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be diſdain'd.
Go on till I return: this ſaid, he went,
And quickly brought me this ſmall Monument.
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd
That *Hero*'s Aſhes which the fire had made.

CORNELIA.

With what great Praiſes ſhould this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entring the Town I great diſorders found.
A numerous People to the Port did flye,

Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager Romans fiercely theſe purſu'd,
Rage in their eyes, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
When *Cæſar* with brave Juſtice did Command,
Photin to periſh by a Hangmans hand;
On me appearing, he vouchſaf'd to look,
And with theſe words my Maſters Aſhes took:
Remainders of a Demi-God! whoſe Name
I ſcarce can equal Conquerour as I am;
Behold guilt puniſh'd, and till Altars call
For other Victims, let theſe Traytors fall.
Greater ſhall follow. To the Court go thou,
On *Pompeys* Widow this from me beſtow.
And whilſt with it ſhe makes with grief ſome truce,
Tell her how *Cæſar* her Revenge purſues.
That great Man, ſighing, then from me did turn,
And humbly kiſſing did reſtore the Urne.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief! how eaſie is that Tear,
That's ſhed for Foes whom we no longer fear!
How ſoon revenge for others fills that breſt,
Which to it, is, by its own danger preſt!
And when the Care we take to right the dead,
Secures our Life and does our glory ſpread!
Cæſar is generous, 'tis true, but he
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
What he would do were *Pompey* yet alive.
His courage, his own ſafety does provide,
Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.
Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
In *Pompey*'s cauſe for *Cleopatra*'s Right.
So many Int'reſts with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themſelves alone,
I chuſe to geſs his honour by my own;
And think we only make his fury ſuch,
Since in his Fortune I ſhould do as much.

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.

I come not to diſturb a grief ſo due
To that affliction which hath wounded you:
But thoſe remains t'adore, which from the wave,
A faithful freed-man did ſo lately ſave:
To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to ſwear
You'd ſtill enjoy'd a man ſo juſtly dear,
If Heaven which did perſecute you ſtill,
Had made my power equal to my will.
Yet if to what that Heaven ſends you now,
Your grief can any room for joy allow:
If any ſweetneſs in revenge there be,
Recieve the certainty of yours from me.
The falſe *Photinus*-----But you may haveheard.

CORNELIA.

Yes, Princeſs that he hath his juſt reward.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you no comfort in that news diſcern'd?

CORNELIA.

If there be any, you are moſt concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.

All hearts with joy receive a wiſh'd event.

CORNELIA.

Our thoughts are, as our int'reſts, different.
Though *Cæſar* and *Achillas* death, 'twill be
To you a ſatisfaction, not to me:
For nobler Rites to *Pompey*'s Ghoſt belong,
Theſe are too mean to expiate his wrong.
No reparation by ſuch blood is made,
Either to my grief, or his injur'd ſhade;
And the revenge which does my Soul enflame,
Till it hath *Cæſar*, *Ptolomy* doth claim;

Who

Who though ſo much unfit to reign or live,
Cæſar I know will for his ſafety ſtrive.
But though his love hath dar'd to promiſe it,
Yet juſter Heaven dares it not permit.
And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
They ſhall both periſh by each others Sword:
Such an event would my hearts grief deſtroy,
Which now is ſuch a Stranger grown to joy.
But if ye Gods think this too great a thing,
And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.

Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

CORNELIA.

But Gods, what cauſes promiſe, will effect,
And do the guilty with revenge purſue.

CLEOPATRA.

As they have juſtice, they have mercy too.

CORNELIA.

But we may judge as here events have paſt,
They now the firſt will act, and not the laſt.

CLEOPATRA.

Their Mercy oft does through their Juſtice break.

CORNELIA.

Queen, you as Siſter, I as Widow ſpeak.
Each hath her cauſe of kindneſs and of hate,
And both concern'd are in this Princes Fate.
But by the blood which hath to day been ſhed,
We ſhall perceive whoſe vows have better ſped.
Behold your *Achoreus*.

SCEN. III.

To them *Achoreus*.

CLEOPATRA.

But alas!
I read no good preſages in his Face;
Speak *Achoreus*, let us freely hear
What yet deſerves my ſorrow, or my fear.

ACHOREUS.

Aſſoon as *Cæſar* did the Treaſon know:....

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,
I know he cut and ſtopt that ſecret vault
Which to him ſhould the Murtherers have brought;
That to ſecure the Streets his men he ſent,
Where *Photin* did receive his Puniſhment:
Whoſe ſudden fall *Achillas* ſo amaz'd,
That on th' abandon'd Port he quickly ſeiz'd:
Whom the King follow'd; and that, to the Land
Antonius all his Souldiers did command.
Where *Cæſar* join'd him, and I thence do gueſs
Achillas puniſhment, and his ſucceſs.

ACHOREUS.

His uſual Fortune her aſſiſtance gave.

CLEOPATRA.

But tell me if he did my Brother ſave,
And kept his Promiſe.

ACHOREUS.

Yes with all his might.

CLEOPATRA.

That's all the News I wiſh'd you to recite.
Madam, you ſee the Gods my prayers heard,

CORNELIA.

They only have his puniſhment deferr'd.

CLEOPATRA.

You wiſh'd it now; but they have him ſecur'd.

ACHO-

ACHOREUS.

Or *Cæſar* had, if he had life endur'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What ſaid you laſt? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! quickly your obſcure Diſcourſes clear.

ACHOREUS.

Neither your cares nor ours could ſave him, who
Would die in ſpight of *Cæſar*, and of You:
But Madam, in the nobleſt way he dy'd,
That ever falling Monarch dignifi'd:
His reſtor'd Vertue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly ſold his blood.
He fought *Antonius* with ſuch noble heat,
That on him he did ſome advantage get:
But *Cæſar*'s coming alter'd the event;
Achillas there after *Photinus* went:
But ſo as him did too much honour bring;
With Sword in hand he periſh'd for his King.
O ſpare the King, in vain the Conquerour cry'd;
To him no hope but terrour it imply'd.
For frighted, he thought *Cæſar* did intend
But to reſerve him to a ſhameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to ſhew
What Virtue armed by Deſpair can do.
By this miſtake his vexed ſoul abuſed,
Still ſought the death which ſtill was him refus'd.
Breathleſs at laſt, with having fought and bled,
Encompaſs'd round, and his beſt Souldiers dead,
Into a Veſſel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by ſuch tumultuous heaps,
As by their number, overpreſt, the Ship
With all its fraight was ſwallow'd in the Deep.
This death recovers all his loſt Renown,
Gives *Cæſar* Fame, and you th' *Egyptian* Crown:
You were proclaim'd, and though no Roman Sword
Had touch'd the Life ſo much by you deplor'd,
Cæſar extreamly did concern'd appear;
He ſighs, and he complains: but ſee him here,

Who

Who better can than I his Griefs relate,
For the unhappy Kings reſiſtleſs Fate.

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cæſar*, *Antonius*, *Lepidus*.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar be juſt, and me my Gallies yield,
Achillas and *Photinus* both are kill'd;
Nor could thy ſoftned heart their Maſter ſave,
And *Pompey* here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal ſhore nothing does me preſent,
But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conqueſt, with the giddy noiſe
Of People who in change of Kings rejoyce:
But what afflicts me moſt, is ſtill to ſee
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Releaſe me then from this inglorious pain,
And ſet my Hate at liberty again.
But yet before I go I muſt requeſt
The Head of *Pompey* with his Bones may reſt.
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy hands entreat.

CÆSAR.

You may ſo juſtly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be *Cæſar*'s ſhame:
But it is fit, after ſo many Woes,
That we ſhould give his wandring Shade repoſe,
And that a Pile which You and I inflame,
From the firſt mean one reſcue *Pompey*'s name.
That he ſhould be appeas'd our Grief to view;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and fire extinct again)
His re-united Aſhes entertain.
This Arm, which did ſo long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Virtue dedicate,

Offer him Vows, Incenſe and Victims too,
And yet ſhall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for theſe Rites require,
Refuſe me not the Favour I deſire;
But ſtay till theſe ſolemnities be paſt,
And then you may reſume your eager haſte.
Bring to our *Rome* a Treaſury ſo great,
That Relique bear——

CORNELIA.

Not thither *Cæſar* yet.
Till firſt thy ruine, granted me by Fate,
To theſe lov'd Aſhes ſhall unlock the Gate;
And thither (though as Dear to *Rome* as me)
They come not till Triumphant over thee.
To *Africk* I muſt this rich burthen bear,
Where *Pompey*'s Sons, *Cato* and *Scipio* are.
Who'll find, I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
Fortune as well as Juſtice on their ſide:
And thou ſhalt ſee, there with new fury hurl'd,
Pharſalia's Ruines arm another World.
From Rank to Rank theſe Aſhes I'll expoſe
Mixt with my Tears, t' exaſperate thy Foes.
My Hate ſhall guide them too, and they ſhall fight
With Urns, inſtead of Eagles in their ſight;
That ſuch ſad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Puniſhment.
Thou to this Hero now devout art grown,
But, raiſing his Name, doſt exalt thy own.
I muſt be Witneſs too! and I ſubmit;
But thou canſt never move my Heart with it.
My Loſs can never be repair'd by Fate,
Nor is it poſſible t' exhauſt my Hate.
This Hate ſhall be my *Pompey* now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
But as a Roman, though my Hate be ſuch,
I muſt confeſs, I thee eſteem as much.
Both theſe extreams Juſtice can well allow;
This does my Virtue, that my Duty ſhow.

My ſenſe of Honour does the firſt command;
Concern, the laſt, and they are both conſtrain'd.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I ſhould hate, makes me ſuch value pay:
My Duty ſo my Anger does create,
And *Pompey*'s Widow makes *Cornelia* hate.
But I from hence ſhall haſten, and know then,
I'll raiſe againſt thee Gods, as well as Men.
Thoſe Gods that flatter'd thee, and me abus'd,
And in *Pharſalia Pompey*'s Cauſe refus'd;
Who at his Death could Thunder-bolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not, his Soul will give my Zeal ſuch heat,
As I without their help ſhall thee defeat.
But ſhould all my Endeavours proſper ill,
What I can not do, *Cleopatra* will.
I know thy flame, and that t' obey its force
Thou from *Calphurnia* ſtudy'ſt a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou wouldſt this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'ſt not break.
But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no ſin
To fight againſt the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will at the Price
Of thy beſt Blood revenge their ſcorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
Adieu; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCEN. V.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather then You to this expos'd ſhould be,
With my own Ruine I would ſet you free.
Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happineſs;
For that's the greateſt that I can poſſeſs;

Though far unworthy to be *Cæſar's* Bride,
Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

CÆSAR.

Thoſe empty projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart of other Help bereft;
Whoſe keen deſires her want of Strength confeſs,
Could ſhe perform more, ſhe would wiſh it leſs.
The Gods will theſe vain Auguries diſprove,
Nor can they my Felicity remove,
If your Love ſtronger then your Grief appears,
And will for *Cæſar's* ſake dry up your Tears;
And that a Brother, who deſerv'd them not,
May for a Faithful Lover be forgot.
You may have heard, with what Regret of mine
His Safety to Deſpair he did reſign;
How much I ſought his Reaſon to redeem
From thoſe vain Terrours that ſurrounded him,
Which he diſputed to his lateſt Breath,
And caſt away his Life for fear of Death.
O ſhame for *Cæſar!* Who ſo eminent!
And ſo ſollicitous for your Content!
Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the Firſt of your Commands Obey:
But vainly we reſiſt the Gods, who will
Their Juſt Decrees on guilty men fulfill.
And yet his Fall your Happineſs procures,
Since by his Death *Egypt* is wholly Yours.

CLEOPATRA.

I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
But as the Fate of humane things is ſuch,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuſe me, if the Crown conferr'd by You
As it obliges, does afflict me too;
And if to ſee a Brother juſtly kill'd,
To Nature I as well as Reaſon yield.
No ſooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.

I meet my Fortune with a ſecret Groan,
Nor dare without Regret aſcend the Throne.

ACHOREUS.

The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who with great ſhouts demand to ſee their Queen,
And many ſigns of their Impatience give,
That ſuch a Bleſſing they ſo late receive.

CÆSAR.

Let them ſo juſt a Happineſs obtain,
And by that Goodneſs, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the Gods ſo favour my Deſire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;
That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilſt my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day,
When all ſuch Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey t' appeaſe, and *Cleopatra* Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

Exeunt.

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Prieſts as after the Second.

ASCend a Throne great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due;
And let the World adore

One who Ambition could withſtand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honours ſingle ſcore.

2.

Ye mighty Roman ſhades, permit
That Pompey *ſhould above you ſit,*
He muſt be Deifi'd.

For

For who like him, e're fought or fell?
What Hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd?

1.

What cannot Glorious Cæsar do?
How nobly does he fight and woo!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What mercy to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead!

2.

Cornelia *yet would challenge Tears,*
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave,

That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus.

Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey *raise;*

Set Cleopatra *on the Throne;*
Let Cæsar *keep the World h' has won;*
And sing Cornelia's *praise.*

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, made (as well as the other Dances and the Tunes to them) by Mr *John Ogilby*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

Written by Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

PLeas'd or diſpleas'd, cenſure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the Language, or the Wit:
But we're ſecure, no Bolder thought can tax
Theſe Scenes of Blemiſh to the bluſhing Sex;
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes eſpie
One line ſevereſt Virtue need to flye:
As chaſte the words, as harmleſs is the ſence,
As the firſt ſmiles of Infant Innocence.
Yet at your Feet, *Cæſar*'s Content to bow,
And *Pompey*, never truly Great till now:
Who does your Praiſe and kinder Votes prefer
Before th' applauſe of his own Theatre:
Where fifty Thouſand Romans daily bleſt
The Gods and him, for all that they poſſeſt.
The ſad *Cornelia* ſays, your gentler breath
Will force a ſmile, ev'n after *Pompey*'s Death.
She thought all Paſſions bury'd in his Urn,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears return:
Undone in *Egypt*, *Theſſaly*, and *Rome*,
She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom:
Nor from *Iberian* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands
Expects relief, but only from your hands.
Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
The Univerſe, and *Cæſar* too her Slave,
Forbears her Throne, till you her right allow;
'Tis leſs t' have rul'd the World, than pleaſed you.

HORACE.

EPILOGUE

Written by Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

PLeas'd or displeas'd, censure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the Language, or the Wit:
But we're secure, no Bolder thought can tax
These Scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex;
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes espie
One line so great Virtuoused to five:
As chaste the words, as harmless is the sense,
As the first smiles of Infant Innocence.
Yet at your Feet, *Cæsar's* Content to bow,
And *Pompey*, never truly Great till now:
Who does your Praise and kinder Votes prefer
Before th' applause of his own Theatre:
Where fifty Thousand Romans daily blest
The Gods and him, for all that they possest.
The [illegible] *Cornelia* says, your gentler Breath
Will force a smile, e'n after *Pompey's* Death.
She thought all Passions bury'd in an Urn,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears return:
Undone in *Egypt*, *Thessaly* and *Rome*,
She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom:
Nor from *Iberian* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands
Expects relief, but only from your hands.
Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
The Universe, and *Cæsar* too her Slave,
Forbears her Throne, till you her right allow;
Fin'less t' have rul'd the World than pleased you.

HORACE.

HORACE.

A

Tragedy.

Translated from

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

The Fifth ACT Translated by

Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1669.

The Actors.

Tullus, King of *Rome*.
Old *Horace*, a Roman Knight.
Horace, his Son.
Curtius, a Gentleman of *Alba* in love with *Camilla*.
Valerius, a Roman Knight in love with *Camilla*.
Sabina, Wife of *Horace* and Sister of *Curtius*.
Camilla, Mistress of *Curtius* and Sister of *Horace*.
Julia, Roman Lady, confident of *Sabina* and *Camilla*.
Flavian, an Alban Souldier.
Proculus, a Roman Souldier.

The Scene in the House of *Horace* at *Rome*.

HORACE.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Sabina and *Julia*.

SABINA.

EXcuſe my weakneſs, and my grief permit
In that diſtreſs, which ſo much merits it:
When ſuch a ſtorm does its approaches make,
It may become the ſtrongeſt heart to ſhake;
And Conſtancy will now admit diſpute,
Ev'n in the Breaſt that is moſt reſolute:
But yet how rude ſo e're this ſhock appears,
Though not my Sighs, I can command my Tears;
Though ſo much ſorrow may my heart ſurprize,
Yet Vertue ſtill is regent in my Eyes;
If to my heart, I can confine my wo,
Though leſs than Man, I more than Woman do.
To ſtop my tears in an aſſault ſo rough,
For our weak Sex will ſure be brave enough.

JULIA.

It is for vulgar Souls I muſt confeſs,
Who create grief from every ſlight diſtreſs;
But a great Heart would bluſh at that defect,
And all things dares from doubtful Fate expect:
Under our Walls two Armies we ſurvey,
But *Rome* ne're yet knew how to loſe the day;
Applauſe, not grief, we to her Fortune owe,
Who whilſt ſhe fights, muſt needs the mightier grow.
Then let vain terrours from your breaſt depart,
And find out Vows worthy a Roman heart.

SABINA.

My heart I gave to *Horace*, and 'tis true,
Since he's a Roman, I muſt be ſo too:
But yet that Knot a Fetter would be thought,
If my dear Country ſhould be quite forgot.
Alba where I began to ſee the light,
Alba my native place, and firſt delight,
When I behold a War 'twixt us and thee,
As much as loſs, I dread a Victory:
Rome if by this thy anger I create,
Find out a Foe whom I may juſtly hate;
When at thy Walls two Armies in thy ſight,
Shew me my Brothers with my Husband fight,
What Prayers can I make? how can I be
Without impiety concern'd for thee?
I know thy growing Empire, yet ſo young,
By War alone muſt make her ſinews ſtrong;
Thy future Grandeur is by Fate deſign'd,
Not to the *Latines* to be long confin'd:
The gods the ſuppliant World for thee intend,
And 'tis by Arms thou muſt attain that end:
Far from repining at that noble heat
Which ſerves thy Stars, and helps to make thee great;
I wiſh thy Troops may ſtill new Triumphs claim,
And over-run *Pyrenian* Hills to Fame.
Go, Eaſtern Conqueſts for thy Sword deſign,
And ſetle thy Pavillions in the *Rhine*;
Let all Lands tremble where thy Enſigns go,
But her to whom thou *Romulus* doſt owe;
Subdue the utmoſt Regions of the Earth,
But ſpare the Town where *Romulus* had birth;
Forget not her from whom thy City draws
Her Name, and all her ſtrength, but Walls and Laws:
Alba's thy Parent, let that thought arreſt
Thy greedy Sword, nor pierce thy Mother's breſt;
For thy triumphant Arms make other choice,
And in her Children's Fortune ſhe'll rejoice,
Nay, would with natural concern diſown

All

All Enemies of thine, were ſhe not one.

JULIA.

This Language much ſurprize to me affords,
For ſince theſe Cities firſt unſheath'd their Swords,
You have ſo unconcern'd for *Alba* ſtood,
As if your birth had been of Roman blood;
I wonder'd at a Vertue ſo refin'd,
Which to your Husband, *Alba* had reſign'd,
And therefore ſo proportion'd my relief,
As if our *Rome* alone had caus'd your grief.

SABINA.

Whilſt ſuch a ſhock my reaſon did aſſail,
As was too weak to weigh down either Scale;
Till all my flattering hopes of Peace were loſt,
To be entirely Roman was my boaſt.
If at *Rome*'s Fortune I diſpleas'd have been,
I quickly chid that mutiny within:
And when her Deſtiny was not ſo kind,
If, for my Brothers, joy ſeduc'd my mind,
By Reaſon's help that motion I ſuppreſs'd,
And wept for all the glory they poſſeſs'd.
But now theſe Cities muſt be loſt or ſav'd,
That *Rome* muſt ſink, or *Alba* be enſlav'd;
And after battel there no hope remains
To the ſubdu'd, nor ſtop to her that gains:
I ſhould too barbarouſly my Country treat,
If I could be a perfect Roman yet.
A little leſs to one man's love reſign'd,
To neither City I will be confin'd;
I fear for both, and whilſt their Fate is try'd,
I ſtill will be on the afflicted ſide;
Equal to each, whilſt they unequal are,
And muſt their Grief, but not their Glory ſhare.
For I reſolve in ſuch a ſharp debate,
To mourn the Conquer'd, and the Victor hate.

JULIA.

How oft does Fortune with an equal blow,
On different Souls different effects beſtow!

How

How distant is *Camilla*'s way from this?
Your Brother loves her, her's your Husband is,
Yet in each Army with another eye,
She can a Lover and a Brother spie:
When in *Rome*'s Fortunes you were most involv'd,
She was as much confus'd and unresolv'd:
She fear'd the storm from every cloud would spread,
And the success of either side did dread:
The most unfortunate she did bemoan,
And whosoe're prevail'd she was undone.
But when the day, she knew, was drawing nigh,
And one great Battel should the Quarrel try,
A sudden gladness breaking from her brow——

SABINA.

Ah *Julia!* how that joy alarms me now!
Valerius yesterday she smil'd upon,
And for his sake, she *Curtius* will disown;
A nearer Object snatches her esteem,
And two years absence hath deformed him!
But though my Brother be to me so dear,
By care of him, I must not injure her;
My groundless jealousie concludes amiss,
Who can change love at such a time as this?
How can a heart receive a wound that's new,
When such great shocks give it so much to do?
Yet from joy too, this fatal day deters,
And from contentments which resemble hers.

JULIA.

In me it equal wonder does produce,
Nor do I know what can be her excuse;,
'Tis Constancy enough, if we can wait
Without impatience so severe a Fate,
But 'tis too much, if we shall chearful grow.

SABINA.

See, some good Genius sends her hither now,
Her thoughts on this, engage her to reveal,
From you her Friendship nothing can conceal;
I'le leave you---Sister talk with *Julia* now,

For

For I'm asham'd my weakness to avow;
And so much sorrow does my heart invade,
That I must hide it in some secret shade. *Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Julia, Camilla.

CAMILLA.

Why does she wish I should with you converse,
Does she believe my trouble less than hers?
Or more insensible of this sad day,
Does she conclude I have no tears to pay?
With equal terrour I am threaten'd too,
And I shall lose as much as she can do:
The Man to whom I did my heart resign,
Must for his Country die, or ruine mine:
And all that I can love (such is my fate!)
Must now deserve my sorrow or my hate.
Alas!——

JULIA.

Yet her affliction is more strange,
We may a Lover, not a Husband change;
Receive *Valerius* love, *Curtius* forget,
And you'l no more the other side regret;
But wholly Ours, and recompos'd within,
You'l nothing have to lose, when *Rome* does win.

CAMILLA.

Ah give me Counsel more legitimate,
Nor teach me with a Crime to shun my Fate;
For though my tide of Woes I scarce can stem,
I rather would endure than merit them.

JULIA.

Can you believe a prudent change a fault?

CAMILLA.

And can you think a Perjury is not?

JULIA.

What can engage us to our mortal foes?

CAMIL-

CAMILLA.

But what can diſ-engage what honour owes?

JULIA.

You would in vain diſguiſe a thing deſign'd,
And which *Valerius* yeſterday did find;
For the reception you to him did give,
Hath made his late repining hope revive.

CAMILLA.

If to *Valerius* I then paid reſpect,
You nothing thence muſt for his hope collect;
Another ſubject does my joys produce,
But I your errour now will diſabuſe;
And for my *Curtius* keep a flame too ſure,
Such a ſuſpicion longer to endure.
You know his Siſter was no ſooner led,
By happy Marriage, to my Brother's Bed,
But that my Father (preſt by him) deſir'd,
I ſhould reward the love I had inſpir'd:
That time produc'd happy and fatal things;
At once our Marriage, and the War reſolv'd,
Our hopes created, and thoſe hopes diſſolv'd;
It promis'd all, and then ſnatch'd all away,
It makes us Foes, and Lovers in a day:
How violent our grief did then appear,
How many blaſphemies Heav'n then did hear,
And from my Eyes how many Rivers fell,
I tell you not, you ſaw our laſt farewell.
The trouble of my Soul, you ſince have ſeen,
And of my Vows for Peace have witneſs been;
At every news in my diſtracted breſt,
My Country and my Lover did conteſt;
Toſs'd with uncertain thoughts, I fled for eaſe
To the relief of ſacred Oracles:
Judge if what yeſterday I did obtain,
Might not aſſure my drooping heart again;
That famous Greek who at th' *Aventine* dwells,
And Heav'ns dark purpoſes to men foretells,
He whom *Apollo* never yet betray'd,

By

By this reply my ſtormy thoughts allay'd.
" *Alba* and *Rome* to morrow changing face,
" Shall to thy will'd for peace at laſt give place;
" And to thy *Curtius* thou ſhalt then be try'd,
" So as no Fortune ever ſhall divide.
I wholly on this anſwer did depend,
And finding it my utmoſt hopes tranſcend,
My Soul to raptures of Contentment flew,
Beyond what happieſt Lovers ever knew.

Judge of their height; *Valerius* then I met,
And could ev'n him behold without regret:
He ſpoke of Love too, and I that could hear,
And never thought *Valerius* had been there,
His Courtſhip could from me no anger draw,
For every thing ſeem'd *Curtius* that I ſaw.
I thought all ſounds told me how he did burn,
And all my anſwers Eccho'd my return.
The general Field which muſt to day be fought,
I yeſterday had heard but minded not;
My Soul thoſe fatal Objects did reject,
And ſtill on peace and marriage did reflect:
But Night thoſe charming errours has expel'd,
And made my Soul to dreadful Viſions yield,
Wherein vaſt heaps of horrour, Floods of Gore
Did rob my Joy, and all my fear reſtore:
I ſaw men dying, and then loſt the light,
A Ghoſt appear'd, and then it took it's flight;
The fatal ſhades, each others ſhape ſuppreſs,
And by confuſion terrour did increaſe.

JULIA.

An oppoſite conſtruction dreams require.

CAMILLA.

I would believe what I ſo much deſire;
But I and all my hopes of good ſucceſs
Find this a day of Battel, not of Peace.

JULIA.

'Twill end the War, and then a peace is ſure.

CAMILLA.

The pain is less then such a guilty cure.
If *Rome*, or *Alba* must defeated be,
Dear *Curtius* can have no pretence to me;
No, it *Camilla* never can become
To wed the Conqueror, or Slave of *Rome*.
But what new Object does my sight surprize!
Is it thee *Curtius*? may I trust my Eyes?

SCEN. III.

Curtius, Camilla, Julia.

CURTIUS.

Camilla doubt it not, that Man it come
Neither the Conquerous, nor Slave of *Rome*;
Nor think he could before your face have stood
With Roman Fetters charg'd, or Roman blood.
Glory and *Rome*, you love at such a rate,
You would despise my chain, and Conquest hate;
And since alike in an extream so great
I fear'd a Victory, and a defeat------

CAMILLA.

'Tis enough *Curtius*, I conguess thy aim,
Thou fly'st a Field so fatal to thy Flame;
Rather then me, thy amorous heart would lose,
It to thy Country does thy Sword refuse.
Let others make reflections on thy Fame,
And if they please, so great a passion blame;
I can no quarrel have to this design,
What most thy Love shews, most obliges mine:
And if to *Alba* succour that denys,
'Tis to make me the greater sacrifice.
But hast thou seen my Father? and could he
Allow his house should thy retirement be?
Does Policy or Nature him o'reconcile?
And which is deareſt to him? me, or *Rome*?

And

And to assure our Fortune let me know,
Did he appear a Father, or a Foe?

CURTIUS.

With as much Kindness my approach he saw
As could be challeng'd by a Son-in-Law:
But me, he hath not by a treason seen,
Which had unworthy his allyance been.
I quit not *Alba*, by adoring you,
But keep my passion, and my honour too;
And all the War, your *Curtius* hath not been
A better Lover then a Citizen;
Nor to his Countries Cause could Love prefer,
But whilest he sigh'd for you, he Fought for her.
And if we must that sad contest renew,
I still must fight for her, and sigh for you.
Yes, and in spight of all my passions charms,
Did the War last, I should be now in Arms.
But a new Peace gives me this free access,
And 'tis to that, we owe this happiness.

CAMILLA.

O! Who can faith to such a wonder give?

JULIA.

At least you may your Oracle believe,
And may discover by this good success,
This day of battel ha's produc'd a peace.

CURTIUS.

Who could have thought it? the two Armies met,
And Both to Fight resolv'd with equal heat,
When our Dictator twixt both Armys stands,
And a short audience from your Prince demands.
" Romans (said he then) whence comes all this rage?
" What fury makes us thus in arms engage?
" At least let Reason our instructor be,
" Our daughters are your Wives, your Neighbors we;
" *Hymen* so much our union did pursue,
" That our Sons challenge Grand-Fathers in you:
" We but one Kindred, and one People are,
" Why should we tear our selves with Civil War?

" Where he that Conquers loſes too, and wears
" His nobleſt Lawrel water'd with his Tears.
" Our common Foes expect this Bloody Day,
" That they that win it, may become their Prey;
" Nor can the Guilty Conqu'rour that avoid,
" Having himſelf his own defence deſtroy'd.
" They ſmile to ſee us thus our Force abuſe,
" Which againſt them we ſhould more Nobly uſe:
" Let us theſe little diſcords then forſake,
" Which ſo bad Kinſmen of good Souldiers make.
" But if a thirſt of Empire be the Cauſe
" Which either People to this madneſs draws,
" If with leſs Slaughter that may be ſupply'd,
" It will unite us, rather then divide:
" Let either City Combatants deſign,
" And all her Fortune to their Swords reſign,
" And as of them the Gods ſhall then ordain,
" Let the weak yield, and let the ſtronger Reign;
" But ſo, as bluſhes to the Loſer ſav'd,
" They may ſubjected be, but not enſlav'd,
" And to no ſhame, or Tribute condeſcend,
" But on the Victor's Standards to attend.
" Thus our two States, we may one Empire call.
He ſaid no more, but this affected all:
Each on the hoſtile Ranks caſting his Eyes,
A Friend, a Kinſman, or a Brother ſpies;
They wonder how their greedy anger flew,
In their own blood their weapons to embrew;
And this reflection on each brow did write,
Heat for the choice, and horrour for the Fight.
At length this offer through the Squadrons born,
On theſe conditions the wiſh'd peace was ſworn;
Three fight for each, but the Commanders take
More leiſure this important choice to make:
Ours to the Camp, yours to the Senate went.

CAMILLA.

Oh Gods! how much you ſtudy my Content!

CURTIUS.

'Tis the agreement, that within two hours
Our Champion's Fortune muſt determine Ours:
Till they are nam'd, we freely go and come,
Rome in our Camp is, and our Camp in *Rome*:
And ſince no Orders now acceſs refuſe,
His old acquaintance every man renews.
I (by my paſſion led) your Brothers found,
And my Love ſince with ſuch ſucceſs is Crown'd,
That now your Fathers word my hope allows;
We ſhall to morrow joyn our Marriage Vows;
You'l not, I truſt, diſpute what he commands.

CAMILLA.

A Daughters duty in obedience ſtands.

CURTIUS.

Come then, that pleaſing Order now receive
Which muſt an end to all my ſufferings give.

CAMILLA.

I go, in hope my Brothers there to ſee,
And know the Period of our Miſery.

JULIA.

Be that your way, the Temple ſhall be mine,
Where for you both, I'le praiſe the powers divine.

Exeunt.

Act. II. SCEN. I.

Horace, and *Curtius*.

CURTIUS.

THus *Rome* hath not divided her eſteem,
Another choice to her unjuſt would ſeem.
You, and your Brothers, this proud City calls,
The greateſt Souldiers that are in her Walls;
And whilſt before all, ſhe you three prefers,
She all our Houſes braves with one of hers;
And one may think as this Election runs,

Rome

Rome hath no Souldiers, but your Fathers Sons:
By this, there Families muſt raiſe their Name,
And nobly conſecrate themſelves to Fame:
Yes, by this choice we ſo much Honour ſee
Giv'n to one Houſe, as might Eternize three;
And ſince in yours, my Fortune and my Flame
Hath plac'd a Siſter, and a Wife does claim,
You juſtly may expect Concerns in me,
From what I am, and what I am to be:
But yet another reaſon does conſtrain
My Joy, and mingles with it much of pain;
For your fam'd courage to that pitch is flown,
That *Alba's* fall already I bemoan.
Her loſs is certain now; and naming you,
Ev'n Deſtiny her ſelf hath ſworn it too.
In this Election I read *Alba's* doom,
And count my ſelf a Subject now of *Rome*.

HORACE.

'Tis *Rome*, not *Alba*, your compaſſion claims,
Viewing whom ſhe rejects, and whom ſhe names;
Her partial favour may her Fortune loſe,
Who having ſo much choice, ſo ill does chuſe:
A thouſand braver Sons ſhe had then we,
Who might with more ſucceſs her Champions be.
But though my ruine in this choice I find,
With noble Pride it elevates my Mind;
My heart's aſſurance gathers mighty ſcope,
And from my little courage, much I hope;
Which howſoever Fate intends to treat,
I cannot think my ſelf your Subject yet:
Rome hopes too well of me, and therefore I
Will anſwer that great truſt, or for it dye.
He that will dye, or vanquiſh, ſeldom fails;
That brave deſpair moſt commonly prevails:
How e're it be, ſhe never ſhall obey
Till my laſt gaſp ſays, I have loſt the Day.

CURTIUS.

Alas! my fortune only calls for Tears,

Since

Since what my Country hopes, my Friendſhip fears.
Cruel extreams! *Alba* muſt be ſubdu'd,
Or elſe her Triumph with your blood embrew'd,
And all the Glory for which ſhe has fought,
Can onely with ſo dear a Life be bought!
What can I wiſh, or what event deſire,
Since either ſo much ſorrow will require?
And every way I ſee my hopes deny'd.

HORACE.

Would you regret me if for *Rome* I dy'd?
A Death ſo noble, lovely does appear,
And is too Glorious to endure a Tear:
Nay I ſhould court it, and my ruine bleſs,
If *Rome* by my defeat would ſuffer leſs.

CURTIUS.

But yet you may allow your friends to fear
What will to them at leaſt be ſo ſevere;
They ſuffer in your glory, and one fate
Makes you Immortal, them unfortunate.
He loſes all, who ſuch a Friend muſt loſe.
But hither *Flavius* comes, and brings us news.
Hath *Alba*'s Councel yet her Champions choſe?

SCEN. II.

Horace, Curtius, Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

I come to tell you.

CURTIUS.

Well, and who are thoſe?

FLAVIUS.

You, and your Brothers.

CURTIUS.

Who?

FLAVIUS.

Ev'n they, and you:

But

But why ſo ſtern, and ſo unpleas'd a Brow?
Does this offend you?

CURTIUS.

No, but does ſurprize;
The honour much above my Merit flies.

FLA.

Muſt the Dictator (who me hither ſent)
Be told you hear it with this diſcontent?
This cold reception me too does ſurprize.

CURTIUS.

Tell him in ſpight of Loves and Friendſhips ties,
Yet *Curtius*, and his Brothers mean to fight
Againſt the *Horaces*, for *Alba*'s Right.

FLA.

Againſt them! 'tis too much! but tell me how.

CURTIUS.

Carry my anſwer back, and leave me now.

Exit Flavius.

SCEN. III.

Horace and *Curtius*.

CURTIUS.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, now all engage
To act againſt us their united rage;
Let Gods, and Men, and Fate, and Devils too,
Prepare againſt us all that they can do;
Yet to reduce us to a worſe Eſtate,
I dare defie Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, and Fate:
Horrour it ſelf, hath ſomewhat leſs ſevere
Then this our diſmal Honour does appear.

HORACE.

Fortune hath careful of our Glory been,
And gives a noble Scene to ſhow it in;
Laboriouſly ſhe forms us a diſtreſs
Somewhat proportion'd to our Courages,
No vulgar thought ſhe does in us ſurvey,

And therefore treats us in no common way.
For publick ſafety to attaque a Foe,
And ſingly fight a man we do not know,
Is what a vulgar Virtue may beget,
Thouſands have done it, and may do it yet;
Who would not for their Country loſe their breath?
Nay would not factious grow for ſuch a death?
But to reſign her all that can be dear,
And from our boſoms half our hearts to tear;
With a deſtructive fury to purſue
A Siſter's Lover, a Wife's Brother too,
And breaking all theſe knots to fight with him,
Whoſe life we would, with our own blood, redeem;
This is a Virtue only fit for us,
And for which few will be ſollicitous:
Few men have hearts of that exalted frame,
That dare at ſuch a rate pretend to Fame.

CURTIUS.

'Tis true, time never ſhall our names deface,
And we the brave occaſion muſt embrace;
Of a rare Virtue we ſhall mirrours be,
But yours ſeems ſomewhat barbarous to me:
There are not many Heros would grow vain
By this harſh way, Eternity to gain.
How much ſoe're you prize that empty noiſe,
Obſcurity were now the better choice:
I dare avow it, and you might have ſeen
I have not doubtful in my duty been:
Nor could my friendſhip, nor my love prevail,
To hold my Mind in an uncertain Scale.
But ſince my Country by her Vote does ſhew
She values me as much as yours does you:
I hope to do, what you, or dare, or can,
My Heart's as great, but I am ſtill a man.
I ſee my death alone your Fame ſecures,
And that my Honour lies in acting yours;
I muſt ſhed blood, with which I would combine,
So croſs are all my Country's Stars to mine:

Though no weak terrour can my heart diſſwade,
Yet diſmal horrour does it now invade;
I mourn my fate, and envy theirs that are
Already ſwallow'd by this greedy War.
I would not call this ſad fierce honour back,
Which can't o'rethrow the heart it does attaque;
What I gain thence I like, mourn what I miſs,
And if *Rome* calls for firmer thoughts than this,
I thank the Gods that I no Roman am,
Leſt all things humane I ſhould then diſclaim.

HORACE.

Though you're no Roman, yet deſerve to be,
And better ſhew how much you equal me;
That ſolid Virtue which I make my boaſt,
By any weaker tincture would be loſt:
His race of Honour is but ill deſign'd,
Who at firſt ſtart begins to look behind;
Our ſuffering to the higheſt pitch is brought,
I can ſee through it, but I tremble not.
Where e're my Country will my arm employ,
I muſt accept it with implicite joy;
The glory of receiving ſuch Commands,
Every reflection but it ſelf withſtands;
He who room then for other thoughts can find,
Does what he ought with too remiſs a mind;
That ſacred tie, muſt others uncreate,
Rome arming me, I nothing muſt debate;
Nor did I wed thy Siſter with more joy,
Than now I'le ſeek her Brother to deſtroy:
And this ſuperfluous language to give o're,
Y'are *Alba*'s choice, nor muſt I know you more.

CURTIUS.

Yet to my torment, I muſt ſtill know you,
But this rough Virtue yet I never knew;
And in this ſad extremity of Fate
Let me admire it, but not imitate.

HORACE.

No, no, embrace not Virtue by conſtraint;

And ſince you find ſuch pleaſure in complaint,
Freely enjoy it, and for your content,
My Siſter comes to help you to lament:
I'le viſit yours, and hope to make her know
What generous things becomes my Wife to do;
That if I fall, ſhe may to you be kind,
And bear her ſorrows with a Roman mind.

SCEN. IV.

Horace, Curtius, Camilla.

Horace to *Camilla.*

Know you how glorious *Curtius* is to be?

CAMILLA.

Alas! how treacherous is my Deſtiny!

HORACE.

Now by your conſtancy your birth confeſs,
And if my death allows him the ſucceſs,
Let him not be your Brother's Murtherer thought,
But a brave man that does but what he ought,
Who ſerves his Country nobly, and does ſhew
By that great way how much he merits you;
Conclude your match as if I were alive:
But if this Sword ſhall him of life deprive,
My Conqueſt then with equal candour uſe,
Nor of your Lover's death my hand accuſe.
I ſee your grief by your approaching tears,
Exhale with him your ſorrows and your fears;
Quarrel with Heaven and Earth, of Fate complain,
But the fight done, no more regret the ſlain.
You but a minute muſt with her beſtow, (*To Curtius.*
And then where Honour calls us let us go.

SCEN. V.

Camilla, Curtius.

CAMILLA.

But wilt thou go, and this ſad Fame poſſeſs
At the expence of all our happineſs?

CURTIUS.

Alas! what e're I do, I find that I
Muſt by my grief, if not by *Horace*, die;
But as my Torture I this Honour ſee,
And curſe the favour *Alba* does to me;
I hate that Courage which ſhe ſo eſteems,
Nay my deſpairing paſſion impious ſeems,
And dares accuſe the Gods for all this wo;
I mourn our Fortune, but yet I muſt go.

CAMILLA.

No, thou wouldſt have me all my intereſt uſe,
And thee to *Alba* by my power excuſe:
Thy former Acts have thee ſo famous made,
That to thy Country all thy debts are paid;
None better hath than thou the War upheld,
Nor with more deaths cover'd the guilty field.
Thy Name can be no greater than it is,
Suffer ſome other now t' ennoble his.

CURTIUS.

What, ſhall my Eyes anothers Temples ſee
Bound with thoſe Laurels Fame prepares for me?
Or by Poſterity ſhall it be thought,
Alba had conquer'd, if I would have fought?
No, ſince to me ſhe dares entruſt her doom,
She ſhall by me or fall, or overcome:
A good account I'le of her Fortune give,
And dye with Honour, or with Conqueſt live.

CAMILLA.

But to betray me then, thy love endures!

CURTIUS.

I was my Country's e're I could be yours.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou thy Sisters misery create,
And widow her?——

CURTIUS.

Such is my cruel Fate:
Brother and Sister, names so sweet before,
By *Alba*'s choice, and *Rome*'s, are so no more.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou present me with my Brother's head,
And on that step mount to the Bridal bed?

CURTIUS.

All I dare think (so dear my fame will cost)
Is still to love, though all my hope be lost.
You weep my Dear----

CAMILLA.

How can I tears avoid,
Who by my cruel Lover am destroy'd?
When *Hymen* would his kindled Torch have lent,
He puts out that, to dig my Monument;
This savage heart, my ruine can decree,
And says he loves, when yet he murthers me.

CURTIUS.

How eloquent are tears from eyes we love!
How strong does Beauty with that succour prove!
My heart dissolves at such a mournful sight,
Nor against that can all my Virtue fight:
Strike not my Fame in this subduing shape,
But let my Honour from your tears escape;
I feel it shake, and scarce defend the place,
For *Curtius* to the Lover yields apace;
With Friendship it hath had enough to do,
And must it strive with Love, and Pity too?
Go, love me not, nor one tear more expose
For him that dares offend such charms as those;
I better with your anger should have fought,
And to deserve it all, I love you not:
Punish this treacherous, this ingrateful heart,
At such an injury do you not start?

I do not love you, can you me endure?
Needs there more yet? my Faith I here abjure.
O! rigid Virtue! at whoſe ſhrine I fall,
Muſt thou a Crime to thy aſſiſtance call?

CAMILLA.

Commit no more, and I the Gods atteſt,
My love ſhall not be leſſen'd, but increas'd,
My kindneſs ſhall ev'n in thy falſhood live,
All but a Brother's death I can forgive:
Why am I Roman? or why art thou none?
That I my ſelf might put thy Laurels on;
I ſhould thy valour heighten, not forbid,
And treat thee juſt as I my Brother did:
But ah! how blind I now thoſe vows eſteem,
Since againſt thee were all I made for him!
But he returns, O! may *Sabina* be
More prevalent with him than I'm with thee.

SCEN. VI.

Curtius, Camilla, Horace, Sabina.

CURTIUS.

Sabina too! my heart to undermine,
And with *Camilla* muſt you Siſter join?
Leaving her tears her Brother to attaque,
Hope you by yours to call my purpoſe back?

SABINA.

No, Brother, no, I only viſit you
To give you my embrace and laſt adieu;
Your blood's too good, nor need you apprehend
From me what can your great reſolves offend;
If either were by this brave ſhock o'rethrown,
He that firſt yielded, I ſhould firſt diſown.
But may not I one favour beg of you,
Worthy this Brother, and this Husband too?
I wiſh your quarrel might leſs impious grow,
And would refine the glory of the blow,

That free from guilt, it might no ſplendour miſs,
I would fain make you lawful Enemies:
I the ſole link am of your ſacred knot,
Which will unty, aſſoon as I am not;
Break then the chain whence that alliance grows,
And ſince your Honour now will have you Foes,
Buy by my death right to each others hate,
And *Rome*'s and *Alba*'s Vote legitimate;
Your hand deſtroying, his revenging me,
Your Combat will appear no Prodigy;
And one at leaſt will juſtly ſtake his life,
That he may right his Siſter, or his Wife:
But what? you think your Fame would be leſs bright,
If for another quarrel you ſhould fight;
Your Country's cauſe will no new heats admit,
Did you love leſs, you would act leſs for it.
A Brother you muſt kill, a lov'd one too,
Well then, defer not what you ought to do;
But by his Siſter him begin to kill,
Or by his Wife his blood begin to ſpill;
And by *Sabina*'s blood, if her you prize,
Make your own lives the braver ſacrifice:
You are a Foe to *Rome*, to *Alba* you,
And my averſion to them both is due.
What, muſt I live to ſuch a Victory,
Whoſe higheſt triumph will but let me ſee
A Brother, or a Husband Laurels wear,
Reeking with blood that is to me ſo dear?
How ſhall I then decide my inward ſtrife,
Or well expreſs the Siſter and the Wife?
The Conquerour embrace, the Conquer'd grieve?
No, no, *Sabina*'s death ſhall her relieve,
From whomſoe're my grief that blow procures,
And my hands muſt beſtow it, if not yours.
Go then, what does your ſavage hearts reſtrain?
Againſt your will, I my deſire ſhall gain;
For you no ſooner ſhall begin your blows,
But you ſhall ſee this boſom interpoſe:

Nor

Nor ſhall your impious Swords your rage purſue,
Unleſs through me they make their way to you.

HORACE.

O Wife!

CURTIUS.

O Siſter!

CAMILLA.

Courage! they diſſolve!

SABINA.

What, can you ſigh? paleneſs your cheek involve?
What makes you ſhrink? are theſe the hearts ſo brave,
Who in their hands the fates of Empire have?

HORACE.

Tell me, *Sabina*, what thy quarrel is,
That could deſerve ſo ſharp revenge as this?
Or againſt thee, what could my Honour doe,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo cruelly purſue?
But be content t' have forc'd it to a Bay,
And let me finiſh this important day;
Thou haſt o're me a ſtrange advantage got,
But as thou lov'ſt thy Husband triumph not;
Go then, a doubtful Victory were here unfit,
'Tis ſhame enough to have diſpatched it.
O let me bravely end my days at leaſt.

SABINA.

Go, fear not me, thy party is encreas'd.

SCEN. *VII.*

Old *Horace*, and all the reſt.

Old HORACE.

How's this my Sons? trifling with Womens charms,
When *Rome* and *Alba* call you to your Arms?
You muſt ſhed blood, then why ſhould tears ſurprize?
But ſhun th' infectious ſorrow of their Eyes:
For if you ſtay, their cunning tenderneſs,
Will on you both, obtain the firſt ſucceſs;
And in ſuch Wars to flie is to ſubdue.

SABINA.

Fear nothing, Sir, they are too worthy you,
In ſpight of us, you in them both ſhall ſee,
All that your Son, and Son-in-law ſhould be;
If our tears could an impreſſion give,
We'll them to your ſeverer vertue leave.
Come Siſter, come, let's no more ſorrow loſe,
Theſe Rocks will ſtill reſiſt ſuch floods as thoſe;
'Tis to deſpair alone that we muſt flie;
Go Tygers fight, we'll find a way to die.

SCEN. *VIII.*

Old *Horace*, Young *Horace*, *Curtius*.

Young HORACE.

Sir, by your prudence their eſcape prevent,
Or they'll purſue us with their diſcontent,
And with a noiſe unwelcome and abrupt,
Their love and grief out fight will interrupt;
Which may give envy a pretence to ſtick
Upon our names, that poor and crafty trick:

And our great choice would be too dearly bought,
If we were charg'd with one unworthy thought.

Old HORACE.

I ſhall be careful, go, your Brothers ſtay,
Think only what your Countries claim to day.

CURTIUS.

How ſhall I bid adieu, or by what art----

Old HORACE.

Ah! do not quite diſſolve my trembling heart,
My tongue ſo ſad a farewel does deny,
Nor can my heart thoughts ſtrong enough ſupply;
See! ev'n my Eyes ſwell with unwilling tears,
Go, do your parts, and let the Gods do theirs.

ACT *III.* SCEN. *I.*

Sabina alone.

I Muſt my party chuſe in this ſad ſtrife,
And either be all Siſter, or all Wife;
I'le no more vain divided cares expreſs,
But ſomewhat wiſh, and fear a little leſs:
Yet ah! what party in this diſmal Fate?
Can I a Husband, or a Brother hate?
Nature and Love for each does intercede,
And ſence of Honour for them both does plead:
Let their ſublimer thoughts yet govern mine,
And ſo my different duties will combine:
Their Honour is the Object I'le adore,
Their Vertue imitate, and fear no more.
Since there's ſuch beauty in the death they court,
I muſt unmov'd encounter the report,
And no more think my Fate compaſſion wants,
But weigh the Cauſe, and not the Combatants:
The Conquerors I'le with that gladneſs view,

As

As will from all their Family be due;
And not reflecting at whose bloods expence,
Their Vertues raise them to that eminence,
I'le in their Houses Fame concern'd appear;
Here I am Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each party am so strictly ty'd,
That I must be on the triumphant side:
Fortune though thou art studious in thy spight,
Yet I have learn'd thence to extract delight;
And now can fearless see the fight, the slain
Without despair, the Victors without pain.
Flattering delusion! sweet, but gross deceit,
My labouring Spirits, weak and flying, cheat;
By whose false light my dazled Soul's misled,
Alas how quickly is thy comfort fled!
A flash of Lightning thus relieves the Night,
Making that darker by its hasty flight;
As these faint beams of joy my Soul betray'd,
But to involve it in a thicker shade:
For Heav'n which saw my griefs, by this decrease,
Hath dearly sold me this short minutes peace,
And my griev'd heart from no one wound is free'd,
At which a Husband, or a Brother bleed;
Which sad reflection so much terrour draws,
I only view the Actors, not the Cause;
Nor can the Conquerours fame salute my thought,
But to remember with whose Blood 'twas bought;
The vanquish't Family claims all my care,
Here I'm a Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each party am so strictly ty'd,
That I must be on the unhappy side.
Is this the Peace I thought so long deferr'd?
And thus great Gods have you my Prayers heard?
What Thunder-bolts then can your anger find,
Since y'are thus cruel when you would be kind?
Or which way will you punish an offence,
If thus you treat the Vows of Innocence?

SCEN. II.

Sabina and *Julia*.

SABINA.

Is it done *Julia*? and what fatal news?
Muſt I a Husband, or a Brother loſe?
Or to their impious Arms does this befall,
That angry Heav'n has ſacrific'd them all?
And leſt my horrour for the conquering ſide
Should eaſe my woes, muſt that too be deny'd?

JULIA.

To what is paſt are you a ſtranger yet?

SABINA.

I am; and can you be ſurpriz'd at it?
Know you not *Julia*, that the Houſe you ſee,
A Priſon for *Camilla* is and me?
They here confine us both, and are afraid
Our pious tears their fury ſhould diſſwade,
And that the ſorrows of our ſpotleſs Love,
Should in both Armies ſome compaſſion move.

JULIA.

They needed not ſuch Oratours as you,
For they were hinder'd at their interview:
No ſooner they appear'd prepar'd to fight,
But either Army murmur'd at the fight,
To ſee ſuch friends, perſons ſo near ally'd,
Their Country's quarrel choſen to decide;
This Man's with pity, that with horrour fir'd,
Another highly their brave heat admir'd;
One with his praiſes imps their ſpacious Fame,
Another calls it by a guilty Name.
But yet their different thoughts have but one Voice,
To blame their Leaders, and deteſt the choice.
All did this barbarous Combat ſo condemn,
That with united haſte they parted them.

SABI-

SABINA.

O Gods! what Incenſe my contentment owes!

JULIA.

Stay yet *Sabina*, e're you pay your Vows;
You may increaſe your hopes, abate your fears,
But there's enough ſtill to deſerve your Tears.
In vain, alas! the Champions they would ſave;
For they remain as obſtinate as brave;
And their ambitious Souls were ſo much touch'd
With the great Glory which they now approach'd,
That what the Souldiers pity'd they ador'd,
And ſeem affronted, when they are deplor'd:
They think that kindneſs does their fame no right,
And with both Armies they will rather fight,
And by the hands that ſever'd them be ſlain,
Than give their Country's honours back again.

SABINA.

Can ſo much cruelty their boſoms fill!

JULIA.

It did, but yet both Armies murmur'd ſtill,
And univerſally their purpoſe held
To ask new Champions, or a general Field:
The Leaders preſence they no longer fear'd,
Their powers ſcarce valu'd, or their Voices heard.
Th' amazed King this miſchief to oppoſe,
Since every one (ſay's he) enraged grows,
Let us on this conſult the Powers above;
What impious man dares their command diſown,
When they in ſacrifice have made it known?
He us'd no more words, but theſe were commands;
They ſnatch the Arms from the ſix Champions hands,
And that blind thirſt of Fame they ſo intend,
Sence of Religion does a while ſuſpend;
By ſome new ſcruple, or a great reſpect,
Our Princes Counſel they reſolve t' effect;
Which in both Camps ſo great a Reverence found,
As if both Nations had our *Tullus* Crown'd.
The Victims death will give us farther light.

SA-

SABINA.

The Gods will never own that Guilty Fight:
From this delay ſome new hopes may be drawn,
And ſure my happineſs begins to dawn.

SCEN. III.

Camilla, Sabina, Julia.

SABINA.

I have news Siſter, that will pleaſe you much.

CAMILLA.

I think I know it, if you call it ſuch;
My Father heard it now, and ſo did I,
But nothing thence my hopes can fortifie:
This delay'd miſchief threatens ſorer blows,
And does but lengthen our too certain woes;
And by the hinderance of this new Conteſt,
Our tears are but ſuſpended, not ſuppreſt.

SABINA.

This Tumult was not vainly ſure inſpir'd.

CAMILLA.

But vainly they have of the Gods enquir'd;
For the ſame Gods guided our Princes choice,
Nor ſpeak they often in the Peoples Voice;
Their counſel ſhines not in a Vulgar Breſt,
But Kings that repreſent them know it beſt;
In whoſe Supream Authority we ſee
A ſecret Ray of their Divinity.

JULIA.

You will contribute to your own diſtreſs
To ſeek their will, but in their Oracles;
And that which yeſterday reliev'd your Care,
May ſerve to day to baniſh your deſpair.

CAMILLA.

An Oracle is ſo wrapt up in doubt,
The more we gueſs, the leſs we find it out;

There's

There's nothing certain in't but this remark,
Who thinks all clear, muſt know that all is dark.

SABINA.

Let's give our confidence a larger ſcope,
And entertain a reaſonable hope;
When Heaven begins to grant what we have ſought,
They that diſtruſt its ſmiles deſerve them not;
We hinder often what we ſo ſuſpect,
And ſend back comfort by that rude neglect.

CAMILLA.

Heaven governs us, without our own conſents,
And we are paſſive in theſe great events.

JULIA.

Hope then with me, that when we meet again,
A gentler Theme our thoughts ſhall entertain,
And that this evening with a welcome care,
We for your marriage only ſhall prepare.

SABINA.

I hope as much.

CAMILLA.

'Tis more then I dare do.

JULIA.

Th' event will ſhew us whoſe preſage is true.

SCEN. IV.

Sabina, Camilla.

SABINA.

Siſter, your ſorrows I muſt needs condemn,
Unleſs their cauſes did more warrant them;
What would you do, and at what rate lament,
Had you my reaſon for your diſcontent,
And if from what theſe fatal Arms deſign,
Your loſſes could be thought as great as mine?

CAMILLA.

Let both our ſorrows equally be known,

For

For we are all too partial to our own;
But when compar'd to my diſtreſs'd extreams,
Your griefs will ſeem but melancholy dreams:
A Husband's danger is your only care,
With whom your Brother's never can compare;
When to another Family ally'd,
From our own Kinred we are quite unty'd:
Parents with Husbands no diſpute admit,
To follow theſe, we thoſe can gladly quit:
But Love when by a Fathers will made good,
Is leſs then Marriage, yet not leſs then Blood;
And ſo betwixt them our concern is toſt,
Our choice ſuſpended, and our wiſhes loſt.
But you may find a way amidſt your fears,
To raiſe your wiſhes, and reſtrain your tears:
When if Heav'n ſtill its cruelty intend,
I can wiſh nothing, but all apprehend.

SABINA.

Againſt each other when ſuch foes are bent,
There's ſmall conviction in your argument;
For Blood as well as Marriage is a Knot,
We quit our Kinred, but forget them not:
Never does *Hymen* Nature undermine,
Who loves her Husband, does not hate her Line.
Since neither tye will their pretenſions loſe,
When life's concern'd, one knows not what to chuſe;
On this ſide, and on that, by turns we fall,
Extremity of ſorrow equals all:
Whereas a Lover moſt eſteem'd, is ſtill
But a dependent on your ſovereign will,
And a capricious or a jealous hour
May make your rigour equal to your power;
What fancy can, your reaſon may perſwade,
So Love no more will Nature's rights invade;
For 'tis a crime to pay no more reſpect
To tyes born with us, than thoſe we elect.
Thus if Heavens angry cloud will farther ſpread
I nothing have to hope, but all too dread.

But

But duty offers, (to dry up your Tears)
Aim for your wiſhes, Limits for your fears.

CAMILLA.

Ah! Siſter, I perceive your ſetled Heart
Never knew Love, nor felt his venom'd Dart:
At firſt indeed we may the Boy reſiſt,
Who once receiv'd, can never be diſmiſs'd;
When Duty to his flame does fuel bring,
He grows a Tyrant from a Lawful King;
He enters gently, but by force he reigns;
And when a heart once wears his golden chains,
To caſt them off our wills too weak are grown,
Becauſe that will no longer is our own:
The fetters glitter, but are fetters ſtill------

SCEN. V.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla.

OLD HORACE.

Daughters, I bring you news that's very ill;
But it would be in vain now to forbear,
Since you the fatal ſtory ſoon muſt hear.
Your Brothers fight----for ſo the Gods ordain.

SAB.

I muſt confeſs it horrour does contain;
And the Divinity had once my truſt
To be more kind at leaſt, if not more juſt.
Comfort us not, for reaſon tedious grows,
When ſuch a tide of ſorrow 't would oppoſe:
In our own hands, our remedy we have;
For who dares dye, may all misfortunes brave.
Perhaps we our deſpair might ſeem to ſcorn,
And with falſe conſtancy our ſelves adorn;
But when without a bluſh we may admit
Of grief, 'twere weakneſs to diſſemble it:

We to your ſex can ſuch a cunning ſpare,
And will pretend only to what we are;
Nor expect we a courage of your ſtrain
Should ſtoop by our example to complain:
Receive this cruel news without a groan,
Behold our tears, and never mix your own;
And in a Fortune that is ſo Forlorn,
Be ſtill unmov'd, but ſuffer us to mourn.

OLD HORACE.

I think your tears ſo due to your diſtreſs,
That all my Courage ſcarce can mine ſuppreſs;
And ev'n that Virtue might ſurrender too,
Were I as much concern'd in it, as you.
Not that the *Alban* choice makes me ſo ſtern, [*To Sab.*
To rob your Brothers of my firſt concern;
But Friendſhip would in vain pretend to ſway,
When Love and Nature will diſpute the Day;
And my heart no ſuch tenderneſs receives,
By which a Siſter, or a Miſtreſs grieves;
I can look on them as the publick Foes,
And give my Sons, my undivided Vows;
I thank the Gods their Country without ſhame
May aſſert them, as they have done their Fame;
I ſaw what Glory all their Brows adorn'd,
When the compaſſion of both Camps they ſcorn'd;
If any weakneſs had that pity ſought,
Nay had they not abhorr'd ſo poor a thought,
My arm for ſuch a wrong to Vengeance bent,
Had puniſh'd that degenerate content.
But when the Field would needs the choice renew,
I muſt confeſs, I then deſir'd it too,
And if relenting Heav'n had heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd to other choice;
The *Horaces* had then triumphant ſtood
With Swords unſtained in the *Curtian* Blood,
And by a Combat leſs to Natures ſhame,
Had ſav'd the Honour of the Roman name.
But otherwiſe the mighty Gods deſign,

And their high pleaſure muſt determine mine;
With generous thoughts I build my great reſolve,
And in the publick Intereſt mine involve;
Take you that courſe to ſtop your ſorrows growth,
Rememb'ring this, that you are Romans both.
*You are by birth, what you by vows became *to Cam.
And there's a noble Fortune in that Name; *to Sab.
Rome ſhall hereafter to that Empire grow,
That the whole World ſhall to her Enſigns bow;
The trembling Univerſe her Yoke ſhall bear,
And Kings ſhall court the Title that you wear.
This our *Æneas* from the Gods obtain'd.

SCEN. VI.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla, Julia.

Old HOR.

Well, *Julia* know you who the Day has gain'd?

JULIA.

I know how Fatally it does conclude,
Rome now muſt ſtoop to *Alba*'s ſervitude:
Two of your Sons are by the *Albans* ſlain,
Sabina's Husband only doth remain;
Who ſtartling at this too unequal fight,
Himſelf preſerv'd hath by his ſpeedy flight.

Old HOR.

Ah fearful Courage! heat without a flame!
Thou to thy houſe haſt brought Eternal ſhame!
I thoſe regret not, for their Country ſlain,
But him whom fear ſuffers to live; in vain
He hopes, by this baſe act, his Life to ſave,
I'le quickly ſend him to his Brother's grave;
I to Revenge am now ſo fully bent,

My steady heart will never it relent.

JULIA.

Can you him blame, in this unequal strife,
When hope is gone, to flye to save his life?
Valour o'repower'd, who will of fear condemn?
To shun that tyde of woes he cannot stem,
What would you have had him done?

HORACE.

Have dy'd,
And spent his life by his brave Brothers side.
Ah treacherous Destiny! that thou should'st give
A Son to me, *Rome*'s freedom to outlive.
The fight, true Courage never will forsake,
When his own Country's freedom lies at stake.

CAMILLA.

But has his hasty flight his life then sav'd?
Is famous *Rome* by *Alba* quite enslav'd?

JULIA.

After this passage I made no delay,
To tell you th' news I hastened away.

Old HORACE.

His fearful flight has so my honour stain'd,
That it by him can never be regain'd.

JULIA.

He fled not 'till all hopes were lost and vain,
His want of courage you need not complain.

Old HORACE.

He should have fought still, rouz'd his Valour now,
Trusting to what the Pow'rs above might do;
If he had fallen, he had with honour dy'd,
And to his Name eternal Fame had ty'd.
But since he's fled, if I him ever see,
This hand his Executioner shall be,
And by that deed shall to the world make known,
At what a rate his action I disown.

SABINA.

Ah Sir! a little check this generous heat,
And do not make our miseries compleat.

Old HOR.

Your grief *Sabina* eaſie help endures,
Since our afflictions are no longer yours;
Heaven in our Sorrows yet excuſing you,
Hath ſav'd your Husband, and your Brothers too;
We are betray'd, but they have overcome,
And 'tis your Country hath ſubjected *Rome*;
And in the luſtre of your Brothers fame,
You loſe the ſight of all our loſs and ſhame:
But your concern for this unworthy Man ſhall give
You quickly cauſe as well as us to grieve;
Your tears for him will no protection prove,
For here I ſwear by all the powers above,
Theſe very hands, e're night invade the day,
Shall in his Blood waſh *Romes* diſgrace away. *Exit.*

SABINA.

Let's follow him, leſt rage his reaſon blind;
O Gods! and will you never more be kind?
Muſt every hour new blows to us impart,
And ſtill from hands that much increaſe the ſmart?

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Old *Horace*, and *Camilla*.

Old HOR.

Go, no more breath for ſuch a Coward loſe,
Let him flye me as he has done his foes;
To ſave that wretched Life he held ſo dear,
He has done little; if he now appear,
Sabina may prevent it, or I vow
By all the Powers to which we mortals bow——

CAMILLA.

Oh Sir! this cruel thought no more purſue,
Or *Rome* her ſelf will kinder be than you,

And

And ſhe as much as ſhe by this does loſe;
Valour oppreſt by number will excuſe.

Old HORACE.

I'm not concern'd what mercy *Rome* confers,
I have a Father's rights diſtinct from hers;
And know what genuine Vertue would have done,
It might be worſted, but not trampled on;
True valour never knows a baſe allay,
And though it loſe, can never yield the day.
But let us hear what does *Valerius* bring.

SCEN. II.

Old *Horace, Camilla, Valerius.*

VALERIUS.

I'm ſent to wait upon you from the King,
Who mourns your loſs-----

OLD HORACE.

That merits not his care,
And I the needleſs complement can ſpare;
I my Sons deaths rather than ſhame would know,
And tears than bluſhes better can allow;
They that are ſlain, like men of honour dy'd,
And that's enough-------

VAL.

But they are all ſupply'd
By him that lives, and his immortal Fame.

Old HOR.

Would he had periſh'd too and all my Name!

VAL.

Can only you his Virtue diſ-eſteem?

Old HOR.

'Tis I alone that ought to puniſh him.

VAL.

And what offence has in his conduct been?

Old HOR.

But what great Vertue in his flight was ſeen?

VAL.

VAL.

Flight in this caſe wears an illuſtrious Name.

Old HOR.

Why do you cover my gray hairs with ſhame?
Th' example's rare indeed! and few would die,
If men could catch bright honour when they flie.

VAL.

Do you a ſhame, and a confuſion call,
T' have had a Son who has preſerv'd us all;
Who with new triumphs did *Rome*'s Empire ſave?
What greater honours could a Father have?

Old HOR.

What Honours and what Triumphs brings he home,
When *Alba* muſt diſpoſe the Fate of *Rome*?

VAL.

What great ſucceſs of *Alba* has appear'd?
Or have you yet but half the ſtory heard?

Old HOR.

Was not the Combat ended by his flight?

VAL.

So *Alba* thought at that miſtaken fight,
But ſhe ſoon found, he fled but as became
A man entruſted with his Country's Fame.

HOR.

Does *Rome* triumph?

VAL.

O! his great ſtory hear,
To whom you ſo unjuſtly are ſevere.
When he againſt three Foes was left alone,
Each of them having wounds, he having none;
Too weak for all, too ſtrong for either's rage,
He dext'rouſly himſelf did diſ-engage;
The ſtratagem of ſeeming flight he try'd,
And ſo th' abuſed Brothers does divide;
They all purſue, yet not with equal haſte,
But as their wounds permit them, ſlow or faſt:
Horace looks back his ſcatter'd Foes upon,
Whom he already thinks half overthrown:

He

He waits your Son-in-law, for he was first;
Who much incens'd to see that so he durst,
His utmost braving does in vain express,
For his lost Blood denies him the success;
Alba, whose hopes with *Curius* strength decay'd,
Soon his next Brother summons to his aid,
Who hastening to his rescue finds too late,
He was preceded by his Brother's fate.

CAMILLA.

Alas!

VALERIUS.

Yet breathless his revenge begun,
But quickly gives new conquest to your Son;
Who soon defeated all the Arts he try'd,
And laid him gasping by his Brother's side:
The Air resounds with noises thither sent
From *Roman* Joy, and *Alban* discontent,
Our Hero, when so near his triumph drew,
Not only conquers now, but braves them too.
I to my Brother's shades give what is past,
But to thee *Rome* I sacrifice this last;
Accept dear Country, this so noble Blood,
(Says he,) and flies to make his promise good.
The victory did scarce admit suspence,
The wounded *Alban* making small defence,
But as a Victim to the Altar goes,
And his Throat offers to the deadly blows;
So he gave up his undefended breath,
Securing *Rome*'s Dominion by his Death.

Old HORACE.

O my brave Son! true Heir of all Renown,
Onely Supporter of a falling Crown!
O Virtue worthy of *Romes* boast and mine!
Thy Country's succour, glory of thy Line!
When into tenderness shall I convert,
All my injustice to thy great desert?
When shall I my repenting kindness show,
And with glad tears bathe thy victorious Brow!

VAL.

That your Endearments may soon find a place,
The King will hasten him to your Embrace;
And therefore till to morrow is delay'd
The Sacrifice which must to him be paid;
This day no other Gratitude allows,
But Songs of Triumph, and the publick Vows;
Where *Horace* waits the King, by whom I'm sent
To ease your Grief, and heighten your content:
But this is not enough for him to pay,
He'll come himself, and that perhaps to day.
This noble action does oblige him so,
That his own thanks he will on you bestow,
Who have resign'd your Sons to save his Throne.

Old HOR.

That honour is too great for me to own;
And I'm requited, by what you have said,
For all the Blood my Sons have spilt or shed.

VAL.

The King, who no imperfect bounty knows,
His rescu'd Scepter from insulting Foes
Values so much, that all that he can do,
He thinks below either your Son or You:
But I shall tell him with what noble fire
Heroick Vertue does your Soul inspire,
And how much Loyal Zeal to him you bear.

Old HOR.

You'l much oblige me by so kind a care.

SCEN. III.

Old Horace, Camilla.

Old HOR.

Daughter, your Tears are out of season now,
And misbecome the place where Honours grow;

Do-

Domeſtick loſſes we may well excuſe,
When they do publick Victories produce:
It is enough, *Rome* does ore *Alba* ſway,
And all our ſufferings that one word muſt pay:
You but a man loſt when your Lover fell;
Whom you may quickly now repair as well.
What noble Roman after this ſucceſs,
But would be proud to make you an addreſs?
But to *Sabina* I this news muſt bear,
Whoſe blow muſt needs be very rude to her;
And her three Brothers by her Husband ſlain,
Will give her much more reaſon to complain:
But I deſpair not to appeaſe her yet,
And ſhe who is ſo brave, and ſo diſcreet,
Will without pain her generous Soul diſpoſe
To that ſubmiſſion which her honour owes.
Till when ſuppreſs your grief you now reſent,
Nor entertain him with this diſcontent:
In brief, let him a Siſter meet, and find
In the ſame blood, the ſame heroick mind.

SCEN. *IV.*

CAMILLA.

Yes, I ſhall quickly to that Brother prove,
That none can fear to die, who dares to love;
Nor can ſubmit to thoſe ſtern Parents ſway,
Whom cruel Heav'n condemns us to obey.
You blame my grief, you call it mean and poor,
But in revenge I'll cheriſh it the more,
Relentleſs Father! and my tears ſhall flow,
Till their ſtreams rapid as their cauſes grow;
Never did Fortune ſhift her treacherous part
So many times to break a ſingle heart;
Sometimes ſhe flatter'd, and ſometimes did fright;
Never in one day, did one heart appear

So

So toſs'd, from grief to joy, from hope to fear:
An Oracle aſſures, a Dream torments,
The Battel threatens, and the Peace contents.
Juſt on my Marriage Eve, the Cities choſe
My Lover and my Brother to be Foes:
The Souldiers murmure, and revoke the choice,
The Gods again confirm it by their voice;
Rome ſeems ſubdu'd, and with my Brothers blood,
My *Curtius* only unpolluted ſtood.
But did my Heart too little grieve contain,
To ſee my Country ſtoop, and Brothers ſlain?
Or did my Fancy give too large a ſcope,
To love yet guiltleſs, and yet living hope?
His death revenges on me that abuſe,,
With the ſad way wherein I heard the news:
Valerius tells it, and to brave my Fate,
The ſad event does odiouſly relate:
An open gladneſs did his viſage dreſs,
Leſs by *Rome*'s glory caus'd than my diſtreſs:
Since by his Rivals death his hopes renew,
He ſeems to ſhare my Brother's triumph too.
But this nothing to my preſent wo,
I am requir'd, with joy, to meeet the blow:
I to the Conquerour muſt my praiſe impart,
And kiſs a hand that ſtabs me to the heart:
And when my grief ſo juſtly great appears,
They place an infamy upon my tears:
I muſt rejoyce at what afflicts me thus,
And to be noble, muſt be barbarous.
But from this Father I'll degenerate,
And will deſerve this gallant Brothers hate:
For humane frailty ſure illuſtrious grows,
When brutiſhneſs, for vertue they impoſe.
Uppear my griefs, why ſhould you now forbear,
When all is loſt, what hath one left to fear?
This ſavage Conqueror I will not flye,
But will upbraid him with his Victory;

Offend his Conqueſt, irritate his rage,
And if ought can, let that my grief aſſwage:
He comes, let my juſt ſorrow now diſcloſe,
What to a Lover ſlain a Miſtreſs owes.

SCEN. V.

Horace, Camilla.

HORACE.

Siſter, this arm our Brothers has reveng'd,
And *Rome*'s declining Deſtiny has chang'd;
Has to *Rome*'s ſway ſubjected *Alba*'s Fate,
And in one day diſpos'd of either State.
Behold what Trophies I have won, and pay
What's due from you to ſuch a glorious day.

CAMILLA.

Receive my tears then, which are all I owe.

HORACE.

Rome in her Triumphs will not thoſe allow:
Bloud hath to well appeas'd our Brothers ſlain,
For you by tears to waſh away their ſtain.
A loſs that is reveng'd, ſhould be forgot.

CAMILLA.

Since then our hapleſs Brothers needs them not,
I ſhall not think my tears to them are due,
Who are ſo fully ſatisfi'd by you.
But who will make my happineſs return?
Or call the Lover back for whom I mourn?

HORACE.

How's that?

CAMILLA.

My *Curtius*, ah too brave! too dear!

HORACE.

Ha! what are thoſe audacious words I hear?
Can my degenerate Siſter then retain
Love for a publick Foe, whom I have ſlain?

This

This guilty paſſion to revenge aſpires,
But govern better thy unjuſt deſires;
Remove my bluſhes, and thy flame ſuppreſs,
And be in love only with my ſucceſs:
Let theſe great Trophies thy delight confine.

CAMILLA.

Give me, Barbarian, then, a heart like thine;
And ſince my thoughts I can no more diſclaim
Reſtore my *Curtius*, or excuſe my flame;
All my delight, with his dear life is fled,
I lov'd him living, and lament him dead.
If thou the Siſter ſeek'ſt thou left'ſt behind,
An injur'd Miſtreſs only thou wilt find,
Who like a Fury ſtill muſt thee purſue,
And ſtill reproach thee with his murther too.
Inhumane Brother! who forbid'ſt my tears,
To whom my ruine ſuch a joy appears:
Who of thy cruel ſlaughters growing vain,
Would'ſt have me kill my *Curtius* o're again:
May ſuch inceſſant ſorrows follow thee,
That thou may'ſt be reduc'd to envy me,
And by ſome wretched action ſoon defame,
Thy ſo ador'd, and yet ſo brutiſh Name.

HORACE.

O Heavens! who ever ſaw ſuch raging love!
Believ'ſt thou nothing can my temper move?
And in my blood can I this ſhame permit?
Love, love that blow which ſo ennobles it;
And the remembrance of one man reſign,
To th' intereſts of *Rome*, if not to mine.

CAMILLA.

To *Rome*! the only object of my hate!
To *Rome*! whoſe quarrel caus'd my Lover's Fate!
To *Rome*! where thou wert born, to thee ſo dear,
Whom I abhor, 'cauſe ſhe does thee revere.
May all her neighbours, in one knot combine,
Her yet unſure foundations t'undermine;
And if *Italian* Forces ſeem too ſmall,

May

May East and West conſpire to make her fall;
And all the Nations of the barbarous World,
To ruine her, o're Hills and Seas be hurl'd:
Nor theſe loath'd Walls may her own fury ſpare,
But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
And may Heaven's anger kinled by my wo,
Whoſe deluges of fire upon her throw;
May my eyes ſee her Temples overturn'd,
Theſe Houſe-aſhes, and thy Lawrels burn'd;
See the laſt gaſp which the laſt *Roman* draws,
And die with joy for having been the cauſe.

HORACE.

Reaſon o'recomes my patience, fly to hell,
And this ſad ſtory to thy Lover tell.

(*purſues her with his Sword.*

CAMILLA.

Ah Traytor---- (*Is wounded behind the theater.*

HOR.

-----Periſh, and be that their doom, (*reentring.*
Who dare lament an enemy of *Rome.*

SCEN. VI.

Horace, Proculus.

PROCULUS.

What have you done?

HORACE.

That which I not repent
Her crime deſerv'd no leſs a puniſhment.

PROCU.

This rigour in a brother ſeem'd too great,

HORACE.

The name of ſiſter I muſt now forget,
Her execrations has remov'd her place
And all her title to the Horatian Race
Her treacherous prayers her juſt reſentment warm'd

And her own blood againſt her ſelf ſhe arm'd;
Her curſes ſhould, before they are fulfil'd
(As Monſters births as ſoon as born) be kill'd.

SCEN. VII.

To them *Sabina*.

SABINA.

Why ſhould not this brave fury ſtill proceed,
And your pleas'd Eyes on that fair object feed,
Camilla in her Fathers arms expir'd?
If with theſe generous ſtrokes you are not tir'd,
Why ſhould you not to your dead Siſter joyn
The ſad remainders of the *Alban* Line?
Our ſufferings like our ſins ſhould equal be;
She but laments for one, and I for three;
Her crime no longer could reſiſt your will,
Mine trebles hers, and yet continues ſtill.

HORACE.

Your tears (*Sabina*) or my ſight forbear,
Seem not unworthy of the name you bear,
My deareſt half, and let our mutual flame
Which is and was, be ever ſtill the ſame;
Let both our minds be one, and ſince to thine
I cannot condeſcend, grow up to mine.
I feel the grief which gives thee this tranſport
Borrow my Strength thy weakneſs to ſupport:
My honour do not envy but partake,
And mine for once thy own example make;
Of two great families thy ſelf and I
Are only left, then why ſhould either dye?

SABINA.

Find greater ſouls to emulate your own
Then mine; the ſorrows under which I groan,
Alas! not you but my misfortune wrought,
Towards you I have no misbecoming thought:

Yet Roman Vertue I renounce, since I
To purchase that muſt ſell humanity.
Can the deplored Siſter of the dead,
Like a great Conquerours Wife advance her head?
Let publick Trophies publique Joys adorn,
Whilſt we in private, private loſſes mourn,
Nor value goods which common are to all,
Whilſt on our ſelves domeſtick miſchiefs fall.
When thou cam'ſt in thou might'ſt have left thy State
Behind thee, and thy Laurels at the Gate,
Mixing thy tears with mine. This vain diſcourſe
Gives me no comfort, but much more remorſe;
Thy rage my crime redoubl'd could not fire;
Camilla's happy ſhe hath her deſire,
Juſtly to her that love thou did'ſt reſtore
Of which by thee ſhe had been rob'd before:
Let now the beloy'd Author of my grief
Puniſh my guilt, or give my tears relief.
'Tis ſtrange that neither favour nor offence
My merits, nor my crimes can recompenſe;
Nor one nor other ſhall unwelcome come
When from a Husband I receive my doome.

HORACE.

Ye Gods, when ye did firſt to Women truſt
The Empire of Man's Soul you were unjuſt.
Strange! that ſuch weak aſſailants ſtill ſhould win
The Field, and our unguarded hearts take in.
Where art thou loſt? my vertue either fly,
Or leave thy tears, elſe thou or I muſt dye.

(*Exeunt all but* Sabina.

SABI.

Anger and pity deaf to my deſires,
Both fly my crimes, and both my ſorrow tires:
If neither grace nor puniſhment I have,
When dead I ſhall find quiet in my grave. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Old Horace, Young Horace.

Old HOR.

From this ſad object let our eyes retire,
And the high juſtice of the Gods admire:
For when our Pride exalts it ſelf, they know
The means to lay our high ambition low;
Our greateſt pleaſures are with ſadneſs mixt,
And blemiſhes on virtues face are fixt.
I cannot think my poor *Camilla* free
From blame, yet her I leſs accuſe then thee.
Have I, a Roman, ſuch a Son begot,
Whoſe honour ſuch a barbarous Act ſhould blot?
Would ſhe had liv'd though with much greater guilt,
Unleſs ſome other hand her blood had ſpilt.
That might have look'd like juſtice, but in thee,
Unnatural fury and raſh cruelty.

HORACE.

Sir, Childrens lives their Fathers wills attend,
And mine, if you but give the word, ſhall end.
I thought it juſt, where ſhe her life receiv'd,
She ſhould it loſe, but if I misbelievd;
If you my zeal judge brutiſh and prophane,
And that this action did your honour ſtain,
The hand that made the blot ſhall it deface,
And free from infamy th' *Horatian* Race;
Let fond affection no pretences make
Your intereſt or honour to forſake:
Nor let your wiſdom be betray'd by love,
To ſuffer what it ſelf muſt diſapprove.

Old HOR.

My Son, it were a rigour too extream,
If for thy fault my ſelf I ſhould condemn.
If my command ſhould thee to Death engage,
Why not to life? who ſhall ſupport my age
If thou ſhould'ſt fail? let my concernments clear
This doubt; but ſtay the Kings approach I hear.

SCEN. II.

Tullus, Old Horace, Young Horace, Valerius, Proclus, and Guards.

Sir, to my houſe you too much honour bring,
I could not here expect to ſee my King.
Upon my knees------

KING.

------Riſe Father, riſe, the grace
I now perform, is what becomes my place.
To him, I cannot too much honour ſhow,
To whoſe great merit I a Kingdom owe.
I came to make my former promiſe good.
As I believ'd, I ſince have underſtood
That you declar'd, when your two Son's were loſt,
That conſtant courage which their Fame ſhall boaſt.
To ſuch a publick and heroick Soul,
I thought 'twould be ſuperfluous to condole.
But you, ſoon conſolation well may need,
For your victorious Son's unworthy deed.
He to the publick too much zeal did ſhow,
When, like a Sacrifice, he rudely ſlew
His only Siſter, 'twas that made me fear,
How you this unexpected grief could bear.

Old HOR.

Old HOR.

With great reſentment, yet with patience.

KING.

That ſhews the vertue of experience.
Your age hath taught you how in all eſtates
Ill fortune with our good participates.
Few know like you, this remedy t' apply,
But let their vertue for their intereſt dye.
If my compaſſion can allay your grief,
I give my ſelf, when I give you relief.
You and my ſelf the ſame extreams do move,
But let your ſorrow not tranſcend my Love.

VAL.

Sir, ſince the powers above does Kings intruſt,
To diſtribute below what's fit and juſt,
Subjects from them (by conſequence) may crave,
That Vice and Virtue their rewards may have.
Theſe men the matter falſely repreſent,
As fit for pity, not for puniſhment.
Suffer--------

Old HOR.

--------A Conquerour to dye!

KING.

--------Yet hear
With patience, and th' event you need not fear.
In this we imitate the powers divine,
Our juſtice both on good and bad does ſhine.
And vertue by rewards muſt be preferr'd,
As much as vice by puniſhment deterr'd.

VAL.

Then Sir, be pleas'd to lend a gracious ear
And think in mine the voice of *Rome* you hear.
We envy not his Fame or high report,
Nor do we wiſh that his reward fall ſhort

Of his deſerts; whatever grace is meant
To him, we all ſhall joyn with full conſent;
But if his valour muſt a triumph have,
His murther does as much require a grave.
Nothing but death can make that tempeſt ceaſe,
If you would reign, and *Rome* preſerve in peace.
When *Rome* and *Alba* did in Friendſhip live,
They to each other did in marriage give
Daughters and Sons, but in the fatal ſtrife,
How many Sons and Brothers loſt their life?
The ſad reſentment for our private loſs,
The publick joy of every houſe did croſs.
If he this arbitrary power enjoy,
Whoever he diſlikes, he will deſtroy:
Whoſe life will this bold Conquerour forbear,
When his own Siſters blood he would not ſpare?
And found that generous way to end the cryes
Of a ſad Lady, when her Lover dyes.
Even *Rome* it ſelf his triumph did enſlave,
When power of life and death to him ſhe gave.
We of our lives no longer are ſecure,
Then whileſt his clemency is pleas'd t' indure.
To th' intereſt of *Rome*, I here could add,
Of his raſh act, that ſpectacle ſo ſad.
Still that pure blood, which all his glory ſtains,
In drops upon his guilty cheek remains;
For youth and beauty would compaſſion move
From him, whoſe hate he ſacrific'd to love.
But why ſhould Art the eyes of juſtice blind?
The morning is for ſacrifice deſign'd.
Can he be fit before the Gods to ſtand,
To offer Incenſe with that guilty hand?
If in their ſervices ſuch men we dare
Employ, nor them, nor us will vengeance ſpare:
Not from his power did thoſe three conqueſts come,
But from the Genius of victorious *Rome:*
Of the ſame day, which he in triumph came,
'Tis juſt the night ſhould ſee his funeral flame,

And

And that his blood may purify that * place
Where the vile Parricide committed was.

*Where Romulus slew his Brother, Remus.

KING.

Horace defend thy self.

HORACE.

——You know the fact,
And I believe your juſtice ſo exact,
That the leaſt conſcious man can hardly clear
Himſelf, when to his Prince his crimes appear.
Why ſhould I plead, when what I ſhould defend,
Onely on your diſpoſal muſt attend;
And mine own innocence I dare not truſt,
When you believe my accuſation juſt?
'Tis but my Life which freely I reſigne,
Let others ask, but I that ſuit decline:
Nor ſeek for that, which I would gladly loſe;
Nor blame my Siſters Lover, to accuſe
Her Brother: for her death, my voice conſpires
With his, and we have both the ſame deſires;
In this we only differ, he would ſtain,
My honour with a death I would maintain.
Few great and vertuous actions ſtand ſo clear,
But envy makes ſome ſpots and ſtains appear:
Which, as occaſion ſerves, is more or leſs,
Such as the ſtanders by are pleas'd to gueſs.
And thoſe who have done miracles before,
They ſtreight contemn if they can do no more.
'Tis but in vain, the mention to renew,
Of what your Majeſty did lately view;
And therefore, ſince I can perform no more,
Such noble actions as I did before,
'Tis fit, great Sir, your ſentence to attend,
That here my life may with my honour end.
I no aſſiſtance heretofore did need,
But now, without your leave I dare not bleed;

My

My life is yours, if any other ſhed
My blood, you are but robb'd when I am dead:
Rome wants not Worthies to ſupport your Crown,
And to advance your glory with their own.
And here I kneel, attending your command,
And only ask that by this fatal hand,
I may a fitting ſacrifice become,
Not to my Siſter, but to you and *Rome*.

SCEN. III.

To them Sabina.

SABINA.

See in *Sabina*'s face drawn to the life,
The ſorrows of a Siſter and a Wife.
All that I ask, is, but that only I
May ſuffer, with my own loſt Family;
What I deſire, will be twice juſt, t' increaſe
His miſery, and make my own to ceaſe.
Think on the ſtreights I am in, muſt I embrace
The ſole deſtroyer of our Noble Race?
Nor is't impiety in me to hate
That Princes ſervant, who confounds our State:
With my three Brothers blood I ſtand defil'd,
When to their murtherer I'me reconcil'd;
And your juſt ſentence will two crimes remove,
That though I ſhould not, yet I needs muſt love.
That which I ſeek, my own weak hand can give:
But I would be condemn'd that he might live.

My blood (it may be) might thoſe Gods appeaſe,
Whom his too rigid vertue did diſpleaſe;
I ſhall *Camilla*'s injur'd Ghoſt attend,
Nor you want him, whoſe hand did *Rome* defend.

Old HOR.

You, who your duty to your griefs ſubmit,
[To *Sabina*.
And for your Brother, your brave Husband quit,
Conſult their Ghoſts who for their Country fell;
And for that cauſe in bleſt Elizium dwell.
They are content the Gods decree ſhould ſtand,
That *Rome* the *Sabine* Nation ſhould command:
They happy are, ſecure from hopes and fears,
Nor ſighs for ſighs, nor tears return for tears.
Be like them, and from their example learn
Thy duty, and purſue thy chief concern.
He 'gainſt the Husband does the Wife enflame.
My Son's brave action a foul crime does name,
Such as not puniſhment deſerves, but praiſe,
When Vertue did in *Horace* paſſion raiſe.
To love our Foes is meer Idolatry,
And rage to curſe our Country when we dye.
Her prayers for miſchief with her parting breath,
He thought a crime, and puniſh'd it with death.
Love to his Country his high paſſion mov'd,
He had been faultleſs had he *Rome* not lov'd:
Valerius if he pleaſe can tell how high
My ſenſe of Honour and revenge did flye,
When me a falſe report did firſt perſwade,
That my Son's flight his Country had betray'd;
But who with my affairs did him intruſt,
Boldly to judge *Camilla*'s death unjuſt?
Why in my houſe does he preſume to owne,
An intereſt which I my ſelf lay down?
My Son's crime pardon'd may the ſame produce,
No matter, if it find the ſame excuſe.

For

For ſhame forbear *Valerius* this reproach,
[*To Valerius.*
Nor into our concernments make approach;
My Son affronted by th' *Horatian* blood,
The crimes of his own family withſtood:
And now thou baſely wouldſt to aſhes turn
Thoſe Lawrels, which his conquering brows adorn:
Thou who for fear didſt from that thunder hide
Thy head, wouldſt him condemn of Paricide.
Rome, canſt thou ſee him ſacrific'd, by whom
Thou haſt the honour to be ſtill call'd *Rome*?
Within the Roman Walls he cannot dye,
Where his exploits ten thouſand voices cry;
Nor in the fields which his victorious arm,
Glutted with *Sabine* blood (which ſtill is warm)
Nor neer thoſe three new Tombs, which ſtand t'ex-
His courage, and our Nations happineſs. (preſs
Rome will afford but a few ſtanders by,
And *Alba*, when they ſee his Face will fly.
Four of my off-ſpring ſaw the morning Sun,
(*To the King.*
Of which *Rome*'s intereſt has left but one
To ſerve your ſelf, and *Rome*; be pleas'd to give
The Father leave to adviſe the Son to live.
Horace, believe not that the ſtupid crowd, (*To his Son.*
Fit Judges of true vertue are allow'd:
Uncertain rumour from their groundleſs cries,
Grows in one moment, in another dyes.
Do like thy Anceſtors, and then thy Name
Will be recorded in the books of Fame;
Vertue and Honour lift themſelves too high,
To be the objects of a Vulgar eye:
Then hate not life, but for thy Country live,
Thy King, and me, who thee that Life did give:
And the reſult of [illegible] I ſay, is this,
That *Rome* has ſpoken in my voice, not his.

VAL.

Sir, ſuffer me--------

KING.

Valerius, no replies;
What each hath ſaid in my remembrance lies:
In equal ſcales both arguments I lay,
And that ſhall be my rule, which moſt does weigh.
I muſt confeſs that his enormous deed,
All bounds and laws of Nature did exceed:
But that high crime was acted by that hand,
By which our laws, and *Rome* it ſelf does ſtand;
And like a foul ingratitude 'twould ſhow,
To take that life, to which themſelves they owe.
It was his ſingle valour chang'd our doom,
Rome had ſerv'd *Alba*, as that now ſerves *Rome*;
And I my ſelf had then a ſubject been,
Now on my head two Diadems are ſeen.
All my good ſubjects may good wiſhes bring,
And with devout obedience ſerve their King,
But few that favour from the Gods obtain,
To ſave one Kingdom, and another gaine:
And thoſe whoſe power makes the Laws obey'd,
Of the ſame laws, ought not to ſtand afraid.
Our Father *Romulus* his brother kill'd,
And on his blood did *Romes* foundation build:
Why therefore ſhould they find a different Fate,
Who redeem'd *Rome*, and who did *Rome* create?
Thy merits if thou liv'ſt may higher climbe,
And raiſe thy honour far above thy crime;
Enjoy that life which reſcu'd *Rome* and me:
Our ſelves we muſt condemn condemning thee.
You and *Valerius* now like Friends ſhall live,
And each the others paſſions may forgive;
Both may be well excus'd, for thine did move,
From too much zeal, and his from too much love.
Sabina be adviſ'd, too long to grieve, [To *Sabina*.

On thy great Heart will marks of weakneſs leave.
Thoſe tears, which for thy gallant Brothers flow,
When dry'd, will thee much more their Siſter ſhow.
To morrow we to thank the Gods reſolve,
And if our Prieſts young *Horace* can abſolve,
The Heavenly powers our ſacrifice will pleaſe,
Her Father ſhall *Camilla*'s Ghoſt appeaſe:
As yeſterday did end their love and life,
This day one Tomb ſhall make them Man and Wife.

Some hearing of this great deliverance,
Are come, Sir, to preſent you with a dance.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.